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Poetry.

DRIFTING.

ROBERT REXDALE.

O, fairest maid of rarest days,
Pomona's child with golden tresses!
I loiter in thy sylvan ways,
My heart is warm with thy caresses,
And o'er again, as in a dream,
I verse the word the spell is wreathing,
As in the reeds beside the stream
Pandean pipes are slowly breathing.

I think of one whose starry eyes
And laughter through the woodland ringing,
And shy caress, and tender sighs
Attuned the poet's heart to singing,
And like Ausonian, King of old,
I listen to the wood nymph's pleading,
While this poor form of human mold
Plods sadly after Fancy's leading.

O, river rippling to the sea,
Thy silver waters softly stealing
In shadowed beauty o'er the lea
Awake the slumbrous chords of feeling,
And on thy waves of rosy light
Seen in my boyhood's happy vision,
I'm drifting from the shores of night
To Isles of Rest in realms Elysian.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Along her father's field they strayed,
All flecked with cowslips yellow,
A little dainty gold haired maid,
A sturdy nine year fellow.
And there love's course they two began,
(Ah, thorny path for treading!)
And vowed when they were maid and man
The town should see a wedding.
Their golden curls were blown and blent,
Through wafts of fragrance treading;
"And oh!" they murmured, well content,
"'T will be a golden wedding!"

"'T is time," said he, "to claim her vow,"
And forth he went and found her;
But she was grown a beauty now,
And half the town was round her.
"I see," says he, "you don't want me!"
Though tears were ripe for shedding.
"I'm glad your eyes are good," says she—
Ah! where's that golden wedding?
He flung away, and left her there,
Such heartsore teardrops shedding,
And gossips cried, in blank despair,
"He's spoiled the rarest wedding!"

He sailed the seas, he beat the French,
Twoscore good years he tarried,
And then he thought. "That little wench—
I wonder if she's married?"
Next week a bluff old tar rolled past,
The gabled High street treading,
And ancient gossips crowed, "At last
We're like to have the wedding!"
She'd waited for him forty years—
The gray their locks were threading;
And some with smiles, and some with tears,
Beheld their silver wedding.

Our Story Teller.

MYSELF AND SISTER.

Mother says appearance is of no consequence—ultimately. I wonder what she means by ultimately? I think she must mean after death, for I am sure being pretty matters to a woman as long as she lives.

Father judges the matter differently, and much more correctly, I think. He says beauty is like a letter of introduction; as long as they who bear it don't themselves discredit it, it opens all portals to them.

To be the one plain member of a singularly handsome family, to love beauty and to lack it, is a hard enough lot when one is young and keen of feeling; but, no doubt, I shall come not to mind ultimately—which means when I am dead.

Now, there was Marion, my sister! I wonder how many people have ever seen a woman as beautiful as Marion! Her life and mine lie far apart now, and I do not know that either of us desires that fact altered; but, for all that, I never think of her, as I saw her a hundred times, without a little thrill of rapture.

She was neither fair nor dark, but what the French call chataine; her eyes were blue as sapphires, and soft and serene as a summer sky, and her hair was auburn, that is, golden in the sunshine and bronze in the shade. She was tall and slim, but straight as a pine, and she carried herself in a royal way, like a queen among courtiers who loved her. Oh, I do full justice to her beauty, and to everything else that was winsome about her.

Mother had made a love match; had married father in spite of all her family, and, naturally enough, her family ignored her after that. Father was only a curate, and of no particular antecedents, and her father was Lord Hurst, of Stonehurst, fourth Baron of that name, and she might have called herself the Hon. Mrs. Errol, had she chosen. But she never did choose; she was satisfied to be a poor man's wife, she said, and she adapted herself to the circumstances attendant on her altered fortunes in a way that I knew to be heroic, when I understood.

She never talked of her family, and we children had no personal knowledge of anything better than the shabby house we lived in, the poor food we consumed, and the poor clothing we wore; and yet, in some inexplicable way, we knew that our grandfather was a peer, and regarded ourselves as very much better than our neighbors in consequence. I have no doubt now that our little airs of self-importance often rendered us pitifully ridiculous; but, at any rate, they made us fearless of every one, and lent us a bearing that, perhaps, was preferable to rustic shyness.

I must have been between 7 and 8 years old when Lord Hurst died, without even seeing mother or sending her a message, and I remember yet the misery she suffered in consequence.

I suppose when people are dead we begin to tell ourselves—untruthfully, though, I am sure—that they were always right, and then we break our hearts because we grieved them.

From all I ever heard of Lord Hurst I do not think that there was any room for doubt that the deceased baron was a cold, obstinate old curmudgeon; but if he had embodied all the virtues in the calendar, mother could not have idealized or lamented him more.

"To think that he died and never forgave me!" she used to say to father; and what could father answer? And her family continued the feud after Lord Hurst's death, and no one held out the olive branch to mother. But she never blamed them. Some of them were younger than she, and she only said: "After so many years they could not possibly care."

It was quite three years after Lord Hurst's death, and when no one was thinking of anything of the kind, that Aunt Hilda came to look us up and to make friends. She had spend about fifteen years pondering over mother's misdoings, and I certainly think she might have forgiven her a little sooner; but that never seemed to occur to mother, who wept on her sister's neck as if she had been angel of mercy.

Aunt Hilda was no longer a young woman, and I think she can never have been a pretty one, for her face was thin, her nose beaky, and her complexion chill and pale, but she was impressive-looking, for all that.

When mother and she had poured out their hearts to each other, we were all brought in to make her acquaintance, and to me, at any rate, the ordeal was very trying. She did not kiss us, or even shake hands with us; she just scrutinized us the one after the other, her curiosity visibly tinged with aversion.

"A goodly quiverful, Millie," she said, with a faint, slow smile; but when Marion appeared, bringing up the rear, her whole face softened.

"A Hurst," she said, and offered her cheek for Marion to kiss.

Aunt Hilda stopped at the hotel in the village that night; and next day we learned that she was going to take Marion to live with her.

We were all much awed by the tidings, and Marion herself was half dismayed and half delighted.

"It is a splendid opportunity for her," mother said with tears in her soft eyes, "and, beautiful as she is, her destiny may be a grand one."

So that was the first thing Marion's face brought her—Aunt Hilda's favor, and the chance of a great distiny.

For five years after she left us we never saw Marion, though we heard from her regularly.

With us life went on quietly, but less sadly than more prosperous people would suppose. The boys, who came next to me, were growing up and promising well, and the younger girls were learning to be helpful. Then a new rector had come in place of the old one, and he was kind to father and friendly with the whole of us. He was a youngish man and a bachelor; pleasant to look at, and pleasanter still to talk to; and, though our parlor was a sadly shabby apartment, I liked it on winter evenings when the lamp was lighted and the curtains drawn, and when Mr. Drew sat beside the hearth discoursing with father.

I am sure father and mother had missed Marion must at first; but, as time passed, they learned gradually to do without her. But when Aunt Hilda wrote that she was going to be married—to make a very satisfactory marriage, Aunt Hilda said—they looked at each other with a sudden sense of approaching loss. She was their own beautiful daughter, but a woman now, and quite done with them and their narrow, commonplace life.

Of course, in my eyes, Marion's future wore an entirely different aspect. To belong to the great world that I had heard of vaguely, to be a fashionable woman rich, and perhaps titled, what could be more glorious? Fate certainly had been kind to Marion in that she had attained to all that life could offer so young.

I was thinking this as we sat all together one evening in the winter time. It was a Saturday, a day on which Mr. Drew never visited us, and the day therefore that we reserved for all our homeliest duties.

Tea was over, and the youngest children had gone to bed, and father was sitting in tired attitude habitual with him on Saturday evenings, and George and Chrissie were disputing in a low voice so as not to disturb him; and mother and I had the big stocking-basket between us; and the room was quiet with the repressed quietness peculiar to full houses, when suddenly we heard a vehicle crunch over the gravel—drive up to the door and a firm hand sound a vigorous rat-tat-tat with the thin knocker.

"Dear me!" father said, sitting erect and rubbing his eyes, "who can that be?"

"You had better open the door, Lucy," mother said, bundling the unfinished stockings together, and popping the basket under the table.

I smoothed the bits of wool off my apron, turned the lamp higher in in our shabby old hall, and opened the door, and there, under the falling snow, was my beautiful sister.

As she came into our shabby parlor and stood among us, she looked like a great figure that a master hand had painted into a poor picture.

"You have come to pay us a long visit, I hope," father said, looking at her with such fond, proud eyes.

"Yes, dearest, a long, long visit." She put out her hand to him in a petting, protective way that was charming from her, that would have been ridiculous from me, though I might have meant it just as tenderly. "Indeed, I am not sure that I have not come home for good."

"For good?" father and mother echoed rather blankly.

"Yes; now don't say you are sorry," bending over mother and kissing her as she spoke. "Aunt Hilda and I have quarreled. You remember she said I was a real Hurst, so I suppose I have the Hurst bad temper and obstinacy, and she did not like that so well."

"And we thought you were so happy."

"Oh, so I was! Aunt Hilda was kind in many ways; but it is impossible not to quarrel with her sometimes."

"And the man you are to marry—will he not mind?"

"Well, as he is the man I am not to marry, it is not of any consequence whether he does or not."

"But your aunt wrote as if everything were settled!"

"Yes, that is Aunt Hilda's way. She wished it, and of course it never occurred to her that my inclination might be an obstacle. For my part I never thought of the man, being proud of the right I have inherited from my mother to please myself."

"That is every woman's right," mother said, drawing herself up a little, "and we are thankful you have been true to yourself."

That was all that was said on the subject then; if Marion told the details of her parting from Aunt Hilda later, I did not hear them.

When a girl like Marion comes back, after years of absence, to a home like ours, she is certain to make material differences to every one in it one way or another.

At first we were all afraid of her, and ashamed of our poverty before her just as if she had been a stranger. But that wore off by degrees, as, in a number of indescribable ways, she made life better for the whole of us. For one thing it was a joy to look at her: to hear her voice; to see her smile. And then, she was always so bright, so helpful, so independent. If she regretted the flesh-pots of Egypt, as represented by Aunt Hilda, she never said so; and where I should have sat down sometimes to grumble, she bent her mind to see if the cause for grumbling might not be lessened.

Mother pitied Marion for a time, because of what she had voluntarily abandoned, as she had never pitied herself; but by degrees that feeling gave way to contentment in her presence.

Of course, people cannot become cheerful to order; but if they could, what a blessing it would prove to those who live with them! I don't think any of us ever realized that we had much to be thankful for till Marion was back with us.

But it was easy for Marion to see the bright side of life, with a face that was a passport to all hearts. "Who would not be good that was so lovely?" I said to mother one day; and she answered that Marion's soul showed itself on her face.

To think people good because they are beautiful is an old, old delusion; not that I mean that in any mean or censorious way, for Marion was good also; I only mean that it was easier to detect the good in her because she was so beautiful.

At first she had been rather in the habit of making fun of Mr. Drew, calling him the rosy rector behind his back, and feigning huge interest in all his hobbies when he was present; but after she had heard of the many instances in which he had been kind to father her demeanor altered; she always spoke of him gratefully, and listened to his opinions with less assumption of deference, but with more genuine interest. Of course, she did not mean anything but to be kind, because she thought him kind; and she was hardly to blame that he mistook her meaning and learned to love her.

I saw now things were going well enough, but breaking my heart over it secretly did not mend matters. It was all quite natural and reasonable. How could any one think of me when Marion was by? And yet I don't think I made the fact any more palpable by asking myself that question.

When mother was told that Marion had refused Mr. Drew, she was very sorry. "If it had only been Lucy," she said, "I think he would have made Lucy happy;" but being sorry did not affect the circumstances.

To Marion I am sure it seemed pitiful that she should come in the panoply of her triumphant beauty to wage such unequal war with her poor little rustic sister, and rob her of her solitary admirer. I know she was as deeply penitent for what had occurred as though her misdoing had been intentional, and her resolve to make amends to me in some vague way for an unconscious wrong dated from the hour when she knew that Mr. Drew had been interested in me before she came.

She had been six months at Mudford, and still Aunt Hilda made no sign, entrenching herself behind this Hurst pride and obstinacy, and waiting for the other side to capitulate.

But Marion was a Hurst too; and when Aunt Hilda had waited till she was weary, she remembered that and yielded. Just as she had done on the occasion of her first visit, she pounced down upon us unexpectedly, and asked Marion to forgive and forget.

Marion was touched at sight of her; touched most of all by the fact that it was Aunt Hilda who sought her pardon; and she fell on her neck and wept over her, and said she also was to blame.

Things brightened up after that, and the two jested over their quarrel and made light of it; and then Aunt Hilda asked how soon Marion would be ready to go back with her.

"I can not go back, dear Aunt Hilda," Marion answered gently.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because this is my home."

"Fiddlesticks," Aunt Hilda said, though I am sure no one could have expected such an expression from her. "What opportunities have you here?"

"There are other things to think of besides opportunities."

"Your father and mother are not selfish enough to wish to keep you hidden in a hole like this."

"But I hope I am not selfish enough to leave them. Ask them if they are not happier for having me at home."

"Don't be ridiculous. Parents must consider their children's welfare."

"And children, when they have arrived at years of discretion, are bound to consider their parents' advantage."

"Then you will leave me alone—me, who have no one?"

"I am not your only niece; there is Lucy. To take her with you would be kind, and she is very amiable."

"That little dowdy!"

"Lucy is a very sweet girl, Aunt Hilda. You would find her much more tractable than you ever found me."

"That may be, but I shall not try the experiment. If you do not choose to come with me. I can live alone, as I did before."

"I cannot go back, Aunt Hilda."

"I suppose it is all on account of that fellow——"

"There are some things even you must not speak of," Marion said, the proud Hurst blood flaming in her cheeks, and for the moment Aunt Hilda was silenced.

But she remained for lunch, and at lunch she surveyed me critically, condescendingly admitted that I had improved, and before she left offered me a chill invitation to pay her a visit.

Mother was very pleased. I think adversity had weakened her character, she seemed so terribly anxious to keep in with the only one of her relatives who had manifested friendliness towards her. To everything Aunt Hilda did she imputed the noblest motives; while it must be candidly admitted that sometimes it needed a good deal of imagination to detect the nobility. For instance, she must have known how much a trifling present would have simplified the efforts attendant upon my going to visit her; but she never volunteered it, or made any reference thereto, except in saying coldly to Marion, "You know what dresses she will require."

"Never mind," Marion said to me when we were alone, "we shall manage without her money."

I hated to take Marion's things from her, for they were all so beautiful and suited her so well, and I think she had a certain womanly pleasure in being always well dressed; but what could I do? Aunt Hilda had invited me, and every one said I must go to her, and there was no other way of giving me an outfit. Of course, I protested continually, but Marion was firmly insistant.

"I do not need dinner dresses and tea gowns at Mudford," she said; "besides, Aunt Hilda will like you better for being presentable."

"I don't think I shall go to Aunt Hilda," I said several times. "What is the good of going? She will make me uncomfortable, and she will never like me, because I am not a Hurst."

"When things are good for us we must swallow them, no matter how they are flavored; and it is good for you to go to Aunt Hilda and be introduced to society, and see what ladies and gentlemen are like," Marion said, smiling.

"I think there are very good ladies and gentlemen at Mudford," I answered, jealously.

"Of course there are; but there are more in London," Marion said, demurely, as she went on trimming my hat.

I looked very well when I was finally prepared for my journey—very well for me, I mean, and Aunt Hilda unbent a little when she saw me, and told me again that I had improved.

Aunt Hilda's house was not at all what I had expected. It was small and gloomy, and many things in it were worn and shabby; but it must have been the right style of house, or Aunt Hilda would not have had it; and knowing that, I kept my observations to myself and enjoyed what was nice with all my heart.

The servants were quite a revelation to me, with their silent, respectful ways, and their trim and spotless clothing; and to have my hair dressed by Aunt Hilda's maid, and to be taken to the theater in Aunt Hilda's neat little brougham, filled me with ecstasy. No doubt there was a good deal of snobbishness in my satisfaction because I dined at 8 o'clock, and had a man-servant to hand me things; but we can not help being as nature has moulded us, and it was not my fault that nature, which had made Marion a Hurst, had made me only a snob.

Of course life with Aunt Hilda was not one of unalloyed joy at the first. Often and often I was homesick, and longed from the depths of my heart for the crowded house and the noisy, demonstrative love of the young ones at home.. But after a time I outgrew that, and when my pleasures and the occupations provided for me had begun to absorb me, I grew to shudder a little at the recollection of the life I had left behind.

"How could Marion go back to it?" I asked myself a hundred times, and the question always remained unanswered. To have been offered life with Aunt Hilda, and to have voluntarily and cheerfully chosen the other, was incomprehensible to me.

"Welcome home, dear Lucy!"

"Yes, I have come back; I could not go on any longer without seeing you all."

Mother was kissing me effusively, and the young ones had clustered round to welcome me. They had all warm hearts if they had nothing else at Mudford.

Father and Marion had met me at the station and had walked home with me, while a porter took charge of my luggage.

"You left Aunt Hilda well?" mother asked anxiously, as she led me from the hall into the shabby parlor, which seemed ten times shabbier than ever.

"Yes, quite well; she sent you her love, and I have a present from her for you, and another for Marion, and Marion and I are to go back to her together; and I was to tell you that she will write a long letter soon and tell you everything."

"And you liked living with her?" Chrissie asked curiously.

Chrissie came next in years to Jack, who followed me, and was just at the age to wonder over her own chances of promotion to Aunt Hilda's favor.

"Yes, she was very kind. Aunt Hilda is kind, though she does not always seem so at the first."

"I always said you and she would suit each other, did I not?" Marion asked, smiling.

"Yes, and you were right, though she never ceases to deplore that I am not a Hurst."

"What does that matter, when you are going to become a Leslie?" Chrissie asken flippantly; and at this not very obvious joke all the young ones laughed.

I blushed a little, and then Marion and I went up stairs together that I might perform a toilet and enjoy a chat.

Like everything else about home, Marion seemed to have changed and deteriorated, though I had tact enough not to tell her so. I do not mean to say that she was not still most beautiful, but there was a vague, inexplicable shadow on her loviliness.

"Not happy," I said to myself; "and no wonder."

In my own joy and triumph I could afford to pity even her.

I could not have told why I was so sorry for them all—for father, who was thinner and grayer than ever; for mother, whose dark eyes had deeper shadows beneath them; for the boys and girls, who seemed all legs and elbows through their patched and shabby clothing.

"Do you know what I think the greatest grief in life?" I asked, suddenly, looking up from a kneeling position on the floor, where I was busily tugging at the straps of my biggest trunk.

"No; what is it?"

"Poverty. Not the poverty that starves in a garret—that must end one way or another soon—but the poverty misnamed genteel, which has aspiration and knowledge, but no hope and no chance of attainment to anything beyond a meager crust daily bread."

"Yes, poverty is tyrannous and ugly," Marion answered, dreamily, "but, oh, how beautiful it makes people, Lucy, when they bear it patiently! To live with father and mother, and to watch them amid all their struggles, is an education."

"Yes; but I think there are pleasanter things than illustrating in one's own person the blessedness of suffering," I said, grimly. "For their sakes I am tired of it, Marion, and one of the sweetest thoughts I have is that I shall be able to help them in the future."

"I don't think father will care to accept alms of Sir Gilbert Leslie," Marion said, languidly lifting her proud head.

"Alms! how can you put it so? Whoever thought of alms! But there are a hundred things a rich man can do for his—for those he wishes to serve."

"And there are things a poor man can not accept, even from a son-in-law. Sir Gilbert can get father a living if he tries; that is the only thing he would accept, or that I should let him accept."

"What in the world have you to do with it?" I asked pettishly, for the diamond circlet on my finger made me brave to confront even Marion.

"I am father's daughter, the one who is likely to be with him longest all his children, and I have a right to say wherein we shall decline the favors even of Sir Gilbert and Lady Leslie. Certainly we are poor, but we are not paupers."

"How unkind you are!" I cried, bursting into tears. "If I had known that you would have had only reproaches to greet me with, I don't think I should have cared to come home."

"Forgive me, Lucy." She came over and knelt down beside me and put her arm about me. "Believe me, I am very glad you are happy, very glad you will have love and all else that you value in the future."

"I should like you to be pleased—I should like to like Gilbert."

"You are very fond of him?"

"How could I be anything else—so handsome, and clever, and splendid as he is?"

"And so rich, too."

I looked up at her sharply. "Yes, he is rich, but I did not think of that; if I had only thought of money I might have done even better than Gilbert."

"Then you were quite a success?"

"I did not say so; but one may be liked without being the distinguished beauty you are."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

THE RAILWAY GUARD.

One of the Many Stories About Beecher.

The tragedy of Beecher's life began before death seized him. It was coincident with the turning away of a portion of the masses whose sympathy and admiration were as meat and drink to him. Following the scandal came the defection and sullen displeasure of the more ignorant among the laboring people, who either believed that Mr. Beecher had preached that a dollar a day was enough for them, or, at least that he meant what he said. In excited flights of fervent eloquence such as Beecher posessed, words often come too fast, or ideas sometimes breed other ideas that come unbidden, and would not be left to stand as expressions of opinion in black and white. Mr. Beecher turned as naturally to the masses as the sunflower to the sun. "He could not bear," says the New York correspondent of the *Providence Journal*, "to have them misunderstand him. He took to appealing to the people through manifold letters to the press, through attendance at public gatherings of many sorts that had not been wont to gain by his presence, and by a course of which I happened to see a characteristic example only the other day. He was in a Third avenue elevated car, and sat near the door. It was raining, and the guard had to pop in and out and open the gates and shut the doors and call out the stations almost incessantly. Mr. Beecher felt kindly toward the man and wanted to talk with him. "You don't call yours hard work, do you?" he said. "It's a hanged sight harder than you ever did!" the man replied—to my surprise—quite ill-humoredly, and with an almost angry tone. "Oh, no," said Mr. Beecher, in a still kinder tone. "I assure you I work harder and a great deal more hours than you do." "Not for a dollar a day, though!" said the guard, and slamming the door open and shut, took himself out on the platform and stood there in the storm. The great preacher's face clouded over, and one could see that strong muscular control was exerted by him to prevent a display of what I thought looked very much like an approach to tears. He could cry—or, rather, shed tears—at a second's notice.

THE SECT OF JANIN.

A Religion Which Antedates Christianity by Several Centuries.

The Jains, a curious religious sect of India, are said to possess great wealth. Their faith, which dates back to many centuries before Christ, is a mixture of Buddhism and Brahminism, and possesses a copious literature. They worship a god whose principal name is Janin, and who, though omniscient, immortal and uncreated, is no creator. They believe that the world will never be destroyed, but will go on forever, and that each person lives through an infinite number of existences. Those who are good will be reborn as human beings, but those who are wicked will return to this world as unreasoning animals, in consequence of which they are extremely careful of animals, scrupulously avoiding the killing of anything that has life. Some use a cloth over the mouth to avoid swallowing insects, for it is quite a nervous thing to feel that one may be swallowing one's own grandfather. The most pious Jains will not light a candle at night, for fear of causing the death of moths and other insects, and they would never dream of killing a mosquito. Their priests lead a life of celibacy, and the entire sect is looked upon as a very good one.—*Baltimore Sun.*

George Washington Slandered.

George Washington is the subject of a good deal of Virginia tradition of a disagreeable character, which of late years has cropped out in print. James Parton once made a reference to it, and the London *Athenæum* went out of its way in the review of an American history to speak of Washington's character as being far from what was accepted in this country. It was pleasant to learn, in talking with Prof. J. B. McMaster the other day—who permits the use of his authority—and of the period succeeding the Revolution to which most of these traditions relate he is the best living authority—that all of these traditions, with most of which he is familiar, have no evidence whatever in their support. Two or three disagreeable letters attributed to Washington, one in particular from Washington to Alexander Hamilton with an extremely naive suggestion in it, are unhesitatingly pronounced by Prof. McMaster to be forgeries. The same character is attributed to two or three other letters, and the network of stories, which run in pretty continuous sequence from the occupation of New York by the Continental troops through the battle of Trenton, his life in Philadelphia, at Mount Vernon, and at last his death, have no support in the correspondence or diaries of the time, which were given to usually plain speaking on subjects to which few of us care to allude at present. No one familiar with the life of the venerable old coves whose smooth faces look benignantly out of frames in Independence Hall would be ready to vouch for the morals of any active man of that day and generation; but, judged by his time, and measured by its morals, George Washington deserves the personal and private character which he has been given by universal public acclaim.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Boy Who Will Succeed.

There is a farmer boy over in the town of Phelps who is indeed a model of industry, and is bound to make a sterling citizen. He is 17 years of age. His father died two years ago, leaving a wife and four child, and a mortgage of $1,800 on the farm. The boy was the oldest of the children, and the funeral was scarcely past before he set resolutely to work to help the family out of the financial embarrassment. With the advice of a kind neighbor he has since been the sole manager of the farm of over ninety acres. He has, with only a little assistance, plowed the field, sowed, cultivated and reaped; he has had sole charge of a large number of cattle and horses upon the farm; he has managed a retail milk business, and has himself marketed all the farm products. Last summer he found time, after his work in the fields, to paint the house twice over and to build five new fences. In the winter he not only tends to the necessary work about the farm, but teaches a country school three miles away, fells timber in the woods Saturday, writes excellent letters to the local newspapers, and pursues the course of reading laid down in the *Chautauquan*. The farm is not only out of debt and in splendid condition, but the lad and his mother have enough money on hand to buy twenty more acres of land this season.—*Lyons (N. Y.) Republican.*

In Favor of Vegetables.

"The strongest argument in favor of vegetarianism is its power as a preventative against intemperance. A diet of vegetables kills all desire for drink. This has been tried and found eminently successful. Sir Charles Napier, the London scientist, at a lecture delivered at Bristol, said that twenty-seven patients had been cured of their intemperance through the close following of this form of diet. The system belongs to Liebig, the German chemist.

"I myself," said a vegetarian who was being interviewed by the *Philadelphia Press*, "have been a vegetarian for 30 years and I wish I had always been one. Animal food is often impure and diseased and it excites the worst passions of a man. Vegetables, fruits, nuts and milk, on the contrary, are almost, if not quite, as nutritious, and have none of the bad results. Of course, a beginner makes many mistakes. He tries to exist on nothing but vegetables, making no change in his diet but the disuse of meats. The result is he becomes weak and it is some time and not until he has experimented on himself and found what best suits his palate that he receives the real benefit of the system."

A Lenten Denial.

A dimly lighted little room—
A lover and his lass—
A low, sweet voice within the gloom:
"I guess we'll give up gas."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Humor.

A FEW STOCK LIARS.

Burdette Makes Out a List of the Modern Species.

"I said in my haste," remarked the psalmist, "all men are liars." That there are more liars in the world to-day than there were in David's time goes without saying, because there are more men. And with this increase of population, there has sprung into being a new line of stock liars with whom David was unacquainted; fair, average liars, who do a plain, every day business, and only go on in star parts when the star liar of the combination is sick or tired or something. Among these steady professionals may be mentioned:

The man who "never reads the newspapers;"

The man who never sees the editorial cutting him up, until his "attention has been called to it;"

The candidate who is "out of politics and wouldn't take the nomination if it were offered him;"

The man who "put Cleveland where he is;"

The man who "never had a day's sickness in his life;"

The man who says the captain told him "it was the worst storm he had ever experienced;"

The family who was in Europe three weeks, "and went everywhere and saw everything;"

The professor who tells you that in all his life he "never knew a child with one-half the marvelous talent for (music) (drawing) (elcution) (mathematics) (anything else) which your child has already developed;"

The man who "wouldn't have taken $100 for that dog;"

The man who "made the mistake of his life when he didn't read (law) (medicine) (theology) (go on the stage;")

The man whose wife "doesn't appreciate him" (a great deal more accurately than he knows;)

The man who "whipped every boy he ever fought with at school;"

The man who "could take that text and preach a great deal better sermon from it" (than his pastor did;)

The man who says "he wants you to tell him just what you think," and "never feels hurt at candid criticism, no matter how severe it is;"

The man who "never slept a wink last night."

The man who "told (somebody you never heard of) the day before (Cleveland) (Garfield) (Blaine) was nominated, just on what ballot the convention would break, and how it would go;"

The man who "never made but one mistake in judging character in his life;"

The man who can remember "the only lie he ever told;"

The man who "was offered $900 for that horse the day before he went lame;" and,

The man who "could turn a double handspring from the ground, backward or forward, when he was a boy, but hasn't tried it for more than fifteen years;" (Sometimes with a redeeming impulse of gracious and beautiful truth, this liar will add, that "he doesn't believe he could do it now.")

He Knew Beans.

Pater familias (who has invited his daughter's beau to have a little refreshment)—"What'll you have, John? A little ham, cold roast beef, cold chicken, or—?" John (a true Bostonian)—"Ain't those baked beans in that dish?" P.—"They are. Have some?" Daughter's little brother (who has been permitted to sit up a little while longer than usual)—"Ha, Jennie, I've caught you. I thought you were telling me a lie at the time." Jennie—"What do you mean, Johnnie?" Johnnie—"He picked 'em out in a jiffy." Jennie—"Picked out what? Who? Johnnie—"Your beau. He picked out the beans himself, and you told me he didn't know beans—." Pater familias (in a voice of thunder)—"Johnnie, go to bed!" Jonnie (bursting into tears)—"She did, pa, she did. She said he didn't know beans or he would have proposed long ago." [Tableau.]

Giving the Teacher Something.

A certain young teacher in one of the public schools suffers all the pleasures and inconveniences of being idolized by her boys. The children demonstrate their affections in various ways, and one of their greatest pleasures is "giving teacher something." The other morning a little chap slid up to the desk with a box in his little red paw, and pressing it into his teacher's hand, said in a whisper:

"There, I brought 'em for you."

"What is it, dear?" said the teacher.

"Oh, you look!" with a grin of satisfaction.

Untying the string she opened the box, and behold, there was a set of false teeth!

"They are mamma's," exclaimed the child in a delightful tone; "they're much prettier than yours, and I brought 'em to you."—*Boston Herald.*

The Doctor was Cautious.

He was a young and of course cautious West End physician. The bright letters on his new gilt sign were still unrusted, and there was a spring to the bell-handle that told of desuetude.

The young physician had a patient last night, and while diagnosing the case fired a number of questions at him which flew wide of the mark. He was finally successful.

"You—er—sometimes have a—er—tired feeling come—er—over you, which—"

"Yes," interrupted the patient, sarcastically, "I feel it now. I'm tired, very tired."

"Just as I thought," remarked the young physician, gleefully. "I am seldom mistaken in my diagnosis of a case."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Not Invested.

He had been courting her for six months without coming to the point, when she turned on him one evening with:

"Charles, isn't it awful for a girl like me to have to worry over how I shall invest $75,000?"

He thought it was, and three months later they were married.

"I'll invest that $75,000 for you, my dear," he observed a day or two after marriage.

"Oh, I was afraid some one might love me for my money, and I gave it to papa," was the artless reply.—*Wall Street News.*

The Eternal Fitness of Things.

Little Dot—"Mamma, I want to have Dolly's picture taken."

Mamma—"What put that into your head, pet?"

"I want a great big photograph of Dolly, just like the big one you have of me."

"But, my dear, such a picture would cost more than the doll."

"Shouldn't dollies' pictures cost as much as the children's?"

"Why, no."

"Well, we can stop at the toy store and pay the man a little more, then."

More Than She Bargained For.

She—Well, I declare! I never saw a man with so little taste as you have.

He—My dear, you forget something when you talk like that.

She—Forget! I forget nothing. What do you mean?

He—I mean, darling, that you fail to remember that I chose you, of all the women in the world, to be my wife.—*Buffalo Express.*

At the Restaurant.

Guest—Here, waiter, what's this in the soup?

Waiter—A spoon, sah.

Guest—No insolence, sir. There's a fly in it, take it away.

Waite—Skuse me, boss, but dat ain' no fly. Das a roach, boss. We don' serve no flies yer in wintah time. Dis am a fus'-class place, an' we don' serve nuffin outen season, sah.

Willing to Do the Right Thing.

Dumley (irately)—I understand, Robinson, that you have said that I look like a monkey?

Robinson—I believe I did say something of the kind, Dumley.

Dumley—(threateningly)—Well, you will have to apologize.

Robinson—All right, Dumley. The first time I see a monkey, I'll apologize.

Plainly Inherited.

"Papa," said fond mamma, "do you know that Bobby told me a deliberate story today?"

"What's that?" said papa, looking sternly at Bobby; "a story? Do you know what becomes of little boys who tell stories?" (Bobby didn't know). "The lions and tigers eat 'em up. You musn't tell stories, Bobby; it's wicked."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE SMART CHILD.

Little Dick came home from Sunday school last week full of importance. "I know the twenty-threed Psalm," he announced at the dinner table, "or, anyhow, I'm going to know it. The teacher read it and made us say part of it, but there's another part of it I can't remember a bit."

"What is that?" asked his mother.

"It's after they set the table for him: it's something about putting grease on his hair."

"Anointed his head with oil," said Dick's father.

"I'll be hanged! That's it," said the boy, explosively.

"Why, dear!" cried his mother, "don't say that. It's dreadful! Where did you learn it?"

Dick paused a moment while both the maternal and paternal regard were fixed sternly upon him; then he asked, with an air of ineffable innocence, "Ought I to say 'I'll be hung'? Isn't hanged grammar?"

A wee little lady who lives in a suburb saw and heard a donkey for the first time the other day, while out for a walk with her aunt. She talked about it continually after getting home. It was "such a boofu' donkey," and "such a good donkey," and so on all through her small store of adjectives. When her father came home at night he heard the story over again, with a renewal of the adjectives.

"And so you liked the donkey, darling, did you?" he asked, taking the tiny lass on his knee.

"Oh, yes, papa, I liked him. That is, I liked him pretty well, but I didn't like to hear him donk."

This same infant maiden was one day overheard by her mother gravely directing the cook about the dinner, and was remonstrated with for her interference in domestic matters.

"Mamma," she replied with dignity, "I must tell Mary what to make sometimes. I'd like to know if I'm not one of the housekeepers?"

My little boy, aged 4½ years, had learned the Mikado song and did not quite understand the meaning of the chorus, which runs as follows:

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time,
To make the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment fit the crime.

I have endeavored to illustrate the idea. The following morning at breakfast he began to play with the cruet-stand. I told him not to do so. He persisted, and at last upset it and spilt the red pepper on the table cloth. I said: "Now, Allan, you were disobedient and upset the pepper-castor, and I should make the punishment fit the crime by putting some of the red pepper on your tongue." He looked up like a flash and asked: "Would the punishment be the same, papa, if I upset the sugar bowl?" I was speechless.—*Babyhood.*

The President Gets Mad.

The President—Dan, these newspapers are becoming more ghoulish every day. One of them has had the cheek to abuse me like a pirate and send me a copy of his paper with the article marked. And it hasn't been a year since I gave that man a $3,000 postoffice. Hunt up his record. If he has done anything—

Dan—One moment, please. How has he abused you?

The President—He has applied a most offensive epithet to me.

Dan—What is it?

The President—Here's the article—you can see for yourself. He calls me a "Presidential pentagenarian."

Dan—Why, that's not an offensive epithet. He only means to say that you're a 50-year-old President.

The President—Is that all! I thought it meant that I was a President who ought to be in the penitentiary.

Why He Winked.

The St. Louis *Observer* tells of a minister's 7-year-old son, who, young as he is, seems to have commenced a career of usefulness. One day, after service was over and the family had returned from meeting, he said: "Papa, do you ever look at me while you are preaching?" The father, thinking that he was a little hurt by supposed neglect, said: "Certainly, my son; I often look at you and think of you when I am preaching." But to-day you did not notice me at all." "Yes, I did, son, several times," said the father. "Well, papa, did you see me wink at you two or three times?" "No, my son. What did you wink at me for when I was preaching?" "I winked at you, papa, to get you to stop; you were spinning it too long."

The Uncertainty of Riches.

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher; "what kind of riches is meant?" And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be ost-riches." And the only sound that broke the ensuing silence was the sound that a real smart bad boy makes when, without saying so in just so many words, he seeks to convey—and usually does convey—the impression that he is in great pain.—*Burdette.*

Tommy's Penwiper.

Tommy was presented, lately, by his elder sister, with a neat penwiper for use at school, where he has just begun attendance. He admired it, but remarked, "I don't have much use for it, Jennie." "Why not, Tommy? You use a pen every day at school." "Yes, I know it." "Why don't you need a penwiper then?" "'Cause I always wipe my pen on the girl's hair that sits in front of me."—*Boston Transcript.*

Serve in a rough.

"The arrangements for the reception are all complete, I think, my dear. The last truck-load of champagne has come, and the third hogshead of terrapin is in the kitchen. By the way, you sent out the invitations in time, I hope."

"I didn't send any at all. I simply sent a description of the supper to the paper. Nobody will wait for an invitation when they read it you know."

Circumstances Unfavorable.

"Isn't that the gentleman who paid our fare, and was so polite the other night?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yes."

"And why does he treat us so coolly to-night?"

"Hush! He has his reasons. That's his wife with him!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Disinterested Husband.

Wife (to husband)—John, mother is very sick this morning, and I wish you would stop at Dr. Pellet's office on you way down town and send him here at once.

Husband—Why not employ young Dr. Smith? He is just beginning to practice and should be encouraged. I believe in giving young men a show.

Just Like a Man.

"You put your foot in it nicely to-night," said Mrs. Sweetspeech. "How was that?" asked her husband. "When you told Mrs. Fourthly that you were sure her husband would never go the way he sent other people." "Well, and what of that?" "Why, her husband is a preacher." "Great Scott! I thought he was a sheriff."

Seven-Year-Old Scores a Center.

"So you have got a step-mother?" she said to the little girl of 7.

"Yes."

"Well, I fell sorry for you."

"Oh, you needn't do that," replied the little one. "Please feel sorry for pa."—*Detroit Free Press.*

To the Point.

Suitor—"Sir, you are undoubtedly aware of the object of my visit?"

Father—"I believe you desire to make my daughter happy. Do you really mean it?"

Suitor—"Unquestionably."

Father—"Well, don't marry her then."

Single Entry.

"I carry my books in my head and the cash in my pocket," said the treasurer. "That explains it," said the president. "Your head is much larger than your pocket, so it is only natural that you should always have five times as many entries as you have half as much cash."—*Burdette.*

Where the News Is.

Husband—What are you reading, my dear?

Wife—A long letter from mother.

Husband—Has she anything in particular to say?

Wife—I don't know. I haven't got to the postscript yet.—*Harper's Bazar.*

What a Little Girl Said.

A little girl being asked on the street the other day how her little brother, who had been very ill, was, replied, in childish innocence, that he was better and that "we expect him to live a little longer!"

Miscellany.

A RAILROAD STATION.

Scenes In and About the Modern Waiting Rooms.

"Well, there!"

This was the exclamation of a middle-aged lady who ran into one of the railroad station only to see the rear end of the train she wished to catch go slowly out of the other end of the station. But as slowly as it left the station it moved too rapidly for the woman to catch.

This is a very common scene in any railroad station. There are always people who arrive just too late for the train they would catch if they could! But such scenes are not the only curious ones seen about railroad stations.

The young man and woman from the country who have come to the city to see the sights are among the regular attractions. There will the young man and his father who spent the greater part of the time in tilling the soil, stand before the soda fountain and drink three glasses of ginger ale, which is more than half foam. But they do not neglect the froth, but with heads thrown back until they form a right angle with their bodies, they drain the glass until there is absolutely nothing left. Indeed, if it were not for these people it is doubtful if the fruit and soda-water stand at the railroad station could exist.

In the waiting-rooms there are, however, more types of human character gathered in the course of the day than can be seen in any other area of similar size in a week. This is the case particularly in the so-called "Gentlemen's Room." Here is one man who has been out on a spree all the previous night, dozing away, while just above his head looks down the sign, "No loafing allowed in this room." Again, there is the young man who spends his time in eating peanuts, and his crunching can be heard in all parts of the room, while he looks straight ahead, seeming oblivious to all but the peanuts.

Another individual is the man who sits smoking either a bad cigar or a pipe, staring vacantly meanwhile at the sign opposite, on which other people read, "No smoking allowed." Then there is the familiar personage who enters into conversation with his neighbor as though he had known him all his life, while the person who does the listening wonders what kind of a man this is. In the evening the men's waiting room is generally but very dimly lighted, and the scene becomes all the more weird and unreal. It is a noticeable fact that there are but few regular passengers ever seen waiting in the men's room. In the ladies' waiting room the scene is somewhat different, for theirs is generally fitted up in far better style than the men's.

Indeed this is a waiting room pure and simple, and is patronized more by passengers than by loafers. Into this room come women who have been out on the street all day "shopping," and sinking into the seats with a sigh, patiently wait until that important officer who sticks his head in the door and shouts the names of the stations for which the next train leaves, with a rapidity and unintelligibleness which is remarkable, and not a little startling to one who hears it for the first time. But the passengers seem to understand it, and act according to the directions.

It is a very noticeable fact that few regular passengers patronize the waiting rooms, but arrive at the station within a few moments of the departure of the train.

In the stations from which trains for the West are despatched a curious group is frequently seen after the arrival of a European steamer. These groups are made up of immigrants who are here seeing the first of American life. They stand about and look at the men and women who come and go in a semi-curious, semi-awed appearance. They look disconsolate, and undoubtedly feel as they look. There is always the man or woman who is afraid the train he or she is boarding does not go to the station which they wish to reach.

The conductor and brakeman patiently answer these questions, and watch the people with a matter-of-course expression which is amusing to observe. Every traveler has seen all these types of people, and possibly may have been one, although the writer had only the edification of the reader in mind when he sketched the foregoing lines.

But it is about time to take the train, and the writer must hurry, or he will exclaim with the lady in the opening paragraph:

"Well, there!"—*Boston Traveller.*

A BEAVER'S INSTINCT.

Why the Harmless Little Animal Has Found a Friend in the Border.

An old hunter living in the Crazy Mountains caught a young beaver soon after its birth and carried it to his cabin, where he gradually made a great pet of it. As the youngster approached maturity he got to building dams, and each morning the hunter found his cabin floor divided by a dam that reached from wall to wall, the component parts of which were firewood, boots, articles of clothing and other movable articles in the house that could be reached or transported. To add to the confusion, a basin or bucket of water, if possible, was capsized and flooded over the floor. This little animal, who had never seen a stream or a dam to know either, was busily at work engaged in doing what his forefathers had done a thousand years before him.

While all other game or fur-bearing animals of the Northwest are likely to be exterminated without a dissenting voice the poor little harmless and hard-working beaver has found a fast friend in the cattle men and herd owners. The reason is obvious. In this great dry country and climate the streams and water holes on the ranges are few and far between. Moisture is the cattleman's greatest want. Now, a beaver destroys nothing but trees, and as there are few of the latter on the great treeless plains of Montana, the beaver of necessity lives on shrubs and roots and builds his dam where he may. This just suits the cattleman, who finds in the little insignificant quadruped, compared to his 1,000-pound steers, a most valuable ally in providing ponds and drinking places where there were none before.—*San Francisco Call.*

"You Are My Hero."

A young Englishman who has written a book on his experiences in Philadelphia society, relates this incident:

A young lawyer or stock broker—I don't remember which—was engaged to be married to a charming girl. They became engaged in the usual prosaic manner. The marriage never came off, however, for a very good reason. But I'll give you the rest of the story as it was told me by a young fellow who has since written a gushing novel that all the very young girls are raving about. Listen: 'The family is at dinner, and Ned is telling one of his very funniest stories, when Mildred, the heroine of the romance, starts, ejaculating, 'I heard a scream!' The next moment a servant girl comes dashing into the room, her garments all ablaze. Mildred gazes in terror at the poor girl, while Fred seizes a rug, and quickly wrapping it about her, extinguishes the flames. Then Mildred faints in Fred's arms, although Tom, her affianced husband, is by her side. Tableau. The story winds up by Mildred, while still under the influence of her sudden faint, clasping Fred to her breast and whispering: 'I love! I love you! You are my hero!' It is hardly necessary for me to say that Tom backs out haughtily and Fred takes his place."

Butter and Butterine.

Farmer, to grocer—How does it happen that I can't get but 22 cents per pound for my butter? You used to give me 27 cents, and you know its genuine.

Grocer—Yes, I know; there used to be a bigger demand for genuine butter than there is now. Since you farmers had that new law passed I've got to sell butterine as butterine, and lots of my customers have found that it's the kind of butter they've been using for the last two or three years, and paying 35 cents for, and they don't care for the regular country-made article any more. They like the butterine as well, and don't have to pay as much for it as they once did. In fact, some of them like it better. That's one of the practical workings of the oleomargarine law. How do you farmers like it?

Farmer takes 22 cents for his butter, and goes away muttering something about "gol-blamed conspiracy against agriculturists."

Very Prosperous Town.

Even beggers in Kansas City are in pretty good circumstances. A homeless wanderer who was begging nickels in the street on Sunday was found to have $65 in his pocket. He was merely begging for amusement.

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

The Paradise of People Who Live by Pennyworths.

Annie Wakeman, London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*, writes:

Bread is sold by weight. There are two sizes of loaves—the quartern and half quartern size. The former weighs four and a half pounds and sells, according to the quality of the flour, from four and a half pence to five and a half pence. The half-quartern loaf weighs two and a fourth pounds and sells accordingly; that is, for one half the price of the quartern loaf. Sometimes in baking, or by reason of some hurried mistake, the loaf falls short of its stipulated or legal weight. In this case the baker is bound to cut from another loaf a slice of bread for the purchaser to make up the proper weight. If a baker in England sell short weight in bread he can be prosecuted and fined as high as 40 shillings, about $10. Repeated offenses would, of course, result in the baker having his business taken from him.

To carry away home this extra slice of bread is not considered paltry. England is built on the farthing plan in coins as well as in small purchases. But by a strange, unwritten, yet gentle precedent, these extra bits of bread are usually placed in the poor basket for the beggar at the baker's door, who asks humbly for "the pieces." Potatoes, apples, and nearly all small vegetables are sold, not by the measure, but by the pound. It is not despicable to purchase even one potato, one apple and one tomato, etc., if on weighing them they prove to be all one needs. Again, you may buy one egg, one muffin, one-fourth pound of butter, and a half-penny or even a farthing's worth of watercresses, or that other succulent green salad peculiar to England, namely, "mustard and cress." The shopkeeper will treat you as politely as though you had purchased a sovereign's value from him. I think it was Dallas, an old Philadelphia writer, who once said: "London is a place where a sixpence goes further and a guinea less than any other city in the world."

ONLY ONE GLASS,

But It Overthrew a Dynasty, and Sent it in Exile.

It is a remarkable fact that an extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty and sent the family into exile.

The Duke of Orleans was the oldest son of Louis Philippe, and the heir of whatever property his father could submit.

He was a noble youth, and on account of his generous qualities became a universal favorite. One morning on leaving Paris to join his regiment he invited a few of his companions to breakfast. In the conviviality of the occasion he drank a little too much wine. He was by no means a dissipated man, but in that gay hour he drank just one glass too much and became unsteady.

After bidding good-bye to his companions, he entered his carriage, and on reaching his destination he leaped from it and lost his balance. His head struck the pavement, and he was carried to a house near the place of the accident and died.

The one glass too much affects rich and poor alike. A young man who, from his personal appearance, with temperate habits and energies properly directed, might have filled an honorable place in the world, but the one glass too much on the fatal night when he plunged the deadly knife into his brother-in-law's heart, has made him a prisoner for life. The dead man was photographed, and a terrible, ghastly sight the picture revealed. It meant red-handed murder, and yet there are scars never revealed to the naked eye caused by the one glass too much, and yet they are none the less fatal. There is no safety but total abstinence, and no remedy for the existing evil of drunkenness but legislation. It will take the simultaneous effort of man, woman and child to extirpate this strongest enemy of the race. When every one is brought to feel their responsibility how gloriously will the temperance movement triumph!—*Boston Traveller.*

Value of a Wife's Work.

The low price paid for woman's work is possibly one reason why a wife, who is the nurse, cook, seamstress and laundress of the family, doing the work of a half dozen hirelings at once, is said to be supported by her husband. An incident that occurred not many years since partially illustrates the value of a wife's work. A wedded pair began life with small means, but by years of industry and frugality on the part of both, they accumulated a property worth $2,500 when the husband died, without a will, and leaving no children. His brothers were his legal heirs, and tried to defraud the widow of the use even of one-third of the estate, all the law allowed widows. They searched the records and finding some defect in the marriage license, instituted a suit for the whole estate, claiming that the widow had not been a legal wife. She entered no defense and it it was so decided. Then she brought a suit against the estate for the value of her services during the years she had lived as his wife, amounting to something more than the whole estate, and the court allowed the whole of her claim. As in the case of these brothers, inordinate greed sometimes defeats itself.

A Yankee's Ingenuity.

"Talking about ingenuity," said a drummer, "I want to tell you what I saw last winter out West. I was on a train that was snowed in for three days. The company sent us food, but they didn't send any cigars, and the train boy's stock was exhausted the first day. In the express car we found and confiscated a box of smoking tobacco, but there wasn't a pipe on the train. Among the passengers was a Connecticut Yankee who was just dying for a smoke. He got out in the snow and looked around for a weed, or something of that sort, which he might use in making a pipe, but couldn't find a thing. 'I'm going to have a pipe, anyhow,' he said. So he took a lead pencil, opened the wood, took out the lead, and, placing the two strips together again, wound them tightly with the tin foil which came out of the packages of smoking tobacco, making them air-tight. Then he took an apple, hollowed a bowl out of it, stuck his lead pencil stem into it, and had one of the nicest pipes you ever saw. If you don't believe it make one for yourself some time and try it."—*Chicago Herald.*

Anecdote of Mrs. Lincoln.

A gentleman who was formerly a resident of Wheeling, W. Va., said: "The anecdote of Lincoln I saw in last Sunday's *Press* reminds me of an incident connected with Mrs. Lincoln, whose eccentricities are as celebrated as her husband's witticisms. Mrs. Lincoln had a very dear friend in Wheeling, Mrs. Richard J. Dodge, who was at one time a Miss Ridglay, of Springfield, where she went to school with Mrs. Lincoln when they were both young girls. On the day following the rapid journey of the President-elect from Harrisburg to Washington, when his friends feared assassination, Mrs. Dodge received from Mrs. Lincoln a bouquet in a paper box, without any explanatory note or card accompanying it. We consulted over this present for some time and finally wrote to Mrs. Lincoln for a solution. She wrote in answer that the bouquet signified the safe arrival of her husband, and meant 'Abe O. K.' You must admit that a woman who could joke over such a matter was certainly eccentric."

Beecher on "Seed Sowing."

One of Henry Ward Beecher's latest sermons was on the subject of "Seed Sowing." In closing, it would seem that he anticipated that he was drawing near his end, when he said:

One man sows, and another reaps; but they shall rejoice together. The land of rejoicing is above and beyond. It is there that they meet who were unknown benefactors to each other. There they who were but drops that fell into the river of life, which is the river of love, recognize each other. Those affinities that we feel in their greatest force in the household will have a wider sphere, a more glorious expansion, in the world to come. In the great invisible toward which we are going, we shall find 10,000 vibrating strings which we have made musical, which the whole heavens shall chant, and which the whole universe will hear.

The Odorless Puritan Rose.

A beautiful white rose has just been evolved by a florist in Philadelphia. It is called the Puritan, and has a green leaf. It is without perfume and is not yet in the market. It is a beautiful, large, full flower, and will be among white roses what the Bennett of a year ago was to red roses, almost driving out the jacqueminot rose.

Recent Literature.

The practice of sending beautiful tokens of friendship and good-will has grown to be such a general one that the Easter season brings forth almost as many works of art as for Christmas and New Year's. Conspicuous among those for the coming Easter are several issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston. One of the prettiest is "Arise, My Soul, Arise," by Sarah Flower Adams, the author of "Nearer My God to Thee." The hymn is full of the same spirit that has made the latter so popular, and touches the heart in the same way. It is bound in palitine boards with gold titles and floriated designs and then tied with satin ribbon and neatly boxed.

Another, which is put up in the same pleasing style, is Irene E. Jerome's "Message of the Bluebird," which is charming through its exceeding simplicity. Little songsters are represented beneath a bleak and wintry sky singing their messages of love and gladness.

Two others, equally beautiful in finish and character are "See the Land Her Easter Keeping," by Charles Kingsley. The following stanza shows its spirit:

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose;
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices,
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

A fourth is "Gladness of Easter," made up of quotations from the poets who have sung of Easter and illustrated, as are the others. Any of these lovely messengers of friendship can be purchased for $1.

From Lee & Shepard also come, in the form of beautifully illustrated leaflets, several rare old hymns which this enterprising firm has already given to the public in a different form. They are: "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," "Rock of Ages," "Dearer, My God, to Thee" and "Abide with Me." They are especially adapted to the Easter season.

Two beautiful little leaflets for the Easter season have been issued by D. Lothrop & Co. One, "Easter Lilies," price 35 cents, is a collection of Bible texts, prepared by Mrs. E. R. Fairchild, with emblematic illustrations in color and gold. The other, "Sunshine," price 50 cents, by Katherine Lee Bates, is a charmingly written poem, with a number of illustrations, in which the wild flowers and sunshine play their part in driving away the bad temper of a little lass who had hidden away in the grass in a fit of sulks. Both leaflets are printed on the finest paper, with gold-stamped cover.

White, Stokes & Allen send "Words of Comfort and Hope," by Louise L. Boughton. This most dainty little Easter offering is made up of words of comfort and good cheer from celebrated old writers. The cover is a real work of art, and cannot fail to attract. Price, $1.

"Moral Philosophy" is a series of lectures by Prof. Andrew P. Peabody, published in book form by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The work is designed to present in a popular form and yet with scientific accuracy the fundamental principles of Moral Philosophy, and its close alliance with religion. The author also aimed to illustrate the principles of ethical science in their various applications. The subjects of some of the lectures are "Human Freedom"; "The Ground of Right"; "Conscience"; "Virtue and the Virtues"; "Christian Ethics"; "Moral Beauty" and others of a practical character. The lectures are well worth reading.

A little book which the writer cannot fail to find of great advantage in a practical way is "English Synonyms Discriminated," by Richard Whately. The present edition, issued by Lee & Shepard, is a revised one, the work of revision having been done by Richard Dublin. The critical character of the book is exceedingly fine, and it is for this reason that it is valuable.

"Hints on Writing and Speech-making," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, is also published by Lee & Shepard. It consists of two chapters originally published in two of the leading magazines and were so popular as to lead to their publication in this little volume.

"Theology of Evolution," is a lecture by Prof. E. D. Cope, published by Arnold & Co., Philadelphia. It is mainly a profound effort to demonstrate by scientific considerations the existence of Mind as a principle distinct from (though closely related to) Matter; and thus the existence of a Supreme Mind, and the possibility of immortality. The steps of the logical process are taken with masterly skill, and the argument is vivid and luminous.

From Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, comes the Official Railway Map. It appears to be in all respects an excellent map of the territory it covers; is clearly printed, and the color work is in the beautiful style for which the publishers are justly celebrated. It is essentially a railroad map, and the revisions, corrections and additions are brought well down to date. The same house brings out a "New Commercial Map of the United States and Canada," which is a most excellent one, as might be expected from the general character of the map issued by these publishers.

"Microscopy for Beginners, or Common Objects from the Ponds and Ditches, by Alfred C. Stokes, M. D., is an illustrated book issued by Harper and Brothers, New York, which is designed, as the name indicates, to attract the attention of persons who have had no experience with the microscope and therefore know nothing of the world of wonders which is around them upon every side. Its aims are to help the beginner to ascertain the names of some of the common microscopic creatures, both animal and vegetable, with which the fresh waters of the land are filled. It relates almost exclusively to aquatic objects, and to those only which are the most frequently found, but so small a volume could not be made to include anything more. The style is plain and clear, and there are keys and analytical tables freely scattered through the pages. The work is well adapted to its purpose.

Another book from the same house is "From the Forecastle to the Cabin," by Capt. S. Samuels. It is a record of the writer's own experience, designed to interest and amuse, but in no way to induce boys to leave their own homes for a seafaring life. The story is told in a bright, entertaining way, indeed there is not a dull page from beginning to end, especially for those who are interested in knowing how sailors really live, and what they used to go through in the beginning of their career.

The Harpers also issue an "Introduction to French Prose Composition," by Rev. P. H. E. Brette. B. D. It is part 111 of "The French Principia," and constructed upon the same plan as Dr. William Smith's "Principia Latina, which has become so popular. The work is intended to teach pupils to write French words correctly. It is divided into two parts, the first containing an introduction to French Syntax, and the second the Exercises, systematically arranged.

"Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine," is another of the Harper publications. The author is Laurence Oliphant, the author of "The Land of Gilead," etc. The series of letters, which form the book, was originally published in the New York *Sun*, and they are now edited with an introduction by Charles A. Dana. He writes with the knowledge derived from a residence in the country described, and gives many interesting facts, not only concerning the people as they are to-day, but of the remains of works which show what those of a former day were. The book is full of interest.

Another volume of "The People's Bible" has been received from its publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, New York. This volume covers the ground from Deuteronomy to Judges V and falls no whit behind its predecessors. The style, fresh, vigorous and instructive has a tendency to make men wish to become better. When it is considered that Dr. Parker has now got through with only one-fifth of the task he has set before him, some idea of the stupendous work may be obtained. When finished it will be a fine theological library in itself. Price per volume, $1.50.

From the Ohio Publishing Company Columbus, comes a small volume entitled "Crumbs of Comfort," by Rev. William Hollinshed, with an introduction by Rev. P. Barker. Some of the topics treated are "Work for the Christian," "Words of Cheer for the Tempted," "Bread for the Poor," "Medicine for the Sick," "Rights of Women," "Hospitality," "Odd Fellowship," "What Constitutes a Lady," "What Constitutes a Gentleman," "The Model Boy," and others of a practical character. They are of a helpful kind, and the book is a good one to have lying upon the table for perusal at odd moments.

Warman's School-Room Friend, published by W. H. Harrison, Chicago, is a book made up of practical suggestions on reading, reciting and impersonating, though not a treatise on elocution. The author is Prof. E. B. Warman, who, himself a teacher of oratory and physical training, has embodied the lessons taught by his practical work in this little book for the benefit of others. The suggestions will be found of as much use to the public speaker as to the teacher.

Literary Notes.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue at once in their series of "Monographs on Education," a paper by Prof. J. F. Genung, on "The Study of Rhetoric in the College Course."

John Allyn, Boston, has just published "A First Course of Physical Laboratory Practice," by A. M. Worthington, late Assistant Master at Clifton College, fully illustrated.

An elaborate attack on Mr. Rider Haggard appears in the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, which accuses the author of "She" of plagiarism on a large scale from Thomas Moore's "Epicurean."

Dr. William A. Hammond, than whom there is no better authority, will open the April *Popular Science Monthly* with an able article entitled "Brain-Forcing in Childhood." The paper gives a vivid picture of the evils of the book-cramming process, now so common in both public and private schools, and also contains a strong plea for fewer studies, more direct contact with Nature, and less of the intervention of books.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, have in preparation, to be issued in a few weeks, an annotated edition of the Inter-State Commerce Law, collecting all the authorities on the subject.

Mark Twain has an article entitled "English as She is Taught," in the April *Century*. It gives numerous examples of the remarkable English sometimes found in school exercises, with running comment by the humorist.

In the April *Lippincott's*, Lucy C. Lillie, under the title of "Belgravian Bohemia," gives an interesting sketch of the literary and artistic society of modern London, with glimpses of Wm Black, Gilbert, George Eliot, Carlyle, Ruskin, etc.

Funk & Wagnall's announce a new edition of Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Henry Ward Beecher, his Life and Characteristics, with analyses of his power as a preacher, lecturer, orator, and journalist." This new edition will bring the work down to the close of the great preacher's life.

Dr. Edward Eggleston's papers on "Religion in the Colonies," for *The Century*, will begin in the April issue with a description of church buildings and the peculiarities of service and old church customs. In both matter and illustration this series has been the result of painstaking research.

The strongest article in the April *Harper's* is one by Theodore Child on "The Comedie Francaise," profusely illustrated by Parisian artists and photographers. Mr. Child says the Comedie Francaise is not only a national monument, but a historical monument most intimately connected with the history of French literature.

A long-forgotten portrait of Byron has been brought to light at Fiume, Hungary. It was painted at Venice in 1816 by Natale Schiavoni, and represents the poet seated at a coffee table, smoking, and wearing a high hat and voluminous cloak. His favorite dog stands beside him.

Dr. Thomas Hunter, President of the Normal college of the City of New York, has an article on Novel-Reading by girls, in the *Epoch* of March 18. He asked the female students, "Who is your favorite author, and what books did you read during the summer vacation?" Pres. Hunter states that the answers received, which will be given in the *Epoch*, "reveal certain facts which parents and teachers should carefully consider."

WANTED WARM FOOD.

Insanity Cured with Coffee, Hot Meat and Potatoes.

Henry Jansen, who was recently sent to Joliet for life from Chicago for the brutal murder of his wife on Oak street, has been confined in the "crank" cell at the prison ever since his arrival, constantly under the eye of Dr. Kaler, the assistant physician. Jansen kept up the same tactics in trying to play the insanity dodge as he did at Chicago after his arrest, and since going to Joliet he has appeared to be a complete idiot, never speaking a word or noticing anything going on about him. The prison physicians were convinced from the first that Jansen was shamming. Dr. Campbell ordered that Jansen be kept in the "crank" cell, and that his diet should be only just enough bread and water to sustain life. Jansen stood it for thirteen days, and at last he began to show signs of weakening. A dispatch to the Chicago *Journal* says that when Dr. Kaler entered his cell in the morning the convict spoke for the first time. Placing his hand over his heart, while a sickly grin spread over his face, he said: "Me want to go out of here," pointing to the door. "Oh, no," said the doctor, "you will have to remain here until your malady is cured I see you are a great deal better to-day." Jansen was left alone until this morning, when the physician again visited him. Jansen at once fell upon his knees and begged for something warm to eat, saying: "My blood is so cold; give me a warm meal." A few questions from the physician caused Jansen to own up that he was not insane. He stated that he had not meant to kill his wife, but that when the deed was done his only thought was to save himself by playing the insanity dodge. After his conviction and sentence to the penitentiary he determined to keep it up, thinking that possibly he might be transferred to an insane asylum, where he would be better treated, and from which he might ultimately make his escape. The medicine and diet he had been forced to live on here were too much. He fairly danced and shed tears of joy when a hot bowl of coffee and some warm meat and potatoes were given to him. He will be placed in a prison shop and made to labor.

Beecher, Grant and a Happy Bride.

One of the many anecdotes of Mr. Beecher is given by Mr. Louis A. Wendt, as follows: "The two departed chiefs, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and U. S. Grant, were together at a public dinner given in Brooklyn not many years ago, when Mr. Beecher suddenly looked at his watch and remarked that as the time was rapidly nearing a certain hour he would have to ask the company to pardon his early departure as he had a marriage ceremony to perform. Saying this Mr. Beecher arose from the table, and as he did so Gen. Grant, who had been sitting next to him, removed a rosebud from the lapel of his coat, and handing the flower to Mr. Beecher, said: "Will you kindly hand this to the bride, and give to her and her future husband my best wishes?" Mr. Beecher accepted and fulfilled the trust, and the bride of that time still has the faded flower, and treasures it as a precious souvenir."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Danger Ahead!

There is danger ahead for you if you neglect the warnings which nature is giving you of the approach of the fell destroyer—consumption. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, loss of appetite—these symptoms have a terrible meaning. You can be cured if you do not wait until it is too late. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the greatest blood-purifier known, will restore your lost health. As a nutritive, it is far superior to cod liver oil. All druggists.

It Roused the Captain.

An old salt recently visited the editor of a Martha's Vineyard paper and poured into the latter's willing ear the following tale of the sea: "I was in the good ship Surprise crossing the western ocean. A spanking breeze was driving the ship home at a most lively rate, everything drawing alow and aloft, when the painful cry, 'Man overboard!' started the entire ship's company. The captain came on deck, and looking over the taff-rail at the rapidly-receding object, and then observing the good speed the ship was making, said in a pious voice: 'Poor fellow. God help him; I'm sorry for him, but we must take advantage of this breeze in the interest of the owners.' Just then a sailor who had been on the lookout ran aft and said: 'Captain, it was not a man, but it's a hog.' 'Ah,' said the captain, 'hard-a-port, back the mainyard, clear away the boat and save that hog.'"

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering upon its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, and we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

IN THE SPIRE OF TRINITY.

Views of the Busy Metropolis of America—What Was Found in the Old Steeple—Bells Clanging and Machinery Rattling.

New York Evening Sun.

"I'd like to go up in the spire," said a reporter to a well-conditioned deputy sexton of Trinity church, who was sweeping up hand-bills that commerce had its accustomed gall had flung in at the very door of the sanctuary. The deputy, who looked like a calm, moderate-sized Amsterdamer, shook his head.

"You needn't be afraid; I'm not the youth who fired the Ephesian dome," said the reporter.

The deputy's stare seemed to say, "Ah, ha! here's another crank." The he slowly said: "Go to 90 Trinity place, and if Dr. Dix will give you a pass you may go up. No, you needn't offer me money. They haven't allowed us to take money for admitting people since four years ago."

Dr. Dix's amiable clerk filled out a blank pass, after explaining that very few are now admitted to Trinity spire. The stolid deputy inspected the pass with great caution, and then with apparent regret led the way up to the door of the spire, through which he permitted the reporter to pass. A steep flight of stairs leads to the first landing, a curious perch, whose floor seems studded with brass nails. A little circular window commands a view of the main body of the church. Vain women, who go to church to stare at the new bonnets of their sisters, would find this a rare spot. The light, strained through stained windows and the thunder of Broadway, filtered through stone walls, come to this eyrie in subdued tone. An iron door, whose hinges partook of the deputy's reluctance, swung open and then closed. The visitor found himself wedged between it and an iron door. For a minute this refused to yield, and the horrible thought that he was imprisoned between those two doors caused a sensation of loneliness to creep over the aspiring reporter. The second door at length opened lazily and closed of its own accord, like the portal of King Solomon's mine. The ghosts of sober, ancient New York seems to have claimed all up beyond that door for their own. Above the levers that Albert Meislahn works when he rings the chimes were four tallow candles in various stages of depletion, stuck in a rack. No kerosene or electric light is allowed to profane this calm, dingy atmosphere. Electricity might sneak down into the spire over the old lightning rod, but it would not be welcome. A few retired music stands crowd into a corner as if afraid.

The visitor had been told that he would find inscribed on the wood-work many names of past generations, and he naturally expected to discover the signatures of Van Twillers, and Peysters and Knickerbockers. The first name gave him a shock of disappointment. It was plain, every-day A. Jones. Then came the signatures of G. M. Bishop and O. Baldwin, written in 1859. Remarkable to relate, not a John Smith is registered there. Very few ladies have recorded their names there, and all but one have shrewdly omitted dates that might in the future stare them in the face with reminders of their age. Kitty Roach, with rare heroism, has written her name and the date, September 28, 1860. Ann Kean, of Cambridge, England, and Miss Georgia Willets are registered in dainty chirography. A little farther up is the Teutonic handwriting of "Geo. Ludwig Walton, aus Hamburg." The signatures of A. Scott, of Newcastle, England; S. E. Brush, of Montreal, and Franklin Krug, of Mexico, give the place quite a cosmopolitan air. Above these W. H. Faxon, of Ovid, a little town in Michigan, has signed his name, and W. L. Woods, of Lafayette, Ind., has inscribed his. George Brokaw, of Saratoga, N. Y. a dutiful son, who was here November 4, 1881, has left his name, with the filial foot-note, "With my father." Ralph Stearns, probably an artist, has painted his name and the date, 1859, with a prodigal outlay of white lead. James Foord, of Aurora, N. Y., and Ray Beckwith, of Kalamazoo, Mich., have carved their names so deep in the woodwork that the knives, which in places have half cut away the wood, have not effaced them.

Away up in one cosy corner is a little love idyl. It reads: "Charlie and Eva here——". The rest is effaced. Where now are Charlie and Eva, the billing couple who sat on this stair and made love and their mark? Are they dead or divorced or grown rich and wretched? Are they——"

"Heavens! what's that?" exclaimed the visitor. There was a racket above him as if the ghosts of the past were dancing a breakdown. Something seemed about to happen. It occurred. The bells pealed the half hour. The preliminary noise had been made by the clock spitting on its hands, as it were, and getting ready to strike. Then the reporter went up to see the bells. They look old and contented. Their tongues are coated with rust, as if they were bilious. The reporter lost his way amid the labyrinth of bells. Suddenly the clockwork above was seized with another spasm, and a bell right over his head clanged. Another and another joined the strike, and the public below was respectfully notified that it was 2¾ o'clock. It was a dismal experience to be up there alone with those bells, and their echoes set agoing in the reporter's ears Poe's words:

In the silence of the night
How I shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

Above the bells is a gruesome passage where the reporter followed the example of every new visitor, and got lost. It is here, as he afterward learned, that the clock is secreted. Mr. Sperry, the Murray street clock maker, goes up there once a week, turns a crank 2,400 times, and winds up the three weights of 1,000 to 1,200 pounds weight each, that keep the clock going. Formerly Mr. D. W. Bradley used to wind the three tower clocks owned by Trinity parish at $200 a year. There were then nine or ten tower clocks in New York, and Mr. Bradley had almost a monopoly in winding them. He made $2,200 a year at the business, but he earned it. Brisk competition stepped in, and the business was divided.

The climb up above the clock is safe enough, as the solid stone of the spire attests, but the glimpses down the little old-fashioned windows make one's blood run cold as he reflects that the earthquake is now abroad under the land. The wind howled about the spire and spitefully banged the windows. Finally the top landing was reached. There R. Reia, of New Amsterdam, and A. F. Hand had written their names in 1849, three years after the church was finished. They were probably the forerunners of the thousands who have registered in the spire.

The look down from that perch 200 feet above the earth is heavenly. Liberty Enlightening the World, who feels above most people, looks a little squatty figure from the spire. A swarm of black objects, with apparently no legs, were hustling down Wall street. A procession of yellow toys preceded by legless horses, was winding up and down Broadway. Even the tree tops and the hats of the few fashionable ladies on Broadway were beneath notice. Right below the spectator rows of white objects like the edges of visiting cards were ranged in the churchyard. They were tombstones. Some minute specks darting about the yards were boys gambolling irreverently on the graves of their ancient and honorable ancestors. At that height one sees only five signs; all the rest of the multitude of announcers of commerce sink out of sight.

Over on the new Equitable building a daring workman stands on the outer ledge of the top of the building, but he looks a low down object. The clouds look neighborly, and the city in the distance seems to go up half way and meet them. Above the jungle of buildings float the American flags and one handsome streamer.

Right at the foot of the spire is a green expanse. It is the roof of the church painted a sickly grass color. The business blocks all about are spitefully spitting steam, and the roofs of the tenements are decorated with washings. A man sandwiched between two yellow signboards looks like a moving golden wedge as he walks along Broadway. The lemons on the fruit stand of the old lady at the corner of the churchyard looks like specks of dust from the golden wedge. The only really impressive objects are the rivers and Brooklyn bridge. The reporter took a final look, and then the bells below him burst into a joyous frenzy of ringing, and he came down feeling as if he'd been to heaven on a visit.

An Attempt to Number the Hairs of One's Head.

A German inquirer has, it is stated, taken four heads of hair of equal weight, and then proceeded to count the individual hairs. One (red) was found to contain 90,000 hairs, another (black) 108,000, a third (brown) had 109,000 and the fourth (blonde) 140,000.

The Spring Months

Are undoubtedly the best in which to purify the blood and strengthen the system, because at this time the body is most susceptible to the beneficial effects of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. The feeling of debility, languor and lassitude caused by the changing season is entirely overcome, and scrofula and all humors are expelled from the blood by the powerful reviving and purifying influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Do not delay—Take Hood's Sarsaparilla *now*. It is made by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

DOWN IN WASHINGTON.

Interesting Reminiscence of Exciting Times.

For years the only way to come to the capital was over the Baltimore & Ohio, and it is only so far back as 1863 that direct railroad communication between Washington and New York was established. In that year through the efforts of Prescott Smith, the Camden & Amboy road in New Jersey, the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore and the Baltimore & Ohio were brought into one consolidated line. A banquet was given in honor of the event at Willard's, and Washington celebrated with great enthusiasm. Then for the first time it was possible to come through without buying one's ticket three or four times over and without rechecking baggage twice. Even that inconvenient way of traveling, which took nearly all day, was looked upon as a marvel of modern improvement, for down to 1852 the journey from New York over to Washington had been by steamer to Amboy, railroad to Bordentown, steamer to Philadelphia, where another steamer took the passenger down the river to Frenchtown, and there stages drove across Delaware, and a steamer made the trip to Baltimore. There the passenger took stage for the capital. One can go to Omaha or Winnepeg now in less time than was then taken to get over here from New York. For many years after the Baltimore & Ohio connection to New York was effected the road refused to check baggage through to Chicago and the West. This brought the Pennsylvania road into competition, and the Baltimore & Potomac was built into the capital. The local feeling was so strong against the Baltimore & Ohio that Simon Cameron put the depot and yards of the new line on the Smithsonian grounds, where they are to-day, an unsightly blemish. The Baltimore & Ohio depot at first was in Pennsylvania avenue, where Tiber creek crossed it. In a cupola on the depot was a bell which rang five minutes before trains left. As it rang the street presented a lively appearance, with scores of passengers running to catch the train. Washington clung to the B. & O. through the war as the drowning man to a straw. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* from whom we have quoted thus far recalls to mind that for five days in 1861 even that straw was gone, and it was not known whether the North would come to the rescue of the capital. Then one of Gen. Butler's Eighth Massachusetts men put together the scattered parts of an old locomotive at Annapolis and the world moved a little nearer Washington. All the B. & O. engines and cars had been taken over Baltimore by the elder Garrett's orders, but there was one old switch engine, and that went out to meet Butler's men. As it drew up at the junction a young man leaped off the tender. He had a rifle in his hands and he was black with smoke and cinders. "I was put out there to shoot that engineer if he stopped on the road or refused to stop when we reached here, and I would have done it if he had." That young man with the gun was afterward known to the world as Boss Shepherd. From that day on, Washington has had railroad communication with the outside world. All through the war there was but a single track to tear up to isolate the city. The double track to Baltimore was laid during the war, but there was but a single track over the bridge at the Relay station. The double tracking of the road was delayed for years by losses sustained from depredations by the Confederates from Harper's Ferry on to Cumberland. The history of the road is a large part of the history of Washington.

IN ONE ACT.

A Sad Story of a Wife who Tried "Life on the Plains."

After telling of a young couple brought up to luxury, who thought they would rough it on the plains, a correspondent of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* thus continues his story:

To the reader who has been accustomed to dwelling in populous sections, no adequate idea of the utter loneliness of a residence in the far West can be formed. The disconsolate wife, unable to obtain assistance in her hour of need, now remained faithfully watching by the bedside of the dying man who appeared to entertain a peculiar dread of being buried alive. "Promise me," he said to his wife some hours before his death, "that you will not see me buried for at least four days after I have breathed my last;" to which request the poor woman tearfully assented. All through the day and during the earlier portion of the night the woman sat alone with her dead, while without, and as though already scenting their prey, a pack of hungry coyotes circled about the isolated abode, ever and anon giving vent to their peculiar and blood-curdling cries. At 9 o'clock a small party of miners, including our guides, Wood and Armstrong, called, on the way to Cheyenne.

"The sad story was soon told, and early on the following morning one of the party was sent to Horse Creek for the purpose of obtaining the material for a coffin. During all this time the widow sat by the bedside of her dead husband, at times scrutinizing the features of the latter and momentarily starting up as if she fancied she detected signs of returning animation. Kit Armstrong, from I received whatever information is here afforded concerning this sad episode, together with his companion Wood, remained during the four days following the death of the man as described. On the last night of their vigil the woman, worn out from constant watching, consented to take some rest, while toward morning both of the watchers also fell asleep.

"It is not known at what hour the supposed corpse became again animated with life, but it was found upon investigation that the body had at some time during the night partially turned in the coffin in which it had been placed, although the features still bore the same placid expression they had worn the day previous. The discovery of this dreadful circumstance proved too much for the afflicted wife, who entirely lost her reason and who thenceforward roamed about in the vicinity of her late home, being generously afforded shelter by those who had purchased the ranch, and superstitiously avoided by Indians who regarded her with awe."

When, Where and How to Say "Thank You!"

The New York *Sun* responds to the following request for information with the satisfaction of knowing that the answer will doubtless be the means of preventing more than one serious and lamentable calamity. "In returning thanks for any favor should anything besides an exclamation of 'thank you' be employed?" In answering this question, as in answering all others, the particular times and circumstances must be considered. Generally "thank you" is sufficient. If a person pass you the butter, it is proper to say "thank you." Or if a person agree to grant any simple request of yours, it is proper and appropriate to say "thank you." But there are occasions when this or perhaps any other verbal expression would be unnecessary, if not absolutely inexcusable. If, in response to a passionate and earnest appeal to a young woman that she should illuminate your dismal loneliness, enlighten your bachelor inexperience and assist your solitary helplessness by bestowing her confiding self upon you and placing her future happiness in your guardianship, she should say "yes," and you should then say "thank you," the chances are that she would throw the whole thing up. Such a reply would knock the bottom out of an almost unfathomable sentiment. A man who would receive a young woman's hand with the same expression with which he would acknowledge a butter dish or the return of a blown off hat, could not appreciate the real value of a woman's love. The proper response to such a priceless gift is made with the eyes, the arms, perchance the lips; but words are out of place.

One Thousand Dollars Would Not Balance the Benefit.

The following letter is one of the many in a similar tone from enthusiastic patients of Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.:

Mr. E. W. Robinson writes from Plattsburgh, N. Y.: "I have no objections to your using my name in connection with my case before the public. I have more ease in breathing and less pain and lameness about the body than for many years before. Thanks to your treatment, I am able to work the most of the time. To tell the plain truth it put me in shape I could work. *I would not be set back to the time I began your treatment for a thousand dollars.* I can walk with more ease, go up and down stairs, get in or out of a wagon in one-third of the time, and double the ease I ever could in many years before, for which I owe you, gentlemen, many thanks."

"Compound Oxygen; its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a brochure of nearly 200 pages freely mailed to any applicant. It makes clear to any one how such statements are justified.

Quite Correct.

Beware how you attempt to foist your philosophic chestnuts on people of a certain turn of mind. For instance, the other day when I observed, with great learning and originality, that the Bourbons had never learned nor forgotten anything, a friend of that kind replied, "What does that mean? How can you forget nothing when you have learned nothing, and what is the use of learning anything when you have forgotten it?"—*Montreal Gazette.*

Asthma Can Be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to any one. Taft Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

EDGAR FAWCETT has written a novel called "Douglas Duane," which is published in the April number of *Lippincott's Monthly*. It is of the wild, weird character so much affected by writers just now, something that drives the blood through the body at race-horse speed, while the cold chills creep up and down the spinal column and the brain whirls with the effort to hold fast to things upon this mundane sphere. It is well done, exceedingly so, but by the time the reader has gone through with "She," "Karma" and this one, with others of the ilk, a sort of yearning comes over the spirit for one of the real old-fashioned, sweet love stories, full of self-sacrificing devotion to duty, faith in human nature, and striving to do right in homely, every-day life. One of Mrs. Whitney's books is as refreshing after these as a draught of clear cold water on a hot summer's day.

LITERATURE has its freaks of fashion just as every thing else has, and they are just as varied and peculiar. Before the present mystic phase, all stories were of the analytical chatacter. Feelings were dissected as carefully as if the object in each case was the discovery and removal of some moral disease that threatened to destroy the soul. There was no danger of the readers being moved to undue excitement by their perusal. They rather discouraged sentiment, but aroused admiration by the ingenuity of their analysis. This style has not wholly passed away, but it is just now less popular than those which deal in occult phenomena, and the mysteries that have been handed down from the past to have their influence, vague and undefined, upon the present.

NEW developments are taking one direction which does not threaten to be pleasant to those who should have but one thought, one mind, one life—but who, alas! too often do not. Mind-reading is becoming a not uncommon accomplishment, or, as some one observes, after the manner of men over their cups, "the women are catching on to the mind-reading racket for all that is out, and it's bad business." Yes, it would be rather bad for many a husband who goes down town evenings upon important business, and for many a wife, too, who is cherishing a platonic friendship of which her husband does not approve, if the mind reading should extend to both sides of the house. Mr. BISHOP may be doing a missionary work, but it will not be likely to be regarded with favor by those who may be victimized.

SPEAKING of platonic friendships calls to mind a recent assertion that New York society, especially that part of it which was emphatically, rather than politely, called "Anglo-maniac idiots," has recently adopted this English "fad" without reference to marriage ties. This is what a New Yorker says:

Society women who are married, are now disposed to regard their lives as incomplete unless they have secured the intelligent admiration of some one of their male friends. If he is a man of ability, with some reputation as a speaker, a writer or a statesman, the situation is all the more interesting. Then if dinner-givers want to secure the presence of this lion it is engineered by inviting the lady to whom he is devoted. And it is seldom that the device fails of its object. An English woman who is now visiting here said recently that if she wanted a prominent member of Parliament present at one of her dinners she never failed to invite the married lady to whom he was paying faithful platonic attentions at the time. And the same rule seems to be now imperative here.

CHEW! Chew! Chew! It has become a national habit, and he or she who has not a mouthful of gum or tobacco upon which the energies are expended, is an exception. In social gatherings, on the street car, at public entertainments, it is the same everlasting wagging of the chin. Wax figures of the people of the present will be made, a thousand years from now, with a perpetual motion machine hidden in the mouth to keep the jaws moving in order to be a realistic representation. The figure would be a caricature without it. Happy is the gum manufacturer in this day and generation for the cry is still for more of his products. Refined women can rival the most inveterate tobacco chewers in their power of chewing. Like the flowing of Tennyson's "Brook" their jaws wag on "forever."

FRENCH is pronounced the recognized language of the world Any one who can converse in that language fluently can be sure of being able to be understood in the court of any civilized nation. Why this should be so, it is hard to tell, except that it seems to be regarded as the most polite or the most polished tongue spoken. American youth do well to learn it so as to command its idioms, since it is possible, not only that they may go abroad and desire to be presented, but also because in this country of rotations any one is liable to be called upon to occupy some official position, the duties of which may be performed more gracefully if this knowledge be possessed.

AN ARISTOCRAT ASTRAY.

The Duke of Sutherland Encounters a Genuine Florida Cracker.

Class distinctions are wholly ignored or are unknown to the average American citizen of the backwoods. This was illustrated in the pithily narrated circumstance by Judge Tillman of the Duke of Sutherland's encounter with, what to him, must have been a veritable rara avis, the hack driver from Manatee to Sara Sota.

The ducal party, leaving the yacht at Tampa and going to Manatee on the steamer Margaret, took hacks at the town of Manatee for Sara Sota. The jehu of one vehicle was a Kentuckian, who was a simon-pure cracker, unsurpassed by the Florida cracker in his native wilds.

As they drove slowly along the sandy road, the driver waxed communicative and singled out His Grace as the object of his attention and patronage, always addressing him as "Mr. Duke." As the day wore on and Jehu felt that Duke was a kindred spirit from "furren parts" and "fur back," he grew confidential and familiar, calling the Duke in a jocular manner, "Capt. Duke." The Duke good-naturedly responded to his driver's comments in a dignified way, showing by neither glance nor word that he thought him too familiar upon short acquaintance, even when the large sun-browned hand was laid patronizingly upon his shoulder, or he was tapped familiarly upon the back or punched in the ribs to have his august attention directed to some trivial circumstance.

At length a halt was called and the party refreshed the inner man with wine. The Duke's light flannel coat became caught over the ivory handle of a dagger worn in the pistol-pocket of his breeches.

"Hold on, Capt. Duke," called the driver; "your coat is caught in your britches; let me take it out," and Jehu drew down the offending garment and fell to work vigorously dusting "Capt. Duke," remarking that he was "moughty dusty."

Upon Jehu's return to Manatee, when the joke was told on him to a group of gentlemen, who became convulsed with laughter, he was not one whit crestfallen, but exclaimed:

"Well, I swear! I heard you call him 'Duke, Duke,' and I thought that was his name, so to be polite I called him Mr. and Cappen Duke."

After a moment's brown study he exclaimed, with true American spirit, "I'll bo—— if I ain't as good as he is anyhow!"—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

One of the Best Tonics.

Dr. A. ATKINSON, Prof. Materia Medica and Dermatology, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of our best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."

A Thousand for a Fracture, Fifty for a Kiss.

Physicians and patients also will be interested in the recent decision in the James case, as reported in the correspondence of the *Rochester Democrat*. Dr. Wm. Young, who attended the patient during the last two and a half years of his life, brought action for his bill and recovered $3,538.68. As the deceased was a millionaire the amount is not disproportioned, especially as the physician had made 827 visits and had devoted a great deal of time to a very hopeless case. Doctors, of course graduate their charges according to their patient's ability to pay. I know a case in which the late Dr. Mott charged $350 for a very simple operation, which only required five minutes, and there are many country practitioners who would have done it equally well and been satisfied with $10. In another instance Dr. Parker charged $1,000 for going out of town to set a broken leg, but the patient was a millionaire, and that was a sufficient reason for a handsome fee. Among other interesting points recently decided by the count is the cost of a kiss. The complainant had suffered nothing more than the shock of an osculatory surprise, but the court gave her $50, which, no doubt, was satisfactory.

One Cent Invested

in a postal card on which to send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, bring you free particulars about work that both sexes, of all ages, can do, and live at home, wherever they are located, earning thereby from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. Some have earned over $50 in a single day. Capital not required; you are started free.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

ON PICKET DUTY.

SERGT. T. HOLLINGSWORTH.

'Tis midnight and the twinkling stars
Shine brightly from on high;
And not a cloud is shadowing now
The warlike Southern sky.
I am stationed in a cedar grove,
The picket post to stand,
And listening for the stealthy tread
Of traitors close at hand.

CHORUS.

How many thousands gone to rest
We know that they are free,
Their bodies mouldering in the dust
On the plains of Tennessee.

I see their burning camp fires now
Upon the distant hill,
And hear the screech-owl's dismal cry,
And feel more lonely still.
I hear the groans of wounded men,
That still lie on the field,
And many more my eyes can see
With lips forever sealed.

And thus! far through this dismal night
These mournful sounds arise,
And many a patriot finds a grave
Beneath this Southern sky.
The light of day doth now appear,
All beautiful and bright,
I see the movements of our troops,
'Tis to renew the fight.

Our picket line is now engaged
With the rebel skirmishers,
And now the order comes to us,
Fall back on your reserve.
Oh! yonder comes the rebel line,
They're marching on our flank,
Stand fast, brave boys, our Gen'ral cried,
We'll soon thin out their ranks.

Our battery stationed on the right,
The Chicago Board of Trade,
Now opens fire on their ranks,
And with them havoc made,
And now the battle rages on,
In all its horrid might,
And soon the traitors see they can
No farther turn our right.

Again the light of day appears,
The clouds obscure the sky,
A drenching rain is pouring down
Upon us from on high.
But still the battle is renewed,
The bloody strife goes on,
The rebels swear we shall not
Enter Murfreesboro town.

The battle rages fiercely now
Along Stone River's shore,
And hundreds of the traitors there
Fall, to rise no more.
Now the traitors see they can
No longer hold their ground,
And in dismay, confusion flee,
From Murfreesboro town.

Our glorious flag's now floating
Above the Court House tower,
A warning to all traitors,
Who seek that flag to lower.
Oh God! forbid such men to live
In honor, wealth and fame,
To spill the blood of honest hearts,
To win themselves a name.

War Notes and Incidents.

John Wingrove thinks that he was one of the lightest soldiers in the war, weighing only 90 pounds.

Fred Sloop, of Findlay, O., has our thanks for a racy bit of poetry on Cleveland and his veto of the pension bill.

John Dixon, of Emerson, Neb., writes to find out if Col. Oliver H. Payne was the colonel of the 64th Ill. during the war. Can any one tell?

At a meeting of Elisha B. Townsend Post, G. A. R., of Bloomfield, Ia., held December 23, resolutions of respect were adopted in memory of John A. Logan.

"R. F.," Myrtle, Dak., of the U. S. brig Perry, agrees with Lem Johnson that the navy should be represented in the CAMP FIRE. He promises to chip in.

Will some of our readers inform us as to what New York regiments were under Col. Miles at Harper's Ferry, when he surrendered that place to the rebels.

E. W. Clark, Co. A, 21st Mich., of Ionia, Mich., wants to hear from members of the 36th Ill. When his regiment first entered the service, the 36th taught them a thing or two about stealing rations.

J. E. Allcup, of the 25th Ind., Jonesboro, Ill., says that he would like to have some of his comrades write up "Hell on the Hatchee," or the battle of Matamora, fought by the first division of the 17th A. C.

J. S. Bonham, late captain of Co. O, 1st Tenn. Mtd. Inf. Vol., reviews the work of the Union party and declares that the man who would refuse a pension to the soldiers who ruined their health in the defense of their country, is a traitor. He calls upon the veterans to undo the wrong in 1888, by voting for Blaine and Lincoln.

"T. J. C.," of Co. K, 4th Ia. V. V. Inf., of Hopkins, Mo., writes that he enlisted August 1, 1861, and served for four years, during which he saw two or three elephants. He is now disabled, but has not yet secured a pension. He regrets the death of John A. Logan, one of the best friends of the soldier. He would like to hear from members of the 4th Ia.

William Price, Co. L, 14th Kans. Vol., of Eldorado, Kans., pays his respects to Grover Cleveland and says that the veto of the invalid pension bill is a gross injustice to the defenders of this country, and a national disgrace. Heretofore Mr. Price has been a Democrat, but he rises to apologize for past conduct and says that he promises never to vote another Democratic ticket.

The 25th anniversary of the battle of Winchester was celebrated at Toledo, March 23. Many letters of regret were received from members of Shields's famous division, from all over the country. John W. Canary, of Bowling Green, O., read an interesting historical sketch of the battle. A camp fire formed a feature of the occasion. The members of Shields's division who live in Toledo and vicinity hold an annual celebration of this kind to which all their comrades are invited.

A. F. Pader, Co. D, 55th Ill., of Galesburg, Ill., says that his regiment has had two reunions since the war. He enlisted in 1861 and was wounded at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864. The history of the 55th is being written up. Shiloh was the first battle in which the 55th took part. It was in Stuart's brigade on the extreme left. The brigade mustered eight or nine hundred men, and, although it had no support or artillery, the men stood up before 4,000 rebels for more than two hours.

Little Joe, the Mule.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Comrades, my last contribution to the CAMP FIRE was September 30, 1865, at Indianolia, Tex. I will now bring up another top rail. I have not seen a contribution from any of the 9th Ind. V. V. I., and do not know whether any of them are subscribers to the BLADE or not, but, if they are, they all remember old Joe, the little gray mule that joined the regiment after the battle of Shiloh, and how he grew to be a veteran and learned to forage, etc. In camp at Nashville, just before the battle of Stone River, the mule had some sheaf oats in the tent, and away in the night Johnnie McLaren heard something working under the side of the tent, and thought it was some of the boys hunting for blankets. He slipped out of the tent with a hatchet in his hand, and, seeing a dark object moving away, threw the hatchet and discovered at the same instant that it was Joe. Johnnie made it his first duty, the next morning, to visit Joe and apologize. When the regiment re-enlisted, at Whitesides, and came home on veteran furlough, Joe was left at brigade headquarters, and when we returned, the brigade had moved to Blue Springs, where we joined it, after an absence of about 50 days. The first intimation Joe had of our return was when our bugler (whom Joe knew very well) blew the dress parade call. Well, our regiment was not so very slow, but Joe beat the first company on the parade ground, making music enough for a grand review. He went all through camp and received hearty greeting from every man in the regiment.—W. H. OGDEN, Lafayette, Ind.

A Ludicrous Incident.

EDITOR CAMPFIRE:—I would like a place in the CAMPFIRE circle, and will add a twist of Dakota hay, to keep it burning. I want to join the boys in praise of this department of the BLADE. The CAMPFIRE is the first thing I look for when it comes, and I find a great many things there that interest me and of which I would like to write, if I felt myself competent to do so, but as I am not, I must read and admire or condemn, and (by permission) tell a yarn now and then to help keep the fire burning. I would like to tell of a little incident that happened during the winter of '62 and '63 in Southern Missouri. While we were in camp on the bottom land of Black river, there came a hard and long-continued rain which caused that stream to rise very suddenly in the night, and the first intimation that most of us had of it was the very familiar voice of our colonel: "Strike tents and prepare to move camp!" Such an order, to come in the dead of night, was a puzzler, and the first thought was "what's in the wind now?" but the manner in which the order was given caused us to act on the instant, and with a bound we jumped out of bed, and then! you ought to have been there, (if there had been any Johnnies near there I think they would have held up both hands and said, "Please, mister, don't shoot!" Such another roar I never heard. As we landed half knee deep in cold water every one yelled at the top of his voice, but we moved camp with a will, and as daylight appeared we were nearly done. About this time the attention of the camp was drawn to one of the boys who was wading to shore, with a bundle of clothing under his arm and a camp kettle on his head. He was imitating the cry of the bowsman as he heaves the lead, with this variation. He yelled, "Knee-deep! Knee-deep!" and as the water came up a little higher, "Mark twain! Mark twain!" when just at that instant he stepped into a hole that had been dug for some purpose, and down he went bag and baggage clear under. The next instant, his head bobbed up, and with the same stentorian voice he cried out, "No bottom!" The whole scene was so ludicrous as witnessed from the camp, that I do not think those old Missouri hills have had such another shaking up since Dame Nature piled them up.—T. H. STONE, private, Co. F, 8th Ind., V. V. Inf., Burdette, Hand Co., Dak.

Libby and Belle Isle.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I begin where I left off, at Jonesborough, Tenn., at which place we arrived about 9 o'clock, where we were assigned quarters for the night in the court house. An incident occurred the next morning to myself and another comrade whom I cannot now name, which may be of interest. A lawyer, whose office was in the court house, came sauntering in, and I noticed that he had been imbibing pretty freely in something besides water. Unlocking his door very politely, he asked us in. After some remarks concerning our capture, etc., he propounded the question in a very excited manner, "What are you'ens fightin' for?" I gave him my version of the matter, which seemed to increase his wrath, and caused the flame to kindle; and with the remark, "You are 'fighting' for the d—n 'nigga'," at the same time drawing a revolver from his pocket he threw it down on the table (I suppose, to make it more positive). His argument was so forcible that I was fully convinced, and very briefly withdrew from the controversy. I think there are more gray hairs in my head to-day than there would have been had I not received that scare. You remember, boys, that all we had to eat that morning was what the citizens gave us. Then we were marched to the cars, and boarded the train for Richmond, they telling us that we would soon be exchanged. But, ah! how many of the boys died in despair ere the time for exchange. Stopping at Lynchburg one day and night, receiving but one ration in that time; how hungry we were, and how how tough we thought the usage! This was simply the foundation for a long siege of starvation. Again we boarded the cars, and on Sunday morning landed in the Confederate capital. We were soon escorted to the most fashionable resort of the city—Libby prison—where we found numerous guests, who greeted us with cheers. Misery loves company, therefore we were welcome. Tarrying there one week, an invitation was extended us to visit the "Beautiful Heights of Belle Isle." To guarantee our safe arrival, and that our journey thither might not be impeded, they very kindly furnished a number of guards to escort us and watch over us during our stay. But I think many of us did not appreciate the kindness, when I in mild terms express the sentiment of the boys. "D—n such hospitality" You remember, boys, when we were captured, how they robbed us of our blankets, canteens and haversack. I was lucky enough to keep my haversack. My blanket they took. And now for our first night on Belle Isle! With nothing but the bare ground for a bed, the canopy of heaven for a covering, and my haversack filled with tin cups (that I carried for the boys), for a pillow, I soon fell into a slumber, only to be awakened by the sudden disappearance of my pillow around a tent, in the hands of one of those detestable raiders. Many of the boys had their blankets stolen that night. This was just an introduction, an initiatory degree in the H. H. O. C. (hell-hole of the Confederacy) This was one of the largest organizations in the South, there being at one time 10,500 members. I think it was organized in 1861. In the fall of 1863 we were initiated, and there were very many charter members still on the roll. Poor fellows, how my heart sickens, when their ghastly, skeleton forms loom up before me! We were called to order by the lieutenant in command, when any misdemeanor occurred. For instance, "Not a man shall have a mouthful to eat till you bring the parties out that killed my dog." How promptly his call was attended to! You remember tha "outside guardian," I mean that red-headed monster, they called Sergeant, the meanest most contemptible, low-lived, damnable inhuman wretch, that ever God let live. When he met his fate by falling off that railroad bridge, he did not receive his just desert for the punishment inflicted upon many poor, helpless, starved prisoners. Many of the boys remember his "Hoss," which he made his victim ride. I will give a description of it, for those that were not there. A 2x4 scantling, with legs 4 feet long, similar to what a carpenter calls a horse. The victim was made to climb astride of it, a rope was tied to each ankle, the legs drawn out, and the rope tied to a stake about six feet from either side of the horse. I have seen the poor living skeleton seated thereon one hour. What agony! Another mode of punishment was to tie the thumbs together behind the backs, throw the string over the limb of a tree, and draw up until his victim stood on tip-toe. Oh, horror of horrors! What screams from pain have rent the air, and caused the looker-on to drop tears of pity for the poor helpless creature! You also remember when being marched out to be counted, if the boys crowded the gate too fast, how he would use his club over their heads, worse than we would use the dumb brutes. If there is a hell (and I sometimes wish there was) and if there ever was a being deserving of eternal, everlasting punishment, it should be meted out to just such fiends as him. But I find I am intruding on the columns, with too lengthy an article, and will hold in reserve for the future. I would like if more of the prisoners of war would talk through the columns of the CAMP FIRE, especially those who were on Belle Isle. Tell how long you were there, how long you went without receiving a ration. I remember going two days, and not an uncommon thing to go one day. Would like some of the boys from my old regiment that were at Belle Isle to say something. In a future letter some of you will be able to tell who the author of this is, from some incident mentioned. Until that time,—U GUESS, Co. C, 100th O. V. I.

A State of High Mix.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—"A Subscriber," from Kalamazoo, Mich., writes the CAMP FIRE of February 10, that he had a brother, William McKain, in the 79th Michigan, Col. Oyler, in Co. Q, commanded by Capt. Howe. Now he seems to have got things badly mixed. Although Michigan furnished over 90,000 men for the service, there were only 30 regiments of infantry and eleven of cavalry, besides sharpshooters, engineers and mechanics, and a good many companies of artillery, and a good many men joined regiments from other states, so there was no such regiment as the 79th Michigan, and there never was a Col. Oyler in command of a Michigan regiment. But the worst mistake he makes is when he says that his brother was a member of Co. Q. Any person at all acquainted with military affairs, knows there never was such a company in any regiment. They were always lettered from A to M inclusive. Infantry regiments were only lettered from A to K, the letter J being always omitted. Cavalry engineers and mechanics and batteries only had twelve companies and infantry had ten.

"A Subscriber" will have to try again if he gets any information in regard to his brother's last moments, but he needs to make sure what regiment his brother belonged to before he calls on the CAMP FIRE for information.—F. M. WATERS, late of Co. G, 13th Mich. Inf., Climax, Mich.

Wanted, a Ballad.

EDITOR CAMPFIRE:—I see that there is a call for old war ballads in the BLADE; would some old soldier who has a copy of an old war ballad, entitled "High Treason and Brother Jeff," by Frank Modgiln, Co. F, 29th Ill., sung to the tune "Joe Bowers," contribute it? It was sung at all the CAMP-FIRES of Illinois soldiers, to thousands at Camp Butler and in the theater at Cairo, Ill., by the author himself. There is a call for a new edition of the old ballad by friends here, and I have lost a part of the original ballad. If any one has a copy please send it to the CAMPFIRE, and by so doing, they will greatly oblige the widow of the author.—MRS. CLARA M. MODGLIN, Massac Creek, Ill.

ARTESIAN WELL ENCYCLOPEDIA Illustrates all the tools and machinery used in the art of Well-sinking. 300 feet has been sunk in 10 hours. Diamond pointed Rock drills, Prospecting Machinery and all manner of appliances for pumping Artesian Wells. We are the largest manufacturers in this line. Book free. 25 cents for mailing.
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G. E. WATERMAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

The postoffice addresses of David Steard ane DeBabe, privates in Co. K, 8th U. S. of New York state, or of First Sergeant Brown, or any two privates or officers in Co. K, 8th U. S., is wanted by George H. Storring, Bames Corners, N. Y.

Martha A. Baker, Alvarado, Johnson county, Texas, wants the address of Philip Williams or Joseph Williams, or any of their friends, or relatives, or heirs. Last heard from in Alabama, near Mobile.

The Bottom of the Sea

Yields no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable dentifrice, the fragrant SOZODONT. Nor is coral rosier than the gums in which such teeth are set. So say the ladies, who are the best judges in such matters.

EASTER EDICTS

In the Line of Coming Spring Styles, Culled From Latest Fashion Authorities.

Black undressed kid gloves are now the only kind held to be "strictly mourning."

Navy blue flannels embroidered in white and red spots appear in late London vests.

Heliotrope is proclaimed far and near as the fashionable spring color as in almost everything.

Black satin walking skirts with cloth jackets are enough seen to be regarded as fashionable.

Dress materials for spring are gay and gaudy enough to satisfy even Southern colored women.

French heels are said to be entirely out of fashion except among the belles of the factory and the kitchen.

Kersey cloth jackets, such as men's driving coats are made of, are now worn by the tailor-made women.

Hats are larger; bonnets about the same. Hats are showing an inclination to return to the style of about eight years ago and turn up at the back.

A man may now wear either kid, chevrette, dog-skin, mocha, castor or undressed kid gloves, according to his own sweet will and the place to which he is going.

Ample draperies, double-breasted vests, revers collars, loose basque front and braid apron and plastron are the "features" of the new spring gowns, according to high fashion authority.

Stripes will hold a prominent place among spring styles. Garlands of flowers, leaves, or other designs will run through or down either side of many of the stripes. This arrangement is intended to correct the stiff effect of the straight lines.

Double strings of ribbons, less than an inch wide, and bordered with a very marked picot edge, are gaining great favor in place of the single ugly wide ribbon, or the velvet bridle, that was so very becoming but so unfriendly as to crock both throat and collar or lace.

Small mantle visites are still to be worn. They are taken well into the back of the figure, and sit snugly over the shoulders and arms. The ends in front, although long when compared with the back, which is never larger than an ordinary postilion, are shorter than they were last spring. The object this season is to conceal the dress as little as possible.

Small bonnets will be worn, with the crowns a most covered with branches of roses, which are taken across the back and then to the front, where they almost touch the hair. Large, round, dressy hats are to be of light gray felt, with raised brims. They will be trimmed with several gray plumes. Most of the new capotes are very short in the back and narrow on the sides. The trimming for these is also high and narrow.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Fresh Boston Gall.

The story comes from Washington that a young man from Boston whose assurance appears to have overshadowed his sense of propriety lately asked one of the justices of the Supreme court what would probably be their decision in the Bell telephone case, now being considered by them. The justice is reported to have gazed at the young man with mute astonishment and to have asked him how long he had resided in Boston.

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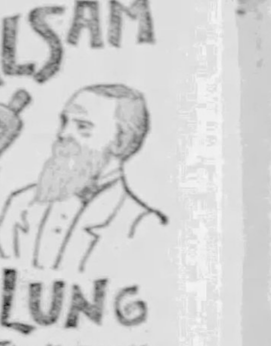

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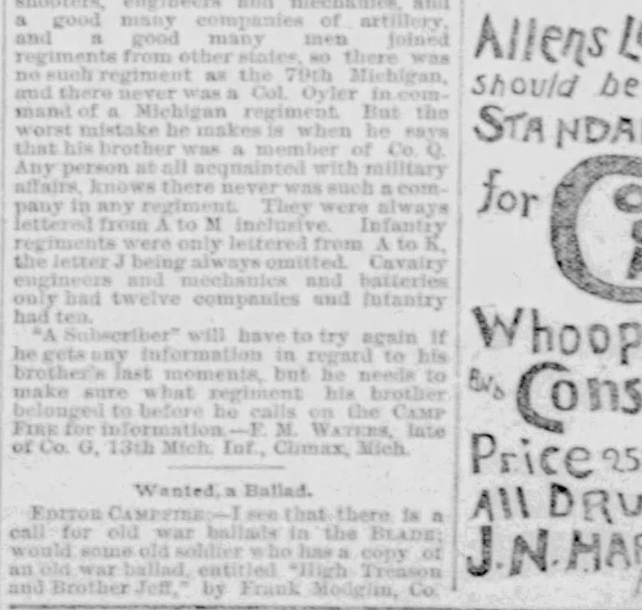

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Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss.

[Published by Request.]

As we pass along life how many we see
And many there are to be found,
Who are never contented where'er they may be,
And so constantly come to the ground.
They are always changing for this and for that,
Through reasons they're quite at a loss;
It brings to our minds the saying so pat,
"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Chorus—
So always stick firmly to what you have in view,
Don't be dazzled by glitter and gloss;
But remember the maxim, so old yet so true,
"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Some people there are they go in for trade,
And scarcely stay at it a week,
For quickly they will say a mistake they have made,
And for something quite different they seek;
And then when at last they make a fresh start,
It's just the same thing as before.
A year hardly goes, they again from it part,
So these people they live and die poor.

So with love; a young man falls into its snare,
And tries to obtain a young wife;
But of constancy true he does not take care,
So single remains all his life.
Many ladies we know the same pathway will trace;
How seldom we find one that's staid;
She is quickly attracted by every fresh face—
She lives and she dies an old maid.

Now there is a something to learn from my song—
And for all there is a little advice—
You must all persevere if you want to make way
On the troublesome highway of life,
Keep pushing on firmly, though slow it may be,
And on this you may safely depend,
Though trials may arise you will soon be free,
And success be yours in the end.

Digestion—Iowa.

Fulcan, Anamosa, Iowa:
1. Give a table showing which article of food is easiest and quickest digested, the time occupied in digestion, and which is most nourishing to man. 2. Please give a brief history of Iowa, how many colleges and institutions of benefit it has, and where situated.

1. The flesh of wild animals is more easily digested than that of the allied domesticated races. In this respect venison stands first, then turkey, then beef, mutton and veal. Soups and fluid aliment are not more readily chymified than solid substances, and cannot alone support the system in vigor. Moderate exercise before a meal facilitates digestion. The most nourishing food is meat, eggs, milk and the gluten of wheat. The rapidity of digestion depends on the quality and quantity of the food, the state of the health, the condition of the mind and the habits of exercise. 2. Iowa, the 16th state admitted into the Union, has an area of 55,045 square miles, and is divided into 99 counties. For the northern portion of the state there are numerous small, but beautiful lakes, which are a part of the system of lakes extending northward into Minnesota. The southern portion of the state is the most picturesque, abounding with grassy lawns and verdant plains. The coal measures are regarded as the most permanent source of mineral matter, though the lead mines in the Galena limestone have attracted the earliest and greatest attention. The coal field of the state embraces an area of about 20,000 square miles. The soils of Iowa are generally excellent, and no state of the Union has a smaller amount of inferior lands. Iowa has no direct foreign commerce, but its trade with the Atlantic and gulf ports and the interior is comparatively extensive.

The college for the blind at Vinton receives students who are citizens of the state free of charge for board and tuition. Instruction is afforded to the deaf and dumb of the state, between the ages of 10 and 25, by the institution at Council Bluffs; such persons may receive their board and instruction, free of charge, for a period of seven years. Iowa has two hospitals for the insane—one at Mt. Pleasant, the other at Independence. It has three soldiers' orphans' homes, at Cedar Falls, Davenport and Glenwood. There is a reform school for boys at Eldora, and one for girls at Salem. The agricultural college is at Ames. The Norwegian Luther college, the largest Norwegian institution of the kind in the country, is at Decorah. It is supported by volunteer contributions, and affords instruction free to all students.

Capt. Ericsson's Destroyer.

B. M. West, Bloomville, O.:
Please give a description of Ericsson's "Destroyer."

Outwardly the Destroyer is simply an unarmored iron-clad vessel with wedge-shaped bow and stern. It is briefly described by the inventor as follows: The Destroyer is an iron vessel 130 feet long, 17 feet wide, 11 feet deep, protected by a wrought iron breast work of great strength applied near the bow. The submarine gun, a formidable piece of ordnance of 16-inch calibre and 30 feet length, is placed on the bottom of the vessel, the muzzle projecting through an opening in the stem. The projectile expelled by the submarine gun is 25 feet long, its weight being 1,500 pounds, including an explosive charge of 300 pounds of gun-cotton. The Destroyer attacks bows on, and discharges the projectile at a distance of 300 feet from the ship attacked. The explosion of 300 pounds of gun-cotton against the lower part of a ship's hull will shatter it so completely that the expedient of employing water-tight compartments will be of no avail. It may be added, for the clearer comprehension of those not experts, that the water is prevented from rushing through the gun into the bilge by an out-board valve, opened and closed automatically. The body of the torpedo is of wood, shaped like a huge cigar. The point or dynamite end is made of copper. The initial velocity with which the torpedo leaves the gun is at the rate of 250 miles an hour, or 250 feet a second. With a minimum charge of powder in the gun the projectile traversed the first 300 feet in three seconds. In the experiments made by a naval board two years ago, common cord nettings were used to determine whether there was really any trajectory in the travel of the torpedo. At firing distances of 250 feet the course of the torpedo through the water was in a perfect straight line. The tide currents had no effect on the course of the torpedo, nor could its course be detected as it traveled through the water. The torpedo is exploded by concussion, and is calculated to strike a vessel at any point below the water-line. The machinery of the vessel occupies a space less than eight feet square, and is entirely below the water-line and below the intermediate deck, so that it is impossible for the boat to become disabled from the shots of the enemy. An important feature in the construction of the vessel is an intermediate, curved deck, extending from stem to stern, and composed of plate iron strongly ribbed and perfectly water-tight. This intermediate deck sustains a heavy, solid armor plate, placed transversely to the line of the keel 32 feet from the bow, inclined to an angle of 45 degrees, and supported on the after side by a wood backing four and a half feet deep at the base. The steering-wheel is behind this wood backing. A deck cabin 70 feet long above this intermediate deck affords quarters for the officers and crews. The helmsman occupies a pit in the forward end, from which he not only steers the vessels but discharges the gun by an electric battery upon signal. He watches the vessel's course and the position of the enemy through a small port-hole of heavy plate glass, and is protected by wrought-iron invulnerable armor plate 16 inches in thickness.

Miscellaneous.

Mattie R., Winsoa, Ill.: Lack of space prevents our publishing the rules of etiquette you desire.

J. G. H., Newport, Ky.: Your inquiry about grubs has been referred to the editor of the Farm department.

A Subscriber, Darlington, Pa.: Your inquiry about young peach trees has been referred to the editor of the Farm department.

Moss Rose, Science Hill, Pulaski county, Ky.: If you will send us the corrected copy of "Mary" we shall be very glad to use it.

J. V. Eshelman, Reading, Pa., will readily see, if he stops to consider a moment, that we cannot gratuitously advertise the firm he mentions.

W. E. G., Omaha, Neb.:
Where was Gen. Custer buried?
Monroe, Mich.

Mrs. J. S., Bucyrus, G.: It would be difficult for the BLADE to advise you about your financial affairs. Better consult some banker or attorney in Bucyrus.

A. B., P. M., Woodville, O.: For information regarding dependent children of soldiers and sailors state your case to John C. Black, Pension Commission, Washington, D. C.

A. P. M., Ash Grove, Mo.:
What is the average crop of coffee per acre in pounds.
We have no way of stating definitely the average crop of coffee per acre. The full grown tree bears one pound of coffee beans, and growers make three gatherings annually.

C. H. C., State Run, Pa.:
Please tell me how long they were building the Washington monument at Washington, and when was it completed?
The Washington monument was dedicated Feb. 21, 1885, after having been some thirty years in course of construction.

A Subscriber, Scappoose, Oregon:
What was the reason that it seemed as if convents were more respected by the armies than any other property?
Probably on account of the religious feeling that was entertained towards monastaries, although history shows repeated instances where the invading hosts sacked and demolished these places.

W. S. Best, Maryville, Mo.:
If it would not be asking too much of you I would like to have you describe the mound at Marietta, O.
The so-called Indian mound at Marietta is of conical form, and is about 70 feet high, and no doubt marks the grave of personages of high consequence among the builders of the monument. It is surrounded by a wall two or three feet high, and upon its surface grow large-sized

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever. —Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until with a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine I have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky. ††

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

trees. The date of its construction has long puzzled the best archeologists, and is still a matter of conjecture.

A. R. Eader, Portland, Ind.:
Will it pay a young man financially to take a business course? Give the address of a few of the best business colleges. Where can I get a text book and instructions for studying eclectic shorthand? Is there a demand for business college graduates?
Some very good positions have been obtained by business college graduates, and it is usually easy for them to find places. The best business colleges regularly advertise in the newspapers. Books can be obtained by writing to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo.

M. M. B., Blissfield, Mich.:
Where a soldier is an inebriate and is in the habit of squandering his pension, as well as everything else he can get a hold of, and the fact is well-known in the community where he lives, is there any way of managing so that his wife or some other competent person can draw his pension and use it for the support of the soldier and his family instead of putting it into the saloons?
This is a question for the Pension office. Address your inquiry to John C. Black, Pension Commission, Washington, D. C.

A. C. F., Delphos, Kan.:
Please give an account of the attempt to liberate the prisoners on Johnson's Island, called "The Lake Erie Conspiracy."
It would occupy too much space to give the details of the various attempts at rescue, or the attempt at escape and outbreak. Suffice it to say that after 1863 picket, as well as police and prison guard, were all of the time required; and after the very large reduction of the command, nothing short of the strictest rules of the service and the most constant and untiring vigilance would meet the necessities of the case or answer the expectations of the government.

T. L. Hulse, Hegira, Ky.:
1. How many avowed infidels are there in each State of the Union. 2. How many religious denominations in existence, and name the most influential? 3. What is the total number of the inhabitants of the earth as shown by last census?
1. As the infidels have no regular organization there is no way of ascertaining their relative numbers in the various states. 2. There are or have been 156 different churches or religious denominations, of which the most influential in point of numbers, wealth and power to-day are the Catholics, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, etc. 3. Something over 300 millions.

S. V. F., Endicott: Is Canada an independent government or subordinate to England?
Canada is a semi-independent federation of British Provinces. Its government is modelled in some respects after that of the United States. The executive authority is invested in the Queen of England; and the Governor-General, the only officer in the Dominion who receives his appointment from the English government, carries on the government in her name, he acting under the advice of a privy council appointed and removable by himself. The legislative power is vested in two houses of parliament, styled the senate and the house of commons (the latter elected) in connection with the governor general, whose assent to all acts of parliament is given in the name of the Queen.

B. M., West Bloomville, O.:
Please give the circumstances connected with Gen. Dix's famous order: "If any man attempts to haul down that flag shoot him upon the spot."
On December 10, 1860, Howell Cobb resigned his position of secretary of the Treasury and John Adams Dix was appointed in his place. New Orleans was at the time in virtual possession of the secessionists; two revenue cutters were there, and the new secretary ordered them to New York. The captain of one of them, after consulting with the collector at New Orleans, refused to obey. Sec. Dix thereupon telegraphed to the lieutenant to arrest the captain, and to treat him as a mutineer in case he offered any resistance, closing his dispatch with the words "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

A. F. K., Granville, Vt.:
Will you please give as extended a history as your space will admit of the life of the son of Napoleon Bonaparte?
Francis Charles Joseph Napoleon, duke of Reichstadt, was the son of Napoleon I. and Marie Louisa, and at his birth was styled king of Rome. After the abdication of his father, an attempt was made to proclaim him emperor, but it was soon abandoned. When the allies entered Paris, his mother fled with him to her father's court. He was brought up by his grandfather Francis, emperor of Austria, by whom he was created duke of Reichstadt in 1818, and appointed colonel of a regiment of cavalry. This young prince, who was apparently born to such a brilliant destiny, died shortly after he had attained his 21st birthday, of consumption. He was born at Paris, in 1811, and died at Schonbrunn, in 1832.

J. H., New Augusta, Ind.:
Please explain the meaning of the terms "Minister Extraordinary," "Minister Plenipotentiary," "Envoy," "Consul," and also the duties and power of each.
A minister plenipotentiary is an envoy to a foreign court, invested with full power to negotiate a treaty, or to transact other business: an embassador is a minister of the highest rank sent by one government to another, as the personal representative of the appointing power. Embassadors are called *ordinary* when they reside permanently at a foreign court, and *extraordinary* when they are sent on a special occasion. A consul is a person commissioned to reside in a foreign country as an agent or representative of a government to protect the rights, commerce, merchants and seamen of the state, and aid in any commercial and sometimes in diplomatic transactions with such foreign country. A Consul General is a consul having jurisdiction over several places and over several consuls.

W. S. V., Greenway, Ark.:
Are cablegrams across the ocean received by sound? Describe the process by which they are sent and received.
Seventeen words a minute have been sent through the French Atlantic cable. Thomson's syphon recorder quadrupled the speed of cable telegraphy. The current from the cable passes into a coil of wire suspended between the poles of magnet. The coil turns round in a direction depending upon the direction of the current. The motion of the coil is communicated by means of a thread and lever to a glass syphone which feeds itself with ink from a basin. The ink is electrified and spurts out against a moving strip of paper, and draws an undulating curve which indicates the letters of the message. The speed of working with this recorder is about the same as with the reflecting galvanometer; and in either case it is much greater than could be obtained by the moving armature, which requires that the current should rise and fall by large differences; and this would take more time.

J. E. W., Napoleon, O.:
1. Will you please tell me why Nevada and Minnesota were so named? 2. Is there a lake in South America known as Lake Albagulas? 3. How large an army and navy have the United States?
1. Nevada is the Spanish for "Snow Clad," which characterizes the mountain range of that name to the west of the state. This is the "Sagehen State," and the boys and girls are all "Sagehens" without regard to sex, and are probably very wise.—Minnesota is so called from the river of that name. The word is of Dakota origin, denoting, according to Schoolcraft, "bluish green water;" "minne," water, and "solato," bluish green. Featherstonhaugh, however, says: "The Indian name of the St. Peters is 'Minnay sotor,' or 'turbid waters.'" It has three fictitious names, "The North Star State," "The Land of Lakes" and "The Gopher State," peopled by "Gophers." 2. Lippincott's *Gazetteer of the World* does not mention it. 3. Army, 27,489 officers and men; navy, 7,500 enlisted men and 750 boys.

Mrs. E. L. Sodus, Berrien, Mich.:
I wish to know how those yeast cakes, we buy in groceries, are manufactured. Are they made with hops, and how are they made so uniform? Do they have a mold to make them in shape?
To make good yeast without ferment, put two ounces best hops into nine pints cold water; boil one-half hour, strain while hot, and add two ounces fine table salt and one-half pound sugar. When the mixture becomes blood-warm, put one pound sifted flour into large basin, make a well in the center with the hand, add the liquor by degrees, stirring with a spoon until the whole is incorporated. Let it stand for two days in a warm place, stirring it three or four times a day; then boil and mash finely three pounds of good potatoes and mix them in. After standing one day more there should be a heavy dark scum on the surface. Stir it thoroughly, strain through a seive or cullender, put it into a stone jar, cork and tie down firmly, and keep in a cool cellar. This is a self-fermenting yeast, improves by keeping if not left uncorked, and will not make sour bread. As to the patent yeasts that are offered for sale, the method of preparing them is the inventor's fortune, and, of course, he would not divulge it.

Alice B., Tafft, Pa.:
1. Will you please give the origin of the madstone? 2. What is the origin of the sect of people called "Gypsies?"
1. The so-called mad-stone has been but recently described in these columns. 2. Gypsies, (a corruption of the word Egyptians), a vagabond people now found in most parts of the world. The names given to them by other nations are: Zingari in Italy, Gitanos in Spain, Zigeuner in Germany, Czigauyok in Hungary, Tzigani in slavic countries, Bohemens in France, (as they pretended to come from Bohemia), etc. They call themselves Kale or Mellele, (the black); Meilelitchel, (black people); Sinde or Sinte, (probably from the Sanskrit Sanedhavas, people of the Indies), but more commonly by some word signifying "people" in the various dialects, as mareush, rone, etc. As they are ignorant of their origin, and as history has failed to record their migrations, there are many opinions on the subject. There are many roving tribes in India and Persia which resemble the Gypsies. The Zingarro or Chungur of the Prenjaub, are also a wandering race. Vegne holds that modern Gypsies are descendants of Cashmere Hindoos, who fled from persecutions toward the end of the 14th century. Arab Shaw says that Gypsies were probably descendants of Buddhists, who emigrated about 300 B. C., when persecuted by Mara.

A Subscriber, Holland, O.:
1. Will you please explain the principles used in rating the horsepower of steam engines, or, in other words, what is the relation between the capacity of the cylinder, size of steam pipe, boiler pressure, etc., and the power of the engine? What is the difference between the so-called high pressure and low pressure engines? 2. Is the spelling reform which created so much interest a few years ago receiving any notice among educators?
1. The term high pressure is applied to engines supplied with steam of 50 pounds pressure to the square inch and upward and low pressure to engines working under 40 pounds pressure. Horse power in machinery is a measure by which the capacity of engines is rated, established by Boulton and Watt at 33,000 pounds raised one foot high per minute. On this basis Watt reckoned the force of his steam engine and the term has continued in use for want of a better one. Different formulas are given for computing the horse power of engines, but they may be reduced to the simple rule of multiplying the effective pressure upon the piston in pounds per square inch by the velocity of the piston in feet per minute, and dividing by 33,000. 2. Spelling reformers are still pounding away at their work but they seem to make but little headway.

J. B. D., Sandusky, O.:
Please give a brief history of the 101st O. V. I.
This regiment was one of that series of patriotic organizations raised in the dark days of 1862 when the National cause seemed to be drifting into final defeat. It was recruited from the counties of Erie, Huron, Seneca, Crawford Wyandotte, and organized and mustered into service at Monroeville, Ohio, on August 30, 1862, with Leander Stem, colonel. Its first duty was to assist in repelling a threatened raid by Kirby Smith, and was afterwards placed in the brigade commanded by Gen. William P. Carlin and division of Gen. Robt. B. Mitchell. Its first engagement was in the battle of Perryville, October 8. In December it was a part of the Army of the Cumberland under Gen. Rosencrans commanding. It took part in the battle of Stone River, and during the winter was engaged about Murfreesboro. During the heat of the battle of Chickamauga the 101st retook a national battery from the enemy, fighting over the guns with clubbed muskets. It took an active part in the Atlanta campaign, marched from Atlanta to Pulaski, Tenn., and from there, on the retreat to Nashville. At the battle of Franklin it took an angle of the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet. It was in the battle of Nashville, and followed in the pursuit of Hood to Lexington, Ala., and marched thence to Huntsville, where it went into camp. It lay at Huntsville until June 12, 1865, when, with other regiments, it was mustered out of service; was sent home by rail to Ohio, placed in Camp Taylor, near Cleveland, and discharged.

G. Naerken, Graafschap, Mich.:
1. Please give a description of the so-called metal alum or aluminum. A few years ago I saw an article in a paper stating that it would soon supercede iron or steel. Since then I have heard nothing about it. 2. What do the signs of the Zodiac signify which we generally find in almanacs with a human figure in the center?
1. Aluminum has been described so often in the columns of the BLADE that a repetition at this time would be superfluous. As was stated in this column last week, factories are being erected in Findlay, Ohio, and Rochester, New York, for its manufacture, at a price that will enable it to take the place, in a great measure if not entirely, of the use of iron and steel. 2. The Zodiac, an imaginary belt in the heavens, extending 9 deg. north and 9 deg. south of the ecliptic, within which the motions of the sun, moon and principal planets are confined. It was divided by the ancients into twelve parts of 30 deg. each, designated and indicated by arbitrary signs as follows: Aries, the ram; Tarsus, the bull; Gemini, the twins; Cancer, the crab; Leo, the lion; Virgo, the virgin; Libra, the scales; Scorpio, the scorpion; Sagittarius, the archer; Capricornus, the sea goat; Aquarius, the water bearer, and Pisces, the fishes. These names were given from a fanciful resemblance to the objects designated, which was supposed to be presented by the configuration of the stars. This division is still employed, the human form being added, to show which of its parts they are supposed to affect.

J. F. D., Smith's Ferry:
1. Please give the address of the land offices in Kansas. 2. Give description of Western Kansas.
1. Write to W. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the Public Land office, Washington, D. C. 2. Kansas lies between latitude 37 degrees and 40 degrees north, and longitude 94 degrees 40 and 105 degrees west. A portion of the boundary on the northeast, adjoining Missouri, is formed by the Missouri river. The state has the general form of a rectangle, extending 310 miles east and west and about 210 miles north and south, containing 81,318 square miles. It is divided into 104 counties. The population of the state in 1870 was 610,863. The general surface of Kansas is an undulating plateau, which gently slopes from the western border, where the altitude above the sea is about 3,500 feet, to the eastern line, which is elevated about 750 feet above the sea at the mouth of Kansas river. The river bottoms are generally from one-fourth of a mile to three miles wide, but toward the western part of the state, on the Arkansas and Republican rivers, they are from two to ten miles wide. There is no portion of the state flat or mountainous. The soil of Kansas is highly favorable to agriculture; in the western part it is light colored and contains less vegetable mould. In the western part of the state the plains are covered with a small grass which has a curled leaf and spreads on the ground like a thick mat. It is known as buffalo grass and is extremely sweet and nutritious. The rearing of cattle is a prominent industry, and the western part of the presents unusual advantages for sheep raising.

F. W., Kingsley, Mich.:
1. Please give a brief description of Southwestern Missouri. 2. What are the chances there for a man of small means? 3. What are the feelings of the people towards Northern men?
The Missouri river divides this state into two distinct parts. The northern part is undulating, rising into mountains as it approaches the Azark range. An extensive bottom land lies along the Mississippi, commencing on the north at Cape Girardeau, and extending south to the Arkansas river. It includes many swamps, likewise it contains many islands elevated above the reach of the highest floods. This high and undulating country extends across the entire breadth of the state, its rugged character disappearing as the Osage river is approached. In the southern countries 30 to 50 bushels of corn per acre are produced, and in the north 50 to 75 bushels per acre. Throughout the lower coal district of the southern part of the state, mounds are to be found, generally capped with limestone. These mounds have a circular base, sometimes elongated north and south. This is particularly observable in a range tending south along the west line of Bates, Vernon and Barton counties. From a distance these mounds appear like low mountain ranges. Cotton, hemp and flax are cultivated to some extent in the southern counties. The peach, nectarine, apple, and pear are cultivated and the wild grape abounds. 2-3. We know of no reason why an industrious, frugal man should not get on exceedingly well. The sectional hatred has almost entirely died out in the South, and a Northern man who goes there is made to feel that it is the man that is looked at and not the section of the country from which he came. There are thousands of Northern men scattered through Missouri and there are no reports of ill-treatment on sectional accounts.

J. B., DeLand, Ill.:
Will you please publish and explain origin and give some account of Black Friday?
On September 24, 1869, Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, jr., attempted to create a corner in the gold market. The value of greenbacks had been steadily rising since the war closed. The operators in this panic undertook to secure as much as possible of the $15,000,000 in gold held by the New York banks, and, hoping that the United States treasury, which held about $100,000,000, would not dare to offer any relief, endeavored to raise the price of gold very high, sell out and pocket the gains. They began their scheme, and kept purchasing for several days. On Thursday it was generally known that the two schemers were going to force up the price the next day from 144 to 200. The gold room of New York on the morning of Friday September 24, presented a scene which beggars description, in the excitement and almost frenzy at times during the bidding. The price was steadily rising, and the bankers were steadily buying. The persons who had gold at their command and had reserved it till this moment, made great sums. The price finally reached 160. One or two men went crazy, and had to be taken away. The streets around were packed with a mass of pushing, struggling men. The excitement bade fair to continue until all business would have to be suspended, because no one could tell what price to ask. The result already began to be felt. Everything was dark. But word came in the midst of the fury that Sec. Boutwell, of the United States treasury, had put $4,000,000 in gold on the market. This broke the attempt. The price at once fell rapidly in a few minutes, and the operators had to forsake their scheme. But they did not come out of it with injury to themselves, for they saved $11,000,000 from the gains they had begun to accumulate by the plan. They did not, however, get the millions they had hoped to obtain.

* * * * Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Address, in confidence, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Champion Hog Guesser.

Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, N. Y., is the best hog guesser in western New York, and proves it by telling how he once visited a farm where a hog had just been killed, and was asked to guess on its weight. After due deliberation and estimation he said slowly: That hog weighs exactly two—hundred—and—sixty-one—pounds—and—a—quarter." The hog was placed upon the scales. It weighed 261¾—half a pound over Mr. Sibley's guess! He was thouroughly disgusted and said: "How could I have been so much mistaken?" Presently his eyes lighted up with triumph, as he detected a stone in the hog's mouth designed to keep the jaws distended while the carcass was being dressed. "Take out that plug," said he, "and you'll find it weighs precisely half a pound." And it did, to a grain.

Extra Liability to Malarial Infection.

Persons whose blood is thin, digestion weak and liver sluggish, are extra-liable to the attacks of malarial disease. The most trifling exposure may, under such conditions, infect a system which, if healthy, would resist the miasmatic taint. The only way to secure immunity from malaria in localities where it is prevalent, is to tone and regulate the system by improving weakened digestion, enriching the blood, and giving a wholesome impetus to biliary secretion. These results are accomplished by nothing so effectively as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which long experience has proved to be the most reliable safeguard against fever and ague and kindred disorders, as well as the best remedy for them. The Bitters are, moreover, an excellent invigorant of the organs of urination, and an active depurent, eliminating from the blood those acrid impurities which originate rheumatic ailments.

The Day of Gush.

Editors of the gushing and girly-girly order continue to chant the praises of Mrs. Cleveland for her noble conduct in serving seven kinds of wine to her guests, while she quenched her own thirst with water. The case seems to be a parallel one with that of the woman who gave her sister the jewelry which was dragging her own soul to Hell.

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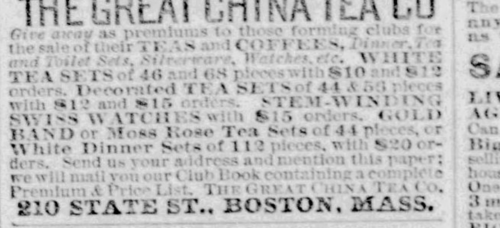

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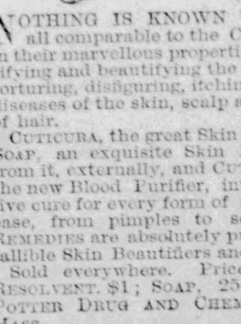

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Or Black Leprosy, is a disease which is considered incurable, but it has yielded to the curative properties of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC—now known all over the world as S. S. S. Mrs. Bailey, of West Somerville, Mass., near Boston, was attacked several years ago with this hideous black eruption, and was treated by the best medical talent, who could only say that the disease was a species of

—LEPROSY—

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All three prescriptions, for cure of Seminal Weakness, as in case 180, Medical Bureau, prepared in SOLID FORM, so as to be sent by mail. Write full history of case, symptoms, &c. Address Toledo Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, O.

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ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

A Comprehensive Article on Wiping Out the Rum Traffic by Law, From the Pen Mr. D. R. Locke.

We are glad to announce to the readers of the BLADE, and to every friend of Prohibition, that a special article on wiping out the Rum traffic by law will appear in the Weekly BLADE in the course of three or four weeks. This paper will be the strongest effort of Mr. LOCKE's life, and probably the most powerful article ever written upon this topic.

It will be a forceful appeal to every citizen, to every member of every political party, to every father, to every mother, to every brother, to every sister, to every statesman, to every true American, on the subject of the legal destruction of the Rum traffic.

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THE MICHIGAN BATTLE.

The fight against the Prohibitory amendment in Michigan is being waged on the money basis. The Money Devil has been brought forward to lash his slaves into line with the hosts of the Rum Power to defeat it. But the argument, in every instance, is sophistical, as we have shown in previous issues of the BLADE. It will not stand analysis. The argument that the revenue derived from the retail dealers in Rum will be abolished by the adoption of Prohibition, is strong with unthinking men; but its shallowness is manifest. We have demonstrated this at length, and need but give the merest synopsis of the real argument.

We showed a week ago that, at a very moderate estimate, and probably far within the truth, the 4,200 saloons of Michigan receive annually at least $12,000,000 from the people for the infernal liquids that bring poverty, misery, degradation and death in this life and everlasting woe in the life to come. The revenue to the state from these hell-holes—the blood-money they pay for the privilege of carrying on their damnable traffic—amounts to but $1,200,000 a year. Is it good business sense, voters of Michigan, to squander $12,000,000 in order to save $1,200,000? Would there not be far more sense, more judgment, more economy, in spending $1,200,000 more in taxes to save $12,000,000?

Whatever produces a revenue to the state without interfering with the prosperity of the people, and their physical and moral well-being, is a benefit, of course. But is there any shadow of right, or justice, or expediency, even, in preserving such an accursed thing in the Rum traffic, in order to reap a paltry revenue therefrom—paltry in comparison with the evils which it brings upon the people? Suppose it does "save taxes" to some persons—what of that? Is the interests of a few of the people of the state to be subserved rather than the interests of the whole people? No honest man will attempt to evade bearing his own honest and proper share of the burdens of the state. He who does it is a thief and a robber. And so is he who will, by his voice and vote, endeavor to lessen his share by aiding to continue the reign of the Rum Power. The Rum traffic is but a legalized robbery of the people. The argument of the tax-evader is, Let us allow these men to rob the people of twelve millions a year, that our own individual taxes may be reduced a few cents annually.

In point of fact, one of the gravest dangers of the United States—not of Michigan alone, but of the whole country—is from the enormous waste caused by the Rum traffic. In spite of our many advantages, how long can we continue prosperous, with the Rum Power drawing constantly the life-blood from the nation? For the entire country, it would be the wisest stroke of financial policy ever made, to exterminate the Rum traffic, and look to our revenue—municipal, county, state and national—from other sources. The rapid increase in wealth among the people would speedily reduce the rate of taxation. As a matter of record, let us call the attention of every fair-minded reader to the drink bill of the nation for the year 1883:

Loss of productive labor of 700,000 drunkards	$ 175,000,000
Total cost of drinks—domestic spirits: ale, beer, etc.; imported spirits: cordials, ale, wine, etc	944,629,580
Loss of productive labor of 2,138,391 moderate drinkers	222,392,664
Loss of time, cost of medical attendance, and medicine in sickness caused by drinking	119,368,576
Loss of productive labor of 586,472 persons in the liquor trades	293,236,000
Loss to employers by drinking employes	10,000,000
Cost of supporting 83,899 defective persons, by drink, as insane, etc	16,779,800
Cost of supporting 59,110 paupers, etc., made such by strong drink, at $100 per year	5,911,000
Loss of labor of 59,110 paupers and vagrants, at $300 per year	17,733,000
Cost of supporting 39,481 prisoners, at $100 per year made such by strong drink	3,948,100
Loss of labor of 39,481 prisoners at $300 per year	11,844,300
Cost of police prosecutions, court expenses, losses by juries, witnesses, etc	15,000,000
Value of grain destroyed to make the drinks	33,330,396
	$ 1,869,173,416

The United States government received, in internal revenue taxes, that year, the sum of $88,768,997. We have not the statistics at hand of the total of municipal, county or state revenue from this source, but estimating it at the same as that of the government, and we have, as the total amount received by the people from the Rum traffic, $167,537,994. To obtain this, they waste nearly two billions of dollars. The appalling significance of these figures is patent to every one.

The second great argument that seems to have the greatest effect upon the voters of Michigan is the bugaboo of paying for the distilleries, etc., of the state. As we have before said, this question is now before the Supreme court of the United States, awaiting its time for decision—which will occur in a couple of years. It may be well to review the legal point raised by the friends of Prohibition in the lower court.

The Rum Power relies upon the interpretation placed upon the Fourteenth Amendment to the federal constitution by the United States Supreme court, in a decision which declares that if the law deprives the citizen entirely of his property, or confiscates it and takes it altogether from its owner, compensation may follow. But we think it is plain that a just interpretation of the proposed Michigan amendment will not do this. We quote the language of the amendment in full:

> The manufacture, gift or sale of spirituous, malt or vinous liquors in this state, except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical or scientific purposes, is prohibited, and no property rights in such spirituous, malt or vinous liquors shall be deemed to exist, except the right to manufacture, or sell for medicinal, mechanical, chemical or scientific purposes under such restrictions and regulations as may be provided by law. The legislature shall enact laws with suitable penalties for the suppression of the manufacture, sale or gift of intoxicating liquors except as herein specified.

This amendment does not propose to deprive the distiller of his property. It will not confiscate it, nor prevent his keeping it in operation. It only limits the manufacture and sale. It only prohibits the manufacture and sale as a beverage. This is all that is intended or ever was intended by the friends of the amendment. It does not prevent the manufacture and sale to be used as medicine or for mechanical, scientific or chemical purposes, or for use in the arts. The prohibition is confined to its use as a beverage, and no one can deny that, if in legislation it is the duty of the law-making power to look to the greatest good of the greatest number of the people, it is clearly right to prohibit the traffic in liquor as a beverage. We have no no doubt that the argument we have so briefly outlined will be deemed conclusive by the Supreme court, and it will be held that it does not infringe the constitution of the United States for a state to manufacture and sale of Rum as a beverage.

It is Prohibition, not confiscation, that the amendment seeks to engraft upon the constitution of Michigan.

Let not the voters of Michigan be hoodwinked by the specious arguments of the Rum Power. They are purely selfish. Behind them is this one undisputed and undisputable fact—that the men who make and sell Rum in Michigan are the only ones who get any money out of the traffic. They are a set of leeches, sucking the life-blood of the people of the state. Are the voters to look only to the interest of these comparatively few men, and disregard the interests of all the remainder of the people of the commonwealth? The question answers itself. "The greatest good of the greatest number" should always be the motto; and the only way of securing this is, by carrying the amendment to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

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IT is amazing that England can not see that a coercion policy will never win in Ireland. She tried it over a century ago in this country, and the Revolution showed her what a costly error she made. The world has advanced wonderfully since that time, and there is far less prospect of coercion being successful now than there was then. It belongs to the Dark Ages, not to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. In his letter regretting his inability to be present at the mass meeting at Cooper Union, New York, to protest against England's fatuous course, ROSCOE CONKLING said:

> In heart and judgment I am in sympathy with the people of Ireland, and wholly against any and every scheme to trample on their rights. It will be amazing if England, the land of Magna Charta—the land of trial by jury and due process of law—the land of eight centuries of parliament—the land of Westminster Hall, shall now at this stage of the world turn around and march back towards barbarism. For a government to uphold itself by force against those who would overthrow it is one thing. This is the right of self-defense—the right to be. But it is a widely different thing to make laws oppressive and repugnant to the great majority of those affected by them and then to violate the principles of government itself in order to enforce such laws. Such a proceeding is not a resort to the right of self-defense nor a resort to any other right. It is might, brutal might.

A CALL has been issued for a convention to meet at Chicago to start a move against secret societies. It is stated that the order of Masons will be the special object of attack. The call is signed principally by clergymen, including such men as Dr. JAMES MCCOSH and Dr. T. DEWITT TALMAGE. Their reason for starting a crusade against the Masons is that the order is prejudicial to the interests of Christianity. It seems to be a revival of the same opposition which at various times has been directed against that great organization and which 50 years ago resulted in the formation of a political party. Exactly why it should be started again at this late day does not appear, for there are many other evils, more serious in their effect on the church than Masonry is ever likely to be, which these Christian gentlemen should endeavor to suppress. They will waste their time and strength in fighting an order which has demonstrated to be not only harmless, but at the same time as useful as the Masonic order has shown itself to be.

THE fact that Virginia showed up a Republican majority at the Congressional elections last year has exercised a powerful influence upon the Bourbons of that state. Some of the leading organs of the party there are declaring that it is not good Democratic policy to appeal solely to white voters, and are urging that Democratic clubs of colored voters shall be organized, and a missionary effort be made to divide the negro electorate. This shows a radical change of view since 1882, when the same papers were demanding that the color line be drawn sharply, and the Democracy be returned to power (over the Readjusters) by making it distinctly a "white man's party." Democracy in Virginia must be in desperate straits if it clings to such a straw in the hope of dividing the colored vote. The effort is hopeless. The negroes of Virginia are tolerably wide awake as to political possibilities, and they are solid for Republicanism.

THE cholera in South America is making a steady march through the country. It broke out on the Atlantic coast, and is progressing to the north and northwest. There seems to be nothing to prevent the extension of the pestilence to Peru and the countries of the North, and it appears to be only a question of time as to when it will reach the Isthmus. In view of the fact that we are in constant communication with that point, it may be that we shall have to contend against its progress, and in this connection health boards and quarantine authorities cannot too rigidly perform their duty.

A BIT OF SECRET HISTORY.

The April number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains a valuable contribution to the secret history of the war of the rebellion, written by J. R. GILMORE ("EDMUND KIRKE"), who, in July, 1864, made a journey to Richmond, in company with Col. J. F. JAQUESS, of the 73d Illinois, to interview JEFF DAVIS on the matter of arranging terms of peace between the sections. At that time a part of the story was told—namely, that such a mission had been undertaken, and that it had come to naught, because of DAVIS's utter refusal to listen to any terms of peace that did not recognize the independence of the Confederacy. He said:

> We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for independence, and that or extermination we *will* have. Say to Mr. Lincoln, from me, that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach me with any other.

It was deemed proper to make DAVIS's position known at the North, to cripple the efforts of the Copperheads and white-livered "peace men," who were loudly declaiming that the war was a failure, and demanding that it should stop at all hazards. Accordingly Mr. GILMORE wrote an account of the interview, the proofs of which were submitted to Pres. LINCOLN himself. He struck out all reference to his own foreknowledge of, and tacit consent to, the delicate mission of JAQUESS and GILMORE, as well as the terms proposed to the arch-traitor, DAVIS, and the article, thus cut down, was published in the *Atlantic* of September, 1864.

Twenty-three years have passed since then, and there is no reason why the whole truth should not be known. So, Mr. GILMORE writes out the full history of the embassage, his interviews with LINCOLN, etc. Col. JAQUESS first conceived the idea. He had been a Methodist minister, and was stongly of the opinion that the masses of the Methodist church South could be so worked upon as to create a peace sentiment in the South that would prove irresistible. Through GILMORE's aid, he received furlough and was sent through the lines South, remaining for some time. On his return, after much discussion, it was decided that both he and GILMORE should be allowed to go Richmond, and propose a basis of peace to the rebel authorities. These propositions were carefully discussed by Mr. LINCOLN and Sec. CHASE, in GILMORE's presence, and it was decided that the latter and JAQUESS should submit the following, as being, in their personal opinion, terms that would be satisfactory to the people of the North and acceptable to the United States government:

> 1. The immediate dissolution of the Southern government and disbandment of its armies; and the acknowledgment by all the states in rebellion of the supremacy of the Union.
>
> 2. The total and absolute abolition of slavery in every one of the slave states and throughout the Union. This to be perpetual.
>
> 3. Full amnesty to all who have been in any way engaged in the rebellion, and their restoration all the rights of citizenship.
>
> 4. All acts of secession to be regarded as nullities; and the late rebellious states to be, and be regarded, as if they had never attempted to secede from the Union. Representation in the House from the recent slave states to be on the basis of their voting population.
>
> 5. The sum of $500,000,000 in United States stocks, to be issued and divided between the late slave states, to be used by them in payment to slave-holders, loyal and disloyal, for the slaves emancipated by my proclamation. This sum to be divided among the late slave-owners equally and equitably at the rate of one-half the value of the slaves in the year 1860; and if any surplus should remain, it to be returned to the United States treasury.
>
> 6. A national convention to be convened as soon as practicable to ratify this settlement, and make such changes in the constitution as may be in accord with the new order of things.
>
> 7. The intent and the meaning of all the foregoing is that the Union shall be fully restored, as it was before the rebellion, with the exception that all slaves within its borders are, and shall forever be, freemen.

Mr. CHASE strongly objected to the fourth and fifth clauses. He wished the former expressly modified so as to to provide for negro suffrage, to which Mr. LINCOLN replied that its ultimate effect would be that, as it based representation upon the voting population. As to the fifth clause, Mr. CHASE objected strenuously. He contended that it would be "buying a peace," and that the North would not submit to such a proceeding. Mr. GILMORE says:

> To this Mr. Lincoln replied that the sum named was less than would be the cost of another year of war, to say nothing of the bloodshed; and it was also right to pay for property we had destroyed—repeating much the same arguments he had used to me fully a year previously. The clause was finally modified by restricting payment to owners of 50 slaves or under, and reducing the amount named to an absolute sum of $400,000,000. To this Mr. Chase finally assented, with the remark, "I conceive that it makes but very little difference. Mr. Davis is not likely to accept the offer."

Mr. GILMORE publishes this article as a valuable contribution to the history of the war, and to show that JEFF DAVIS himself was responsible for the carnage and losses of the closing year of the struggle. There is no doubt that the plan embraced in the propositions submitted would have been well received both North and South. The latter would have come out of the war in fair financial condition, and the woes of the long reconstruction era would have been avoided. DAVIS's only hopes of ultimate success were in the ascendancy of the Copperheads at the election in the fall of 1864, or of foreign interference—and the latter had grown very dim by the early summer of 1864, when JAQUESS and GILMORE visited him. His vaunting personal ambitions and dreams of empire, were of more importance to him than the welfare of the people who had mistakenly put him at the head of their rebellion. Surely the people of the South have paid very, very dearly for their admiration of and trust in JEFF DAVIS.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

JAY GOULD, CHAUNCEY DEPEW, and the Eastern magnates generally, all speak highly of the personnel of the inter-state commerce commission. This kind of praise does not mean much, however. Probably they are all sharp enough to express satisfaction, even though bitterly opposed, in reality, to the commission. They will all endeavor to control the commission, and it wouldn't do to express personal disesteem beforehand. The old proverb about fearing the Greeks, even when they come bearing gifts, should be remembered by the commissioners. JAY GOULD and his confreres are very Grecian indeed.

ONE of the measures recently passed by the Ohio legislature defines the property rights and liabilities of husband and wife, it giving the husband the same interest in the wife's real and personal property that the wife has in the husband's. A wife may enter into any business transaction which a husband may engage in. They are placed on a plane of absolute equality as to property. Each may convey, sell, lease or mortgage property in the same manner as the other, and with the same effect. The law is a good one, and Ohio is far in advance of some of her sister states in legislation upon this subject.

A SPECIAL investigation has been made by the Agricultural bureau at Washington into the debts of farmers in the West. It is found that there is now about 5,000,000 owners of farms, and that 1,000,000 of new farms have been acquired since 1880. The proportion of farmers who are in debt ranges from 10 to 50 per cent. These debts are chiefly in the form of mortgages upon the land. These mortgages are held mostly by Eastern capitalists, often by the representatives of insurance companies.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

The President has at last made appointments to the five positions upon the board of inter-state commerce commissioners. The list is as follows: Judge T. M. COOLEY, of Michigan, six years; WM. R MORRISON, of Illinois, five years; AUGUSTUS SCHOONMAKER, of New York, four years; A. E. WALKER, of Vermont, three years; W. L BRAGG, of Alabama, two years. Although these gentlemen must pass muster in the Senate next winter, we have no doubt but that they will all be confirmed; and we may look upon the personnel of this very important body as fixed for the ensuing two years.

Judge COOLEY is the present receiver of the Wabash railway, which position he will, of course, be at once compelled to resign. There can no fault be found, we think, with his appointment. He ranks high as a jurist, has a wide knowledge of railway and corporation law, and in all ways is as good a selection as could have been made.

The same can not be said for Col. MORRISON. He is the free trade champion who was defeated for re-election to Congress fall; and as he has always been a strong defender of CLEVELAND against the discontented element in the Democratic ranks, his appointment may be taken to be of the nature of a reward of merit for his championship, and a salve for his sore defeat at the hands of his constituency. There is no particular fitness in Mr. MORRISON for the place, and he has merely been given a snug asylum in the commission.

The appointment of Mr. SCHOONMAKER is of a similar nature. His name is one entirely unknown to fame beyond the bounds of New York state. He is a lawyer of the town of Kingston, and has been attorney general of the state. He is said to have been a close personal and political friend of Mr. TILDEN. So far as the country at large is concerned, he is an unknown quantity, and his appointment gives no strength to the commission, nor does it enhance its importance.

Mr. WALKER is a Vermont lawyer, a Republican, once a student of Sen. EDMUNDS. He has a creditable army record as colonel of a Vermont regiment, and has practiced his profession in Rutland since the close of the war. It is said that as a state senator he has given close study to the railway problem, and has been a leader in framing legislation concerning concerning the complex relations of the railways to the public. He may be a good man for the position, but he is unknown to the country at large, and must demonstrate his fitness by actual work.

Gen. BRAGG served for years as president of the Alabama state railroad commission, and has considerable reputation in the South in consequence as an expert in railway matters. It is rumored that he is a bitter opponent of corporations in general. It was to be expected that at least one member of the inter-state commission should be taken for the South, and probably BRAGG is as good a selection as could be made for the material at his command.

It will be noticed that all five commissioners are lawyers. But one has ever had any practical connection with the management of railways—Judge COOLEY. Three or them have some reputation as railway lawyers; the remaining two are unknown quantities. Nobody has been selected for the vast territory west of the Mississippi. The South has one member, the East two. There is bound to be more or less dissatisfaction over the selections made, especially in the West; but it would have been impossible for any one to have satisfied all sections in the choosing of but five officials. We think, however, a mistake has been made in not having at least two commissioners who are practical railway men.

GERMANY, AUSTRIA AND ITALY.

Politics makes strange bedfellows. Only a few years since Germany and Austria measured weapons, and at Sadowa the former gained an ascendency which is apparently to continue. More recently the Pope and BISMARCK were almost mortal enemies, and now his Holiness openly enters the field and urges "his people" to support imperial measures at the ballot-box. King HUMBERT and the Holy Father do not speak as they pass by; and yet with all these congruities, it is announced that an alliance has been formed between Germany, Austria and Italy, offensive and defensive. As a law, this means that there will be war between the high contracting parties soon. Nothing appears to be more fatal to the people than the friendship of kings; for there is nothing more fickle, unless it be their enmity.

MR. FAIRCHILD, acting secretary of the Treasury, says he has the power to relieve any stringency of the money market, and will exercise it when necessary. Receipts from internal revenue and other sources are being placed in the national bank depositories, and these are expected soon to reach $15,000,000, but Mr. FAIRCHILD says that if it shall become absolutely necessary, he can make them three times that amount. All right, Mr. Acting Secretary; but you can also go on the market, buy and retire bonds, put the surplus in circulation, and prevent any danger of financial stringency. Why not do it, when the 3 per cents are all retired?

THE boundary line between Alaska and the northwesterly portions of Queen VICTORIA's dominions has never been definitely fixed, the country being too wild and inaccessible at the time the old treaty between Russia and Great Britain was made, to admit of an exact definition. Now valuable gold deposits have been found in the unknown territory, and the miners are anxious to know whether they are in the United States or in Canada. There is thus another difficulty with the Dominion coming up for settlement.

SEN. VOORHEES is on the anxious seat because Indiana is not represented in this administration since the death of HENDRICKS. Indiana Democracy is such an abominable mixture of fraud and scoundrelism that it is a matter of congratulation that none of its representatives have been honored. Wait till the next Presidential election rolls by. Indiana will doubtless be represented in the Republican administration of the next President.

THE friends of Prohibition in Tennessee are beginning vigorous work for the amendment.

THE BATTLE WAXES HOT IN MICHIGAN.

On Tuesday next, April 5, the vote on the adoption of the Prohibitory amendment to the state constitution takes place in Michigan. The canvass is very vigorous, and the only thing which is hurting the amendment cause seems to be the insane efforts of the third-party Prohibitionists to endeavor to make party capital rather than work with an eye single to the adoption of the amendment. Mass meetings have been held in all quarters of the state, and the organization of the friends of the amendment is very nearly complete in every county of the state. Local speakers, including ministers, lawyers, doctors, and many noted political orators, volunteered their services, and they now have meetings announced in all of the cities and most of the villages every evening, including Sundays, until election. The Women's Christian Temperance unions, the Young Men's Christian associations, the Equal-Suffrage associations, and church societies of all kinds are holding meetings daily and nightly in the cities and villages and pushing the work into the townships and school districts. The meetings almost without exception are well attended and the enthusiasm is intense. The leaders of the Prohibitory campaign feel extremely confident of success, and the more sanguine place the majority in favor of the amendment at from 10,000 to 15,000.

The liquor men did not believe at the first that there was any possibility of the adoption of the amendment, but they have become thoroughly frightened, and are exerting every possible effort to counteract the growing sentiment among the people in its favor. The liquor leagues have raised money to be used at the polls in corrupting voters, depending, of course, upon the base, depraved, ignorant and venal classes for much of the opposition to the amendment. A most desperate effort is to be made this week to stem the tide of popular opinion in favor of Prohibition. Money is to be used, if available, in an effort to rush through the legislature a bill to compel payment for property claimed to be damaged or injured, should the amendment pass, in the hope of scaring the tax-payers into voting against the amendment.

Through the efforts of the opponents of amendment, a mass-meeting was held in Detroit last week, which was addressed by Hon. D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD. His argument was, in brief, as follows:

> First—That Prohibition is not prohibitive, and in the nature of things cannot be prohibitive.
>
> Second—That there is a better and more effective way of dealing with the liquor traffic, and that is by taxation and regulation, for the reason that:—
>
> 1. It reduces the number of dealers.
> 2. It puts annually into the county treasuries of the state over one million of dollars.
> 3. It gives us quiet Sabbaths and holidays.
> 4. It enforces penalties in advance, without the cost of prosecution or risk of collection.
> 5. It is prohibitory wherever the people desire it to be.
> 6. It regulates where Prohibition would result only in free whisky.
> 7. It is not a license, but is better than a license. It burdens and deprives the trade of its profits.
> 8. It is supported by the best men and the best minds of the East. It is progressive, while Prohibition would be retrogressive.
> 9. It is protective of the laborer and his wages, and, what is better, of his family and children.
> 10. It has been approved by the people of Michigan for over twelve years past, and there is no good reason now why it should be abandoned.

The fallacies in the above line of argument are patent to any one who has made an exhaustive study of the Rum question. First, Prohibition *does* prohibit. If it does not, if it results only in free whisky, why do the Rumsellers oppose it so fiercely? If it does not prohibit, it would allow them to sell without restriction and without paying tax. Their desperate efforts in opposition to the amendment shows the falsity of Mr. DUFFIELD's claim—a claim that has been worn threadbare for years by the men who attempt to veil their subservience to the Rum Power behind a subterfuge.

Taxation and regulation are well enough in their way, but are only to be adopted as stepping-stones to the final extinction of the traffic. The array of reasons which Mr. DUFFIELD marshals in favor of taxation as against Prohibition are not sound. Let us look at them very briefly:

1. Taxation reduces the number of dealers; but if a reduction in their number is a good thing, why is not a wiping out of all dealers, a closing of all establishments, a much better thing? Eh, Mr. DUFFIELD?

The saloon is the primary school of the drunkard. If there are no saloons, the generation of young boys and youth now entering upon the stage of active life will never become the slaves of the Rum Power. *The saloon must go*, and Mr. DUFFIELD tacitly overturns his own argument in his admission that a reduction in the number of saloons is a good thing. "To wipe them all out would be better," is the logical sequence of that admission.

2. Admitted that the tax puts over $1,000,000 into the county treasuries of the state. But is it a sound business policy to allow the people of Michigan to be robbed of $12,000,000 a year by the saloons in order to obtain $1,000,000? Would it not be better to pay out $1,000,000 more in taxes and save the $12,000,000?

3. Prohibition will give us quieter Sabbaths and holidays. It will wipe out all drinking.

4. We fail to see any cogency in this reason. If a man violates the Prohibitory law, punish him. It is absurd to say to a man, "Pay us your tax in advance, and you may go on for a year, without let or hindrance, in your work of ruining and pauperizing men."

5. This reason gives the whole case away. If liquor-selling can be suppressed in a community when the people "desire it to be," why not in the entire state if the majority of the people desire it to be?

6. Regulation is a good thing; but if the law can control the Rum Power partially, why not entirely? Is not the executive of Michigan strong enough to see that the laws are obeyed, or, if violated, that the proper penalty is inflicted?

7. But still the "trade" is profitable, or it would not be pursued. Crush it out and make Prohibition profitable to the people.

8. This is a mere matter of private opinion, and the opinion of any citizen is just as good as Mr. DUFFIELD's. For ourselves, we emphatically disagree as to both statements.

9. Prohibition is an entire protection of the laborer, his wages, his family and his children. A tax is a partial and inadequate protection—in point of fact, no protection at all.

10 The fact that there has been such a powerful demand from such a great number of the best citizens of Michigan for Prohibition shows that taxation and regulation are *not* "approved" or satisfactory; and the reasons are many and cogent why Prohibition should be adopted.

THE "New South" is certainly very, very much like the Old South. A delegation of colored voters at Birmingham sent a request to Sen. SHERMAN to be allowed to call on him, to which he made a cordial response, fixing the hour. When the time came, the proprietor of the hotel, who was in the rebel army, would not allow the colored men to enter the hotel, and told them they could only see Mr. SHERMAN outside the house. On being informed of this action, the Senator at once paid his bill and moved to another hotel. The telegraph informs us that the citizens of Birmingham are "strongly divided in their expressions of opinion on this matter." We cannot see why. We think that the enforcement of the civil rights law in Birmingham would have a wholesome effect.

NEW PORTRAIT OF BEECHER.

The BLADE offers to its subscribers, postpaid by mail, for 25 cents, an entirely new portrait of HENRY WARD BEECHER, printed on extra heavy plate paper, size 21x28. This portrait is the best one of BEECHER ever made. It is larger, and superior in execution to the portraits we have heretofore published of the great generals and eminent divines. It retails in the East at $1, and we ought to get 50 cents at least. However, for a short time we offer to mail single copies securely packed and postpaid, for 25 cents. Order soon, as we shall withdraw the announcement after a few weeks.

RAILWAY PASSES.

There seems to be a healthy desire on the part of all the railway companies to avail themselves of that provision of the new inter-state commerce law which prohibits the granting of free passes. It is an unsettled point as to whether roads which are concerned in inter-state traffic can, under the law, issue passes between points entirely in one state. Some of the managers take the ground that the United States law has nothing to do with the issue of passes within the limits of any one state, and that they can issue such passes if they choose; others are of the opinion that the issue of state passes will be contrary to law, because it would enable railroads to give separate passes for each state through which they run, and the spirit and intent of the inter-state law could thus be evaded. They also claim that a person holding a pass over a road in Ohio, for instance, could pay the rest of the way through an adjoining state, and thus be able to get through at a lower rate than another person holding no such pass.

A malignant spirit has already manifested itself in the Illinois legislature regarding the free pass business. The Ohio & Mississippi management, taking the last-given view above, issued a notice that no more passes will be given within any of the states it traverses. A bill was promptly introduced in the Illinois House of Representatives making it illegal to charge more than two cents per mile between any points in the state. The present rate is three cents a mile, and the threat of cutting off one-third of the passenger revenue is made simply to compel the roads to continue the pernicious practice of issuing passes to members of the state legislature. To our mind, this is one of the most outrageous bits of oppression ever developed in a legislative body. It should arouse the people at once, and every member of the legislature who dares to vote for that bill should be permanently shelved—for, by that vote, he announces that he is willing to be bribed by a railway pass.

There is a prevalent popular error, to the effect that newspapers are the greatest beneficiaries from the system of free passes. This is entirely erroneous. Newspapers advertise the time-cards, etc., of the railways, and in a great many ways bring their business before the public. All this is advertising, and legitimately worthy of pay. The passes issued to newspapers represent value received; and, in the case of the more influential newspapers, at least, they give a greater money value than that of the pass which is given as an equivalent. No railway manager considers that he is "deadheading" a newspaper man in giving him a pass. He is merely repaying favors received. The "deadheads" are legislators and Congressmen, and the thousand and one persons who advance a claim, on one pretext or another, for free transportation. The free pass system has grown to such enormous proportions that it has become a positive evil, a burden to the roads.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of the Union Pacific, who was before the Senate committee when the inter-state commerce bill was under consideration, declared that the free pass system was "one of the greatest annoyances, outrages and abuses that now exist in connection with the railroad business." He told the committee that the free passes on the Union Pacific foot up over $700,000 a year, or $2,000 a day, and he declared that, in his opinion, 10 per cent more has to be charged the traveling public who buy tickets, to make up for those who get passes, and that he would reduce fares over that road if the free pass abuse were abolished by Congress.

It is a significant fact that, according to Mr. Adams's theory, the railways do not stand the loss in reality, but the cost of hauling these "dead head" travelers about the country is really taxed upon the people who buy tickets, and who pay more to make up for the non-paying travel. This is a matter in which the people are directly concerned. Are they to pay 10 per cent. more for tickets in order that the members of the legislature, of the judiciary, etc., and the rest of the grand army of deadheads, may travel free? There is no possible reason why a judge, or a member of the state legislature, or a member of Congress, shall be carried free. They should either pay their own fares, or have the state, whose officers they are, pay for it. Congressmen are paid mileage by the United States, and should not ask for passes. There can be but one object in giving these men free transportation, and that is, in plain terms, to bribe them.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA.

An Iowa friend sends the BLADE the following letter from Gov. LARRABEE, of that state, written to the Temperance alliance of Fayette county, with a request that it be published. We cheerfully give it space, as it gives a clear view of the nature of the fight against the Rum Power in that state. It is addressed to the presiding officer of the alliance:

> DEAR SIR:—Inclosed find $20 for your fund for the enforcement of the Prohibitory laws.
>
> I think it will not be convenient for me to attend the mass meeting on the 9th inst.
>
> I am glad to see you moving in this direction. Fayette county is one of the best, if not the best county in the state, but it is getting behind in the enforcement of temperance laws. There are many counties where anything resembling a saloon can not be found.
>
> It should be so in Fayette. I find in the cities and counties where the Prohibitory law is well enforced, crime and police expenses fall off wonderfully. Not a saloon is open in this the largest city in the state. The sheriff of this county told me, a few days since, that he had spoiled his business by enforcing the law. He also stated that he was glad of it. Several of the judges have recently told me that there was a marked falling off in criminal business in their courts in consequence of enforcement of the law. There are several judicial districts without a single open saloon. If our courts and sheriffs and constables would do their duty properly, the saloon would soon be completely driven out. We have great reason to be encouraged. Many of the judges elected at last fall's election are much more likely to enforce the law than their predecessors. A few courageous and determined men can compel violators of the law to run from any community.
>
> I wish our good people would rouse up and drive the cursed traffic from Fayette county. They can do it. Please call on me for anything I can do to help. WILLIAM LARRABEE.

THE battle for high license in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives resulted in the bill passing to its second reading. To-morrow (Wednesday) the bill comes up again. It fixes the saloon license fee at $500 for the cities of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Allegheny and Scranton, $300 for the smaller cities of the state, $150 for the boroughs, and $75 for the townships.

MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.

The recently aroused interest in manual training, which has caused it to be incorporated into the educational system in several cities, and in none under better arrangements than in Toledo, may be regarded as more likely to promote the prosperity of our people than any other influence that is now operative. It has come none too soon. Time was when the possession of a good trade was regarded as a passport to the favor of a community. It was looked upon as so much capital that was sure to bring good returns to the possessor, and the young girl who took him for a husband had no fears for the future.

A different sentiment grew up in society. Labor was degraded from its high estate. To work with the hands came to be looked upon as far less respectable, or at least, less genteel, than the employments which demanded better clothes and small physical exertion. It did not matter that the former might call for the exercise of the brains to a much greater degree than the latter. It was the manual labor that had lost caste, and the result was that the boys left school—those who were not able to study a profession—to become clerks and bookkeepers, even though their tastes and talents all pointed in the direction of a trade, the exercise of a mechanical bent on mind.

As a consequence of this distaste for manual labor the skilled handicrafts have been passing out of the hands of native Americans into those of foreigners who have received a thorough training in their own countries. Go into our factories and the places which require the highest degree of skill, and which command the highest wages are rarely found filled by Americans. The BLADE has called attention to this fact before as true of Ohio, and in the last annual report of the Commissioner of Labor for the state of New York the same conditions are declared to exist there. Gov. AMES of Massachusetts recently advised the legislature of that state of the absolute necessity of a change in educational methods, for he declares that in some of the manufactories there, where the highest grade of skill is demanded, not an American employe is to be found.

Naturally this cannot be regarded as a desirable state of things, but is one which the present movement in favor of manual training in the schools will go far to remedy. So soon as a thing is made to appear generally desirable, the victory is won. Show the young that the combined exercise of brain and hands will obtain for them a respectable position in the community, as well as a comfortable support, and those who have a taste and aptitude in that direction will give their efforts to the acquiring of skill in mechanical work.

A Chicago minister recently said in one of his sermons that too many of the boys in the state of Illinois had to go to the state prison to learn a trade. Let manual training schools form a part of the educational system in order to teach the young the value and dignity of manual labor, and there will be no danger of that being the case in Ohio.

OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every post-office. Send for our special terms to club-raisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it.

PROTECTION SENTIMENT IN ENGLAND.

The final report of the royal commission on the depression of trade in Great Britain has been issued. The most marked thing about it is the fact that even the majority report admits that the free trade policy is, at least, a partial failure. For instance, the free traders have persistently asserted that "the consumers pay the duty;" but the majority report admits that, notwithstanding the increase in the quantity of exports, "there can be little doubt that the obstruction to our trade is caused by the growing stringency of the commercial policy of those countries, tending to make it far less profitable."

The minority report comes out boldly in favor of a protective policy. It advocates a duty of half a cent a pound, or fifty-six cents per hundred weight, on all foreign refined sugar and raw beet sugar. It furthermore advocates the imposition of duties equal to ten or fifteen per cent. *ad valorem* upon all manufactures imported from foreign countries. This is not intended as "protection" exactly, but to counterbalance the bounty system and tariffs of other countries. The aim of the minority is not to countervail any natural and legitimate advantage which foreign manufacturers may possess, but

> Simply to prevent our own industries being placed at an artificial disadvantage by interference of either home or foreign legislation, and to replace them, as nearly as may be, in the position in which they would have found themselves but for such interference.

The minority report also proposes a discriminating duty on food products imported from the colonies against those from the United States, Russia, and other grain-producing countries. The drift of sentiment among British manufacturers is in favor of a tariff. A. L. CONGER, of this state, who returned from England lately, and who is a large manufacturer and whose visit was a business one, declares that, from what he learned, it is safe to predict that England will soon adopt a protective policy or abandon free trade. His reasons are as follows:

> Otherwise she will be obliged to reduce the wages of her workers to the basis of wages in Germany, which would be disastrous to Great Britain in the further impoverishment of her laborers, whose condition is already very low. The fact cannot be disguised that free trade for America means that the wages here must at once be reduced and put upon the level of countries with which we might seek to compete under free trade. Under our present system we are fast building up in every branch of manufactures by reason of the improved quality of labor and the better class of goods which we are enabled, through intelligent workmen, to produce. Our first-class, well-paid labor can overcome the ill-paid, impoverished and ignorant workmen in all the markets of the world, and we have only to maintain our position to dictate instead of being dictated to.

THERE is a very active demand all over the country for small bills, and there is great scarcity of paper money of all denominations below twenty dollars. It is estimated that the circulation at present is as follows: Greenbacks, $313,000,000; silver certificates, $121,000,000; gold certificates, $100,000,000; national bank notes, $300,000,000; total, $834,000,000. This is equivalent to about $14 to each person in the country, which is just about half what it was two years ago. At the last count in France, in 1884, there was a circulation allowing $38 in specie and $14.50 paper per capita. Yet the general use of banking facilities in all sections of this country renders any comparison of the sort to some extent misleading and inaccurate.

THE Crosby high license bill, applying only to New York city and Brooklyn, has passed the New York Assembly by a vote of 70 to 56—the minority being all Democrats, reinforced by four Republicans. The bill provides for four grades of licenses, ranging in price from $100 to $1,000. There is little doubt but that the Senate will also pass the bill. The workings of the measure, should it become a law, will be watched with intense interest by the friends of temperance everywhere.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Beecher never wore eyeglasses or spectacles.

Gladstone looks tall, but he is only five feet nine inches high.

Sec. Lamar was the Confederate minister to St. Petersburg.

Mrs Beecher has gone to Florida with her daughter, Mrs. Scoville.

There are 10,000 women in Cincinnati who earn their own living.

New York City has 30,000 landlords and collects $40,000,000 rent annually.

There are 490,000 unmarried women and 380,000 unmarried men in Paris.

Beecher's library, pictures and bric-a-brac are to be sold at auction next autumn.

Gen. Sheridan is to build a summer home near New Bedford, on the Massachusetts coast.

Mark Twain's income from royalties from his English publisher is over $5,000 a year.

A lock of hair from the head of the first Napoleon is owned by a Philadelphia physician.

Pere Hyacinthe is one of the regular preachers at the American Episcopal church in Paris.

Queen Victoria has declined to accept a jubilee cheese made from the milk of 5,800 Canadian cows.

Mr. Alfred Sulley, according to the *Wall Street News*, is about to marry a sister of Mrs. Robert Garrett.

Ex-Sen. Jones is generally regarded by the Florida papers as mentally irresponsible for his erratic conduct.

When Theodore Tilton went to Paris he said he would never return to America as long as Beecher was alive.

George W. Childs has presented a life-size oil portrait of Gen. Grant to the Military academy at West Point.

Mrs. Philip Sheridan and her sister, Miss Rucker, of Washington, are spending some weeks in New York city.

W. L. Greeley, a grandnephew of Horace Greeley, is the village barber and fiddler at Spring Creek Station, Pa.

Geronimo is employed in making gardens at Fort Pickens. He expects to raise cabbage this year instead of scalps.

They tell in Cambridge of a Harvard student who burned his hand to punish himself for an exhibition of hasty temper.

Smith Higgins is the name of the king of the dry goods business of New York. He is said to be worth $30,000,000.

Amherst college's memorial of Henry Ward Beecher will be a $50,000 endowment of the Professorship of Physical Culture.

The health of James D. Fish continues to grow worse, and it is thought that he will be pardoned to avoid his death in prison.

The old Grant leather store in Galena was sold last Saturday to settle the estate of C. R. Perkins, formerly a partner of Jesse Grant.

It is said Col. Ingersoll regrets not having made the stage his profession. Well, Col. "Bob" is still young enough to go on the stage.

A hundred years ago the average age of those who entered college was 14. Now it is 17, with a tendency to a still further increase.

It is estimated that there are 4,809,449 smokers in this country. This includes about 8 per cent. of the population above the age of 15.

The marriage of Mr. John A. Logan, jr., and Miss Edith Andrews, of Youngstown, O., occurred at the latter place at noon on March 22.

Dr. Joseph Parker writes: "In one of the last letters we had from Mr. Beecher he said: 'I am perfectly well. I wonder if I shall ever grow old.'"

Miss Mary Mesmer, who recently married C. J. Griffith at Los Angeles, Cal., has $1,000,000 in her own right, and Griffith is worth $5,000,000.

Gen. Bragg, of Alabama, of the inter-state commission, is said to be a communist, with very decided views concerning the power of corporations.

O'Brien Atkinson, the 15-year-old son of Colonel John Atkinson, of Detroit, has completed a horseback ride of 1,324 miles, from that city to St. Augustine, Fla.

Hon. S. S. Cox is still in Washington, but has got to the point where he can go to the doctor instead of having the doctor come to him. Even this is a welcome change.

Judge Thurman, at the age of seventy-four, in retiring from politics announces his intention of spending the rest of his days in his library in mental improvement.

Horace Greeley's sister, Mrs. Amanda Greeley, of Oil City, Pa., has been stricken with paralysis at the age of 73. Of her fourteen children only four are living.

The eldest son of the German Crown Prince is such an intense partisan and hater of France that he refuses even to drink champagne, and will drink only German wines.

The new postmaster of Utica, N. Y., is happy. He was nominated on St. Valentine's Day, confirmed on Washington's Birthday, and took possession of his office on St. Patrick's Day.

It is printed that the highest salary paid Methodist ministers in the New Hampshire conference is $1,600 and the use of a parsonage, while the average, including house rent, is $600.

Mr. Beecher's farm at Peekskill, now offered for sale, is valued at $100,000. The house cost $45,000, and nobody will ever know how much money the great preacher spent on the property.

Mr. George W. Childs is having a portrait of the late General Grant painted for the West Point academy, copied from a picture taken in 1866 that Mrs. Grant regards as the best photograph of him ever made.

Mrs. Carlisle is credited with more candor than tact. When asked at New York if the Speaker would be the secretary of the treasury she replied: "No John does not intend to be a mere clerk for Pres. Cleveland."

The queen of Roumania presented Emperor William with a poem of her own composition on the events of his life, written in her own hand on white parchment, the margin being covered with pressed cornflowers.

Of the three daughters whom Longfellow immortalized in "The Twilight Hour," Alice alone remains unmarried. She lives at Cambridge with her bachelor uncle, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, now a man of 70 years.

Among the members of the celebrated class of '37 at Yale, which holds its fifth decennial in June, were Chief Justice Waite, Sen. Evarts, Edwards Pierrepont, Chauncey Goodrich, Prof. Silliman and Samuel J. Tilden.

Senator-elect Reagan is said to be a model of kindness and good humor in his domestic life, never being cross and never swearing. But there are plenty of husbands just as good who never get to be senators.

The New York *Sun* says: "It is worthy of public record that during the last five years only twelve members of the Thirteen club have died out of 1,292 in all. Can any other club of unlimited superstitions, show such a lively record?"

The chief of the Buffalo Fire department is reported as using this very forcible language when he arrived at the Richmond hotel the other day: "D——n the building; save the people." A good man to have at the head of such a department.

Lord Frederick Hamilton, of England, who has been sojourning in Baltimore, pays for his entertainment and pleases the people of that city by declaring that "Baltimore's reputation for pretty women and ducks has not been exaggerated."

Allen Thorndike Rice has become the owner of the silk coat, waistcoat, and knee breeches, and the gold knee and shoe buckles which George Washington wore when he took the inaugural oath as the first President of the United States.

Smith M. Weed, who recently announced that he positively knew Mr. Cleveland would not be a candidate for re-election, now says: "I thought I knew all about it a short time ago, but now I must confess that my mind is in doubt on the subject."

After having allowed James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, to starve in his lifetime, the Golden State has now appropriated $5,000 to build him a monument. But Californians are not the only people who have done that kind of thing.

Mrs. Ida C. Martin, wife of the Governor of Kansas, has never been an advocate of female suffrage, but she lately told Mrs. Gougar that but for her appeal to her husband he would have vetoed the measure. Mrs. Martin now announces that she has registered and will vote from a sense of duty.

The Duchess of Cumberland, sister of the Princess of Wales and the Czarina, was placed in a lunatic asylum near Vienna on Wednesday, with the approbation of all the members of the family. She is 35 years old. If she had belonged to the Hanoverian side of the family, her insanity would have been no surprise.

Mr Blaine writes to friends in New York that he has been working harder in the last two months than at period of his life. He has been engaged in the revision of his speeches and papers for publication. He proposes to take a rest next month and a run out to the Indian Territory to pay a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Coppinger.

The California legislature has appropriated $15,000 for the improvement of the Yosemite Valley. New trails will be opened, and the mountain streams will be stocked with fish, that tourists may have the pleasure of fishing with the hope of catching something. The mountain trout can only be caught by an Indian. It is his secret.

At the Cabinet meetings Vilas and Whitney are the talkers. Lamar is generally very quiet, but wakes up occasionally and scores a good point. Bayard talks a good deal at long intervals. Fairchild, who now occupies Manning's seat at the table, is essentially judicial in his manner. He is a good listener, a laconic talker, and is said to be as combative as John L. Sullivan when fully aroused.

Somewhere in the old nooks of the capitol at Washington are the papers taken from John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Repeated efforts have been made to find them, but in vain. Recently a New York publisher spent considerable time and money in the search for the documents. The papers were left at the capitol by the Senate committee of Investigation appointed by the Thirty-fifth Congress. There was a trunkful of them originally, and among them Brown's diary. On his list of colleagues Fred Douglass was marked "unreliable."

COURT SECRETS.

How the Decisions of the United States Supreme Court are Guarded.

Justice Miller was on his way from the capitol to his modest home on Massachusetts avenue. It was Saturday, and the court had closed up a hard week's work. A handsome, curly headed boy accompanied him and carried a bundle of Supreme court records. With the simplicity of habit which characterizes all the judges of the Supreme court, Justice Miller entered a public vehicle, and found himself in a group of senators and congressmen.

"Is that your Sunday literature, judge?" asked Sen. Cockrell.

"Well, I would not like to be examined on that point," replied the judge, laughing. "They are the cases we have disposed of this week."

"The telephone cases are among them?" was the jocularly asked.

With entire frankness Justice Miller replied: "No; the record is too bulky, and the case is too important. I presume, however, we shall announce a decision in that case some time in April, if not before. That book," said the judge, pointing to the quarto volume which the page was firmly grasping, "has a history. There was a time when each judge kept an ordinary book in which, as each case was decided, he entered who was to prepare the opinion and what judges agreed with him and who dissented. But it was found that in some way the knowledge of decisions that were to be rendered leaked out and was made the subject of speculation on the stock market; so now, as you see (here he directed his young attendant to turn the book he held so that the front would be visible), we keep our memorandum books locked."

"And each judge carries a key?"

"Each judge has one key."

"It is singular," said the justice, falling into a reminiscent mood, "what shrewd plans are resorted to to ascertain the way the court is inclined to decide cases. Some years ago we had the —— silver mine case before us for decision. At that time we had not our own marshal; the district marshal was the marshal of the court. An immense amount was involved in the case, and there was naturally a good deal of anxiety to know how the court would decide it. The marshal went up to Brother ——, now dead, as pure and honorable and unsuspicious a man as ever lived, but a great talker, and said, 'Well, judge, I presume we shall have a decision soon in the —— silver mine case?' 'Yes,' said Brother ——, 'very soon!' 'I suppose Judge Clifford will write the opinion?' 'Oh, yes,' said Brother ——, 'Brother Clifford will be the organ of the court.' This was all the marshal wanted to know, for Justice Clifford's habit was always to break in upon an argument with questions which clearly indicated the drift of his mind on the matter under discussion, and when the marshal heard that Justice Clifford was to write the opinion, he knew as well as if he had been told in so many words that the decision would be in favor of the mining company. So he bought up all the stock he could on a margin."

"And made a pile of money, I suppose?" Sen. Cockrell asked.

"Well, no, he didn't," replied Judge Miller, with a hearty laugh. "The resources of the mine had been so exaggerated in the course of the argument that the stock had risen on the market beyond its real value, and after the decision of the court it fell instead of advancing, and the marshal lost all he had put up.

"Upon the whole," added the judge, "I am inclined to think very highly of the purity of the American bench. There are cases we decided last year which would have enabled any member of the court, by simply taking advantage of the knowledge he had of the views of the majority——"

"Or hinting them to his wife or some confidential friend," interrupted Sen. Cockrell.

"Yes, in that or any other way," continued Judge Miller, "to have put a million dollars into his pocket. But here we are, just as we were last year, and no whisper of anything of that kind has ever been heard."

The Trouble Taken Will Save Doctors Bills.

Boiling will not entirely purify water from saline matter. But filtering through animal charcoal helps to remove much of the suspended mineral matters in water, as well as some of the organic, and if the water is filtered before boiling, it is rendered doubly sure of being purified. "The good housewife may exclaim over this as a cranky conceit," says the *Christian at Work*, "the very idea of filtering and boiling all water for domestic use in addition to all other labors of life, and housekeeping in particular! She may very likely feel that she would rather not know quite so much about the impurities of the water, but take it as she always has done on trust. Of course she would not have lead pipes put in in preference to iron, and so render poisoning to her family possible through any carelessness of hers, but that good well of water has served for more than one generation, and is comparatively pure at any rate, which is undoubtedly very true. Had not much of the water been comparatively pure whole races of human beings would have been swept off by epidemics who have not been, but it is a very significant fact that the most densely populated district of human beings in the world and the most filthy have someway stumbled upon the fact that boiled water is their most wholesome beverage. To be sure it is poured over tea grounds, but a great many of the Chinese are too poor to indulge in the luxury of fresh tea, and use the refuse leaves of their richer neighbors, and so really drink very little of anything but boiled water after all, which saves thousands of them undoubtedly from an untimely death."

What the British Girls Work For.

A Yankee girl, who went into British factories for information, reports:

Different factories have different arrangements. In the one I am writing of 15 minutes were allowed for lunch at 11 a. m. and for tea at 5 p. m. A good paper bag hand earned 10 to 12 shillings, about $2.50 to $3, weekly; those not so good and learners, a little more that half that; the packers, who are day hands, $2; the forewoman $5, and sometimes more. I must wear an apron; it must be a large plain one, for they hated fancy things. I must pay my footing, 18 pence (36 cents), to the forewoman. It would take a month to learn the trade, and during that time I must give the girl teaching me half my wages; I must give one penny a week to a medical fund, which would, if I required it, entitle me or a near relative to advice and medicine from a neighboring institution. One-half penny a week was demanded for soap. As the girls made tea twice a day they formed little families of six or eight. Each girl kept her own cup and saucer and bought her daily share of tea, paid a penny a week for milk, and took her turn at tea making and dish washing. The food consisted of bread and butter, bits of cheese, meat and fish, pickled onions, celery, and sometimes a piece of cake or a little fruit. The girls were kindhearted, always sharing any dainty freely, and dozens of times I saw a cup of coffee (made by stealth over the gas in the morning), fancy bread, cake, an apple or an orange, passed round the table, that all might have a taste.

Taking Down a Scoffer.

The scoffer, Mr. A., was fond of teasing Mrs. H. for her pronounced ritualistic tendencies, and one evening in company he said: "O, Mrs. B., I have a lovely poem to repeat to you." He was of course asked to give it, and everybody took an attitude of attention to hear the gem; whereupon Mr. A. delivered himself of the following lines:

"Carved in the old cathedral
 Where the wise men service said,
Over the oaken pulpit
 Was a monkey scratching his head.

To-day in High Church pulpits
 The order's changed; instead
'Tis the monkey reads the service,
 While the wise man scratches his head."

There was a second of stillness, as the recitation concluded, in which everybody looked furtively at Mrs. B. But the lady was perfectly equal to the occasion. "O, thank you so much, Mr. A.," she said, warmly, "you are so kind, that I am very fond of you, and I dote on monkeys." Whatever ambiguity there was in her words was done away with by her pointed glance; and thereafter Mr. A. had few remarks upon ritualism to make in her presence.—*Boston Letter.*

Manners.

Mamma—You must not contradict me, Dot. When I say a thing is so you must not say that it isn't.

Little Dot—Well, what you say isn't so, anyhow.

Now, that is contradicting.

Well, let's begin over again, an' I'll say it isn't so first.

Invertebrate Shirts.

The *Bazar* says that "dress shirts are to be of ribbed goods." We don't know about the ribs, but what the average dress shirt seem to need is a little more backbone down the front. What shall it profit a man if he have an eclat hammer coat and a shirt that bulges like a paper bag?

—40 years positive test. How to prevent old age, revitalize and add to longevity. No failure. Send stamp for particulars. Address Dr. De Argo, Box 226, Buffalo, N.Y.

TYING UP HIS RECORD.

How Josh Billings Drew Inspiration from His First Failure.

The late Josh Billings told me once that his first experience on the lecture platform was the making of him. "I had been writing a good deal," he said, "and the stuff was pretty well received. I imagined I was a little the biggest man in New York, and certainly the best known man outside the city except Greeley. I had made a scrap-book of my writing, and concluded I would give readings from these. I made an engagement to give such a reading at a small town in New Jersey. I carried my book with me, and put up at the one hotel in good style. The landlord did not seem remarkably overawed by my presence, which was somewhat dampening. I gave him a half-dozen tickets for the lecture. When I came on the platform there were but seven persons in the hall, six of them being from the hotel, and the seventh, a small boy who came in free. When I got back to the hotel I called the landlord into my room and had him bring me all the old newspapers he could find and a ball of cord. I took out my book, wrapped a dozen or so of newspapers around it, and then began winding the cord.

"I wound that entire ball about the bundle and tied the ends with a double knot. The landlord had watched the proceedings intently, and when I had finished my wrapping he inquired what the proceedings meant. I told him I was going back to New York to go to work, and I did not propose to untie that book until I could do so in his town and before an audience that would fill the house. I went back to the city," continued Mr. Shaw, "and struck out on a new lead. Two years after I received an invitation to lecture in this same town. I had been waiting for this. I took out my old book and took it along to see how things looked. When I came on the platform I found an audience so tightly packed that the last man had to leave his cane in the vestibule for want of room. I took out my book and unwrapped it before them, telling the story as I did so. It was this shutting up of the past and beginning again that saved me—or at least made me what I am.—*Chicago Mail.*"

SAVED BY A HYMN.

An Americanized Bulgarian Benefits by the Turkish Reverence for Madman.

The Turks, it is well known, treat all persons supposed to be crazy with much consideration. They consider madmen as being under the special and particular protection of Divine Providence, and entitled as such to kind treatment and immunity from all punishment. The following instance thereof is of interest:

Mr. S., a Bulgarian who had spent several years in America and there became a Protestant, was arrested some time ago on suspicion of being concerned in a revolt against the Turks. There was no possible doubt as to his guilt, and he was condemned to be hanged. A few mornings afterwards he was escorted from the jail in company with other condemned prisoners, en route for the place of execution. Knowing that he was marching to death, the poor fellow commenced to sing—or rather shout—the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me!" Before the sad procession had moved much further, the officer in command said to his subaltern:

"Why! this man must be mad."

"Certainly," says the lieutenant.

"Well, what are we do? One can't hang a madman."

"That is so," replies the lieutenant, "madmen can't be hanged."

So the captain and the lieutenant agreed that Mr. S. should be put back to prison to await further orders. Mr. S.'s companions were duly executed. After spending a few weeks in prison, he was finally released, and is now well and thriving at Sofia.

This episode deserves to be quoted as a very curious instance of pure Christian faith. For Mr. S. was assured that he was going to martyrdom, since he knew that by offering to embrace the Mohammedan religion he would save his life. In fact such a choice would always suffice to save the life of any Christian condemned by the Turks. He fully believed that his constancy to Christianity would cost him his life; and yet it was the hymn which he sung as a farewell to life which recalled him to the world.

THE HAPPY B CHELOR.

He Lives a Jolly Life of Mental and Moral Ease.

The bachelor element in this city is almost as strong and almost as noticeable as the labor element. It is a part, and a large part too, of the foundation upon which society is built. Without it society would find much less to work for, since "man never is, but always to be blest." The truth is men of wealth and leisure do not as a rule care to marry. The world offers a premium on celibacy in the form of unchecked pleasure and mirth. They realize the advantages of never having to consult another's tastes or wishes, although, of course, it is plainly to be seen that no law can prevent men, married or unmarried, from doing quite as they please in large cities where, always, virtue is forced to flee from vice, which, in the guise of virtue, is everywhere. That a happy marriage is the highest good to man and woman is a fact difficult to get into men's heads, and unhappy marriages are the cause of all the divorces. Men of this generation in comparison with their ancestors seem metamorphosed mentally, morally and physically, and married life to them means curtailing of pleasures and expenses unless very wealthy.

As things now are, bachelors live a jolly life, one of mental and moral ease. Their handsome apartments are sacred to them, and there is always a sound of revelry by night in them, and the gaslight streams through the casement until dulled by daylight. There is nothing surprising in the large number of bachelors. They have learned by the experience of others that when people marry, even for love, they look for happiness and find only fault. They forget, if they ever realize, that in every enterprise of life, from the simplest to the most complex, there must be a certain amount of drudgery. Altogether, the bachelors have the best of all argument, and the number goes on increasing, in spite of the strenuous, continued efforts of women and the Christian world to bring about change of heart.—*New York Letter.*

Two Queer Nevada Lakes.

Mono Lake is full of soda, borax and other minerals in solution. The water of both Owens and Mono lakes is a natural detergent. The dirtiest and greasiest of clothing is made clean in half a minute by simply rinsing the article in the lakes. It lathers naturally, when agitated. When there is a high wind a wall of suds three or four feet in height is seen along that shore upon which the waves beat. This quivering wall—in which are seen all the colors of the rainbow and as many beauties as are shown by the kaleidoscope—would grow to a height of ten or twelve feet before toppling over, but that when it attains a certain height the wind catches it up and wafts great balls of it far inland. Some of these floating balloons of lather are as big as a flour barrel. As the prevailing winds are from the west, all vegetation on the eastern shore of the lakes is killed for a distance of many rods. When there are unusually high winds the balls of suds are blown so far inland as to reach clumps of willows and other bushes, the leaves of which are then seen to be scorched as though by fire. The water, just as it comes from the lakes, would make an excellent shampoo for the use of barbers; and the solid matter resulting from evaporation would make a fine washing powder for laundry use.

Memories of an Old Scandal.

I attended the Beecher-Tilton trial from first to last, and was in court when the first juror was called and when the final verdict was rendered half a year afterwards. I heard all the testimony of every witness and all the other evidence that was introduced. I listened to the whole of every speech of all the lawyers on both sides week after week. I was personally acquainted with all the parties in the case, from Beecher and Moulton, the "Mutual Friend." I made notes of all the features of the trial that were published from day to day. And when all was over I left the court-room wholly unconvinced that Beecher was guilty of the charge brought against him. I stated this fact often in print when he was alive, and I repeat it now that he is dead.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

Tutre Temps, Tutre Mœurs.

Maud—I am astonished at you, Irene, for saying that Henry is awkward and bashful.

Irene—I ought to know, I think. I'm his own sister. He hates to go out into society. He never knows what to do with his hands.

Maud—You are mistaken, Irene. In that respect he is one of the most accomplished young men I ever went sleigh-riding with.

No Snakes to Nest in Future Boots.

A Big Drunk came staggering down the street in a palpably tired and worn-out state. He was mumbling to himself as he jogged against the lamp-post and upset the people he met.

"I'll fix you," said High License, who was observing the career of the staggerer.

"What'll yer do, old feller, eh?"

"Well, I'll put the saloons so far apart that you can't stagger into 'em."

INDIAN GIRLS IN SLAVERY.

A Remarkable Condition of Things on the Klamath Reservation.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 25.—There is a reservation at the mouth of the Klamath for the Indian tribes living in Northern California. The squaws or young women are vendible commodities, and are put upon the market at a price supposed to correspond with their charms. A girl's choice is not consulted in the matter, and if a rivalry exists she is knocked down to the most liberal bidder.

A maiden of comely appearance, and having a talent for plaiting hats, baskets, and other ornamental wicker-ware, is of course a more merchantable article than her sister without accomplishments and without beauty. The price paid for a girl of the desirable kind is in the neighborhood of twelve red-headed woodpeckers, a broncho, and a breech-loading rifle, the woodpecker heads being valued at $2.50 apiece, and the pony and gun at about $20 each, making the price of the girl $70. This amount varies, of course, according to the financial standing of the purchaser and the avarice of the parents. It occurs occasionally that as much as $150 is given for a girl, but she would be possessed of unusual allurements and the purchaser a nabob.

The lazy buck, when he has purchased a nominal wife—for they do not consult the laws in respect to marriage—at once require the lady to enter upon all the hard work obtainable. The women pack wood from the forests in baskets, which are carried on the back and supported by a band which encircles the forehead. They also collect gold-dust from the exposed bedrock in abandoned mines, which is handed over with religious regularity. It is a fact that the Indian women on the Klamath are absolute slaves, but they are faithful and loving, no matter how harshly treated.

One can readily imagine, however, that on account of the hard life they lead, by the time middle age is reached they lose all feminine charms and become hags. White men also purchase squaws for matrimonial purposes, but it is not generally known how happy such unions are. White men who have espoused squaws almost invariably cling to them through every vicissitude of life. Divorces are unknown among them, and 'squaw men' take pride in boasting of the good qualities of their purchases.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

England Furnishes as Many Examples as Does American.

We have in England, says a correspondent of the *Queen*, ladies engaged in quite as extraordinary work on the press as any performed by journalists in America or elsewhere. For instance, in Chicago [the correspondent evidently means New York and Miss Middie Morgan, of the New York *Times*] a young lady is daily employed as "live-stock reporter;" in England, however, I find resident at Newcastle-upon-Tyne quite if not more than the equal of the woman of Chicago as regards the uncommon character of feminine occupation, in a young lady who earns a fair income as a writer for shipping and marine engineering journals. I may add that this lady, a Miss Laura Smith, youngest daughter of the vice-consul for Russia, has been writing and compiling a book of sailors' songs. Cousin Jonathan is unquestionably before us in point of the number of his lady journalists, but John Bull is not far behind, if not before him, in the usual character of the literary work performed by a woman. I think a young lady who is engaged in writing for shipping and marine engineering journals, besides being at work on a book of sailors' songs, is a much more uncommon object for contemplation, not to say admiration, than even a young lady who officiates as "live-stock reporter." The majority of women naturally would interest themselves in the prices of live cattle and poultry, for the figures have a direct bearing on the sums that must be paid in stocking the household larder with dead meat and birds; but a young lady who can make herself sufficiently well acquainted with the multifarious details of shipping and marine engineering (most uncongenial feminine studies, I should imagine) as to be able to write intelligently on those subjects excites one's wonder, even in these days when new fields of employment for women are being continually opened out.—*Chicago Tribune.*

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

More About Queer People who See the President.

The Baltimore *American* is responsible for these incidents of recent receptions by Pres. Cleveland:

A bevy of chorus girls for the "Gypsy Baron" Opera company, made things decidedly lively at the President's reception today. The girls were in a high state of excitement before the President came into the East room, and laughed and joked with each other. They arranged how they should shake hands with the President, and one of their number was chosen spokeswoman to invite him to see the show.

"Oh, I don't like to ask him," said the one thus chosen.

"Go on, you goose," chimed in the others; "every theatrical company that comes here invites him. He won't bite your head off."

This seemed to reassure the girl, and when the President did appear they all got into line and waited for the spokeswoman to speak, but when the President smiled at her she got the stage fright and forgot her lines, and passed on without saying a word. The girls all came back into the East room again to try it over, and there they scolded the unfortunate one severely.

"He looked so lopsided I forgot," was the girl's excuse. "He stands all on one side, as it were," she explained.

"Well," put in another, "if you had to shake hands with so many people you would be lop-sided, too."

Then the girls laughed, and passed by the President again and shook hands, but again they forgot to ask him to come and see the opera.

In the crowd was a man from Boston, who stopped and talked with Cleveland for a few minutes. "We were much pleased to see you in Boston," he said. "In fact, your visit was a success. You have made a good President." Here Cleveland fidgeted and smiled a conscious smile, and the Bostonian went on: "You must come again. Yes, come up soon again and bring Mrs. K." Then he passed on as if he had done something smart, and before Cleveland could tell him that his wife did not spell her name with a K.

Some Funny Estimates.

The Buffalo *Express* set its readers to naming the world's twelve greatest living men. Their preferences were widely distributed, evidently many Buffalonians have many minds touching the essentials of greatness. In the list which the *Express* printed on Sunday Gladstone had the largest vote, 31. The eleven other great men who went to make up the dozen were Bismarck (27), De Lesseps (25,) Edison (21), Stanley (18), Blaine (14), Spurgeon (12), Conkling (11), Ruskin (11), Huxley, Lowell and Schliemann each 10. A distinguished citizen of Buffalo, who is now engaged in the public service at Washington, received only 5 votes, while P. T. Barnum and Jay Gould each received 7. Chauncey Depew, the Pope and the Emperor William each received 2. The *Express* intimates that the returns were not all in when it went to press.

European Standing Armies.

The number of men in actual service in the standing armies of Europe is as follows:

Russia	1,004,507	Turkey	180,404
Italy	705,820	Spain	116,256
France	575,950	Switzerland	113,368
Germany	462,678	Holland	77,689
Austria	298,501	Belgium	47,539
Sweden	47,174	Denmark	37,725
Norway	22,253	Greece	33,189
Roumania	20,572	Portugal	29,920
Great Britain	281,646	Servia	13,079

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Fortune Smiles Upon John W. D. Stokes of Detroit.

John W. D. Stokes in January sent $2 to the New Orleans National Bank for the purchase of a ticket in the monthly drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. The money was delayed in reaching the bank, and was invested in the February drawing, which came off on the 8th inst. Stokes received his ticket, a fifth of No. 45,151, and when he learned that it called for a part of the $50,000 prize he promptly resigned his position as dealer in a prominent Detroit gambling house. A few days later the money arrived by express, prepaid, in the form of 1,000 ten-dollar bills. They were all new and crisp, and made a pile nearly two feet high. The lucky man deposited his little fortune among a number of city banks, and is now enjoying a season of rest. He is also having his wife, who is nearly blind, treated for her affliction.

Stokes says he will never deal faro again. He proposes to engage in some legitimate business as soon as he can find a suitable place to invest his money. He is past middle age, and has been a professional card player for twenty years. He says that friendly card playing for a consideration to lend interest to the game, is the stumbling-block upon which many young men trip. In his judgment there is no money in gambling, the percentages being all against the guesser.—*Detroit (Mich.) Tribune, Feb. 27.*

A Death Sentence.

Some time ago Mr. D. H. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., was attacked with hemorrhage of the kidneys and bladder. He grew rapidly worse, when two of the most eminent physicians of Albany were called in consultation. Mr. Hoag had often said to his medical attendants, "There is stone in the bladder." "No," they exclaimed, "there is no stone," but both physicians agreed in saying, "There is no hope for you." This was a death sentence. Mr. Hoag says, "At this time my attention was called to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I took the medicine four days and saw a change for the better, and in six weeks I walked a distance of one hundred rods. I visited Dr. Kennedy, at his office in Rondout, N. Y. After a careful examination he confirmed my opinion. There had been a stone and the medicine had disintegrated and delivered me from it. I am now well. One thing I am sure of, and I say it both as a warning and as a word of cheer at the same time. If I had not taken Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy just when I did I should long ago have been six feet under the sod." Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by all druggists. Price One Dollar.

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N.Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

PERTINENT PERSONALS.

Mrs. Langtry's clear profit for the present season up to the close of last week amounted to $75,000.

The Czar of Russia receives the largest salary paid any ruler on the face of the earth, and still he is not happy.

Bishop Keane, of Richmond, Va., will probably be president of the new Roman Catholic University at Washington.

George Gould, since his marriage, is trying to work as hard and pile up money as fast as his distinguished father has done.

John W. Garrett, the railroad magnate, while giving largely for public charities, is said to have kept men at work at such wages that their families suffered for the necessaries of life.

Bismarck has resumed his open-air drives, appearing almost daily in the Thiergarten, either on horseback or in an open carriage, and is always heartily cheered by the people.

Father Anderledy, the successor of Father Beckx as the superior general of the Jesuits, is noted for his skill as a linguist. He speaks and writes all important languages with facility.

Francis Hodgson Burnett began her literary career at 14. Her first two sketches were printed in *Godey's Lady's Book*, for which she received $35. She gathered and sold wild grapes in East Tennessee for money to buy the postage stamps which covered the transmission of her stories.

Mrs. Hoyt, the President's sister, who is now visiting at the White House, is the wife of a bank cashier in Fayetteville, N. Y. She is a comely, approachable little woman, and there are those who fancy that she is the President's favorite sister. This is her first visit to the White House since the Presidential wedding.

Origin of a Famous Song.

Once over the bar at its entrance from the Gulf the Suwanee river holds its way with a deep current, in places of 40 feet, far up through the forests of the best hard pine in the state. It is the Penobscot of Florida. It has some good land upon it where plantations have heretofore been made, but after awhile generally abandoned. The mosquitoes and malaria guard in the main entrance against other than lumbermen, anglers and intrusive tourists. This dark river, too, has its romance, as being the place which gave rise to a melody which, like "Home, Sweet Home," the affection of the heart will never let go. For it was here that a French family in the time of Louis XIV. came over and settled upon the Suwanee and made a plantation. After a while the father and mother and all died save one daughter, who, disheartened and desolate, returned to France, and there wrote, adopting in part that negro dialect which she had been familiar with on the plantation in her girlhood, a feeling tribute to "the old folks at home" in their graves in the far-off country.

A Cute Little Scheme.

Frequently ladies in need of ready money for which they did not like to ask their husbands or fathers have purchased valuable articles at a store where they had credit and then sent them to us to obtain a loan. They get the money they want, and, having no use for the articles, they fail to redeem them. Their husbands or fathers pay the bills in blissful ignorance of the little schemes of their wives and daughters.—*St. Louis Pawnbroker.*

Get Out Your Old China!

A pretty innovation for luncheons is to serve the soup in cups instead of soup plates. And at the best stores selling china are now to be found what are called bouillon cups. They are the size of ordinary teacups, with a handle each side of the cup. They give the table a beautiful appearance. They may be of one color, or each cup may be different in color, so long as they are all of the same shape.—*New York Letter.*

—The Anderson Reporting Machine far excels stenography. Learn in three months to write 150 words per minute. Circulars free. H. B. Bryant's Business College, Chicago, Ills.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—**Do you see any good coming out of it?**
No. 2.—**Which way would you have your Boy Go?**
No. 3.—**Which way would you have your Girl Go?**
No. 4.—**In which village would you bring up your Children?**
No. 5.—**This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.**

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The four divines	65
The four generals	65
The entire set of eight	1 15

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

10 cents (silver) to pay for your name printed in "Everybody's Own," a large 8-page monthly paper which will carry your address to manufacturers and those desiring agents all over the U. S. Will bring you dozens of valuable samples and books, magazines and catalogues from which as an agent you can select the most profitable articles to canvass for. Paper with your name sent you. Subscription per year, with your name one time, 25 cents. G. H. HAMILTON, FRANKFORT, IND.

Story of a Postal Card.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—

"For twelve years!"

After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop "Bitters;"

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time!"

Respectfully, B. F. BOOTH, Saulsbury, Tenn., May 4, 1884.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1885.

It has cured me of several diseases such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in years, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 15, 1886.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I should never die in peace till I had tried Hop Bitters. When I had taken two bottles they helped me very much indeed. When I had taken two more bottles I was well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they cured me, and they used them and were cured and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made. Yours truly,

MRS. JULIA G. CUSHING.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000, done less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."—Mr. R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its nursing mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

☞Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, "Bright's disease, rheumatism and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters," if taken in time.

"Luddington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1885. I have sold Hop Bitters for ten years, and there" is no medicine that equals them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints, and all diseases incident to this malarious climate. H. T. ALEXANDER.

"Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25th, 1885. SIRS:—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four physicians failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.

GENTS:—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility, or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. STOETZEL. 638 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

Can You Answer This?

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

"My Mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—*Ed. Oswego Sun*

"My little sickly, puny baby, was changed into a great bouncing boy, and I was raised from a sick bed by using Hop Bitters a short time." A YOUNG MOTHER.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"*We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.*"

G. T. Beauregard

J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December.)

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FOURTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS D, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **April 12, 1887,—203d** Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

☞Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
1,000 "	50	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$30,000
100 " "	200	20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$535,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. **POSTAL NOTES**, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

or **M. A. DAUPHIN,** Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what numbers will draw a Prize. All parties therefore advertising to guarantee Prizes in this Lottery, or holding out any other impossible inducements, are swindlers, and only aim to deceive and defraud the unwary.

SEEDS 8 Packets Flower Seeds 10c. 5 packets Vegetable Seeds, 10c. J. J. Bell, Windsor, N.Y.

10 Great Novels, a guide to the best fiction. 24 pp., 10c., mailed. Charles H. Kerr & Co, Chicago.

A Bargain can be had in a bed of Kaolin. No grit. Will stand fire test. Including a 200-acre farm, tile factory and saw mill complete. N. N. Boydston, Real Estate Broker, Warsaw, Ind.

25 (Extra Quality) Gilt Edge Cards, with name printed in Script, 10 cents. Lake Shore Print, Huron, Ohio.

G. A. R. HISTORY complete to date. Low price. Grand success. Agents wanted. Address A. B. Gehman & Co., Chicago, Ill.

LARGE PROFITS MADE.

Our novelties are new and sell on sight to families, stores, offices, &c. Agents are coining money. Suitable for either ladies or gentlemen. Send for circulars. Raymond M'f'g Co., Corry, Pa.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With BLADE
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 20
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 20
New York Ledger	3 00	3 25
Scientific American	3 00	3 60
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 30
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 00
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 85
Rural New Yorker (with seeds)	2 00	2 75
MONTHLIES.		
St. Louis Magazine	1 50	1 75
Wide Awake	3 00	3 25
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 50
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 50
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 10
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 00	2 30
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 20
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 40
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 05
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 55
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	2 50
The Century	4 00	4 50
Harper's Young People	2 00	2 65

We stipulate that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other paper ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same postoffice.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE WATERBURY "Nasby Watch,"

During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous

WATERBURY WATCHES

to our patrons, and they have almost universally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as those were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do this: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the batch for a dollar less than its price or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to

BLADE, Toledo, O.

and secure one of these superb Watches and the BLADE for one year.

THE TOLEDO

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

UNDER CHARGE OF

Prof. E. H. OSTHAUS

AND

MISS AMY R. KIRKPATRICK.

NEW BLADE BUILDING, Toledo, O.

The best facilities for an Art Education in the United States.

A Collection of over 1,000 Paintings for the use of Students.

ALSO THE FINEST ART GALLERY OF OIL PAINTINGS IN THE WEST.

For Particulars, address

D. Knight Carter, Actuary

TOLEDO, O.

A valuable pamphet on Art Education sent free on application.

BIG PAY FOR LITTLE WORK.

Every Friend of the Blade Should Read this Carefully.

$2,000.00!!

TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN PREMIUMS.

WHO WILL GET THEM?

The Blade Company wants to Give Away $2,000 in Valuable Property, which it proposes to do in this way:

WE OFFER—

For the largest number of subscribers sent us by any one person between the date of this issue and the First of May, 1887, A FIRST CLASS STANDARD PIANO, worth	$650 00
To the one sending us the next largest number, A CABINET ORGAN, worth	300 00
To the one sending the third largest number, A FIRST-CLASS SINGER SEWING MACHINE, worth	75 00
To the raisers of the next 25 largest, each A BLADE SEWING MACHINE, worth each	18 00
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs a choice of books, either "Andersonville" or "Nasby in Exile," worth each	3 50
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs, each a Waterbury Watch, worth each	3 50
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs a choice of the books "Social Etiquette," or "Health and Beauty," worth each	1 00
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs, a copy of the magnificent steel engraving, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," worth $10 each, but sold by us at	1 00

Now, mind you, here are 328 premiums to be given 328 people, no matter how few subscribers they send in. We shall keep an accurate record of the names sent in by the contestants, and on the first day of May, 1887, the premiums will be awarded from our books. And please remember this: If you are going to send any clubs at all, you may as well try to reach one of these premiums. You get the commissions you are entitled to, in accordance with our terms to agents, which have been sent all who applied for them, just the same. These premiums are over and above commissions, and have nothing to do with them. If you send ten subscribers you retain your commission just the same, paying you for your work, anyhow, and if the ten should entitle you to one of these premiums you get the premium in addition to your commissions. Now note

CONDITIONS:

Those intending to contest for these premiums should so state in each letter containing name and remittances, and the number of subscribers they have sent, that they may know, as well as ourselves, how many they are getting.

These premiums are awarded for yearly subscribers, but in the competition four three months subscribers will be allowed to count for one yearly, and two six months for one yearly. In these cases our three and six months rates must be observed.

If you send single names your commissions to be retained will be at the rate made known in our postal card to agents. When you remit in clubs of ten your commission will be larger, as stated in our terms.

We will not accept checks upon country banks, as it costs a heavy percentage to collect. Currency in registered letters, drafts on New York or Chicago, postal orders and postal notes are what we take. Never send postage stamps if you can help it.

These premiums will not be allowed the regular Subscription agencies. They are only for those who make an effort to earn them by extending the circulation of the paper.

Who May Secure These Premiums?

Any one who has a little time to spend in the day time or evening—school-teachers, farmers wives or daughters, boys or girls, mechanics' wives or daughters, any one who has a little energy, and some acquaintance in a neighborhood. THE WEEKLY BLADE is the easiest paper in the world to canvass for. It is the handsomest, best-printed, best-edited, largest, and best paper in the world. Everybody knows of it, it needs no talking about, no introduction, but if any one wants a paper and knows the difference between a good and bad article they will take the BLADE at once. It has the largest circulation of any Family Newspaper in the United States, which it has attained solely on its merits.

Drop a postal card asking us to send special terms to Agents.

SPECIMEN COPIES

Will be sent to you in any number that you want. You should have specimens to show, as the showing of a specimen to a newspaper reader settles it. Send for as many as you can use, and they will be promptly mailed to you.

IN CONCLUSION.

Go to work now at once, and earn one of these premiums. Of course only a few can secure the big premiums, but if you don't get any, you will get good pay for what work you do. At least one person at every postoffice can make a very acceptable addition to their pocket-money this winter by canvassing for the BLADE, the old, reliable family paper of the United States. And it is not going to take very much work to secure the big premiums, or one of the smaller ones anyhow.

What we are after is a circulation of 200,000 before May 1, 1887, and we are willing and anxious to pay for the work of getting it. Those who want to participate in this work will get all the aid from us that they want.

Get at the work at once. Address

BLADE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Something More About Sewing Machines!

READ THIS CAREFULLY!

The Blade Sewing Machine

Is winning new laurels every day, and is making its way into public favor with a rapidity that no previous Machine every did. Why?

Because it is the best Machine on the market, a Machine built upon entirely new principles, and one which will do more kinds of work than any Machine made, and do it as well as the best, and better than most.

Because it is the Handsomest Machine made. Because it is the CHEAPEST. You have been paying from $35 to $45 for machines not so good and not so Handsome.

You Get the Blade Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18,

Which is less than half the price of the monopoly machines. Because it is a new machine, and not an old one re-built.

And mind you it is a HIGH ARM MACHINE, enabling you to handle your work easily, and is furnished with a complete set of Attachments, without extra charge. AND IT IS WARRANTED BY THE BLADE COMPANY.

Now read these testimonials, and bear in mind we have thousands just as strong:

DODGE CITY, KAS.

The machine came in due time and in good order, and the freight bill to this place (Dodge City, Kas.,) was $1.99. It is every way perfectly satisfactory. The machine is first class in all its parts. Wife says it is as good a machine as she ever sewed on. It is simple, durable and light-running, and is a much finer-looking machine than we expected for the price. The Blade Co. is rendering a great service to housekeepers all over the land by producing so good a machine at so small a price. It is a daisy, and we take pride in recommending it to every body. You may publish this if you wish to. W. J. ELLIOTT, South West Kas. Con. M. E. Church.

YOUNG HICKORY, O.

Blade Company:

I received my sewing machine in good order and can say it far exceeds my expectations. It runs very light, and as far as sewing is concerned I have tried it until I am satisfied that it can't be beat, makes a beautiful stitch, as good, if not better than any I have ever sewed on, and I have used a number of first class machines. Can recommend it to any one that wants a good sewing machine for little money. I can use all the attachments save one and that is "foot hemmer and feller combined." There are instructions for using it, but I haven't got it. I would like you to send it to me. VELLA WILSON.

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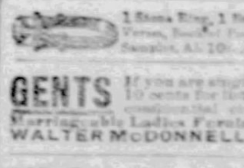

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON .... EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

III.—(Continued.)

"Is there anything else you want to ask about? I think I have delivered quite a lecture, long enough for one time, unless," she added, laughingly, "there is something which you are dying to know."

"Yes, there is something which relates entirely to the personal appearance. Do not look so surprised. If you had suffered as I did once from looking as if I had been in a free fist fight, when I particularly wanted to look well, you would understand why I ask the question. My flesh bruises very easily. The least blow will leave a mark which first turns red, then nearly black, and finally, as it is getting well, becomes an ugly buff or yellow. Now, is there *anything* which will shorten that period of discoloration? I am always banging myself, running against doors, or pounding upon anything that happens in my way, so you see I have a real vital interest in your answer."

"I think you have," she replied, "so I should advise you to add to your emergency drawer a glass-stoppered bottle containing a solution of hydrate chloral, 20 drops, say, in an ounce of water. Have it labeled upon the outside "For external use," and then set it away until you are so unfortunate as to need it. Of course, the first thing you should do when you receive a bruise is to put on a cloth wet in bay rum, or cologne water is good, if preferred. This will take the soreness out. Later on, wet a small linen cloth in the chloral, lay it on and bind another over it to prevent evaporation. You understand that the object is to drive the coloring matter which the bruised capillaries were unable to carry away, back into the blood, to be disposed of in that way. This must be used only in cases where the skin is unbroken. Where it is the best way is to treat it as I am treating Jack's, and wait until it is all healed over, then you can make the application in order to remove the discoloration sooner, if you choose.

So passed the time away in talk like this, and still the two boys slept on, but just as the sun was going to his slumbers in a blaze of such glory as to almost hold me breathless, Ned awoke again. His mother was at his side at once.

"I don't know why it is, mamma," he said, "but I can't move my right foot without its hurting me so bad. Will you see what is the matter of it, mamma?"

Uncovering the part so that she could examine it closely, she found the ankle swollen badly; the swelling extending down towards the toes, but there was no redness that betokened inflammation, nor discoloration that showed bruising. Motion seemed to give him pain. That and the swelling were the only abnormal conditions. I saw her press her fingers gently and evenly over the surface and then she looked up with a sigh of relief.

"No bones broken," she said, "and no dislocation. He must have twisted his ankle in falling and produced this sprain."

"How do you know there are no bones broken?" I asked.

"Because there would be no motion if they were," she answered. "You see that he can move his foot even down to his toes, which tells the story. As yet there is no fever in it, so I shall just bandage it firmly, and I hope that will be all that is necessary."

A roll of the wide bandage, which had been brought from the emergency drawer for the doing up of Jack's hand, was lying near, and she proceeded to carry out her intention. I watched the operation with interest. First, she cut a piece of pasteboard about two inches wide and four or five long.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"A splint to hold the ankle firm," she replied. "I shall place it lengthwise just a little back of the ankle bone, putting cotton batting under it so it will not feel unpleasantly, and then with the bandage passed tightly over it, it will keep in place and be of great assistance. Now I am ready to put on the bandage. I shall commence just above the toes, as I was taught that I should always bind from the extremities toward the life centers. "The important thing is to put it on so that there will be an even pressure wherever it goes."

I watched her while she deftly wound it around and around the foot and ankle, fastening in the splint as she had said, and terminating the wrapping just above the latter.

"That feels ever so much better, mamma," said Ned, when she had finished. "Now, I believe I can go to sleep again," and in a few moments his soft, regular breathing told that he was once more in the pleasant land of Nod.

"Is that all which it is necessary to do for sprains?" I asked.

"That depends upon circumstances," she replied. "If it had seemed very bad, I should have put it into hot water, but I did not that necessary. To-morrow morning I shall take off the bandage, and if there is no fever or inflammation about it, will bathe it off in warm water and replace the bandage. This I shall do two or three times a day until the soreness is gone."

"Suppose there should be fever about it to-morrow morning," I said.

"Then I shall either wrap it in cloths wet in cold water, or keep a bag of ice upon it until the fever passes off. I hope, however, there will be no such trouble. As it is he will not be able to use it for a week at least. Then there is always the danger of overtaxing it in the beginning. Sprains are bad things to deal with."

"I don't quite understand why you did not use arnica or Pond's Extract upon his ankle. I thought those were always staple articles upon such occasions."

"And so they are, but that is when the healing stage sets in. In other words, as soon as there is no danger of inflammation, a stimulant like arnica will be a great help. I shall apply it after the bathing off in warm water."

"That is, you will wet a cloth in the arnica and wrap it around the ankle with a dry one over it?"

"That is exactly what I shall not do. Remember this: Never use it in any way that will prevent evaporation, as it may and most likely will, irritate the skin, and in some cases it has been known to cause erysipelas. Rub it on briskly with the hand, and then when it is dried off, put on a dry bandage again. Now I think you have heard enough about bruises and sprains for one day, at least you look tired, and as if you needed rest as much as Ned and Jack."

It is not necessary for me to follow in detail the recovery of these two boys from what might have proved very serious injuries. Ned slept soundly all night and the second day found him still better and on the high road to recovery. The doctor came the morning after the accident, but he said that all had been done that was necessary, and after complimenting my friend upon the wisdom and judgment which she had displayed, he went away.

The course marked out to me was rigorously followed, with the exception of the added quiet enforced by the sprains. In a week's time, however, he could use his ankle, and was able to go out of doors, and when the eighth day passed, with no bad symptoms, the mother's heart was filled with glad thanksgivings. Jack's hand was a little longer in healing than she had hoped it might be, but there were no serious drawbacks, so that soon both boys were whole again, and filling the house with the sunshine of happy hearts in sound bodies EMILY S. BOUTON.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Old Doctor" in his communication makes the mistake of confounding lacteal with the lactiferous ducts to which, of course, he was referring. E S. B.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Scarf Tidies.—Get a yard and a quarter of light pink or blue China silk. Put a hem of an inch wide around the four sides. Cut leaves of any shape best liked out of green or crimson velvet and paste them on at irregular intervals. Sew tinsel around the leaves, and connect them with wavy lines as described in a scarf given two or three weeks ago. Drape over the corner of a picture, or tie in a loose knot and fasten to a chair.

Another pretty scarf is made in a very simple way. Get a yard and a half of surah silk, fringe both ends a finger deep, then gather the silk in the hand closely a finger above the fringe on one end and tie with a cord and tassel. Sew small silver tassels at short intervals over the fringe upon the other.—ED.

Hair Flowers.—To the lady asking for hair flowers: The first thing is to rid the hair of its grease, which is done by boiling it in water in which you have put a little soda or lime, not too much of either. Tie thread round one end of the lock so as to hold the hair together. After it has boiled for about twenty minutes take it out and spread it well apart so as to dry rapidly, when it will be ready for making up. For this purpose regular hairworkers have wooden moulds that are turned and carved purposely, but as amateurs cannot always get these, it is best to make your own moulds of clay or tin, or wood, if you can carve the latter correctly and finish its surface smoothly.

Suppose you want to make a morning-glory. Take four or five locks of hair of the same color, or at least not more than a shade or two different. Fasten them together at the top or small end of the mould, which you have previously made ready. There must be a lock for each surface or division of the flowers. Now take a pin comb, and with it and your fingers bring the hair of each lock down evenly and smoothly to the edge of the mould, and when you have done so, touch the extremities with dissolved gum Arabic, using no more than enough for the purpose. When all the divisions are done, trim off the ragged ends around the bottom of the mould, which should then be drawn gently out of the flower. If it sticks, wet the gum a little with water and it will come out easily, then insert the extremity of the wire, that is to form the stem, into the top of the flower. Wind strands of hair round it to form the bulb its natural size, gum it well, let it dry and trim off carefully all straggling hairs and the flower is complete. All other flowers are made by doubling each lock of hair that goes to a petal or leaf pressing it down flat with hot iron and gumming in the two ends to the foundation.

If you wish to make a rose, bend the lock that is to form each petal over a tin pattern that is cut to the shape of the petal and gum it in its place on the foundation piece. Do not attempt, however, to make complicated flowers like the rose until you have thoroughly mastered the simple ones.

A very handsome ornament to frame in glass is a wreath of leaves of various shapes with the initials of the person or persons you desire to remember, made out of hair and placed directly in the center. To make the leaves of a wreath like this proceed as follows: Cut out of this paper of the same color as the hair, the shape of the leaves you wish, including the stem, then over one side of each spread a coating of gum, and lay the hair along it lengthways, and press it gently into its place. When it is dry, trim off the hair closely round the edges of the paper, and you have a most perfect and beautiful specimen of a hair leaf. In securing these leaves on the bristol board, used as a foundation, be careful to arrange them so as to hide the paper on which the hair is gummed. Also do not put on too much gum, so that it will come up between the hair and dry on the outside. A very thin coating of gum is amply sufficient to secure the hair in its place. A withered leaf is made by crimping the hair with a hot iron wire in those spots where you want it to look dead.—MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Pin-Cushion.—A tiny bolster pin-cushion, useful for hanging on a gentleman's looking-glass, may be made after the following directions:

Materials.—One ounce of blue wool and four No. 16 knitting pins. Cast on 12 stitches on one needle, and 6 on each of the other two. Knit first round plain. Second round—(*a*) k 1—wool forward—s 1; k 1—pass slipped stitch over; k 1—k 2 tog—t o—repeat from (*a*). Third round—Knit plain. Fourth round—(*b*) k 2—wool o—s 1; k 2 tog—pass s st o; wool o—k 1; repeat from (*b*). Repeat third and fourth rounds alternately for five inches. Make up a bolster of blue silk, ending with ribbon bows. Use ribbon for hanging up.—*Dorcas Magazine.*

Fan Edging.—Ch 10. 1st row—4 d c in 4th st of ch—4 d c in next st—4 d c in next—skip 2 st—3 d c in next st—1 ch—3 d c in same—1 d c in next st; 2d row—ch 3—sh in sh—12 d c in 12 d c of preceding row; 3d row—ch 3—1 d c—1 ch in 12 d c of preceding row—sh in sh—1 d c in 3 ch; 4th row—3 ch—sh in sh—1 d c—3 ch in each d c of preceding row; 5th row—ch 3—make a shell—(2 d c—1 ch—2 d c)—repeat 5 times—sh in sh—1 d c in 3 ch; 6th row—3 ch—sh in sh—3 d c—1 ch—3 d c—repeat 5 times; 7th row—4 d c—1 ch—4 d c—repeat 5 times—sh in sh—1 d c in 3 ch; 8th row—3 ch—sh in sh—5 d c—1 ch—5 d c—repeat 5 times; 9th row—12 d c in sh—repeat 5 times—sh in sh—1 d c in 3 ch: commence with 10 ch for next fan and fasten with c c in 4th d c of 12 d c in preceding row; proceed as before and fasten with a slip stitch each 4th and 8th stitches of 1st and 2d scallops and 4th st of 3d scallop.—MRS. M. M EDDY, Spirit Lake, Ia.

Child's Slipper.—For a child just in short clothes this is very nice. Make a chain of five or seven stitches, according to size desired, work back in single crochet, making three stitches the center stitch of chain. Make twelve rows this way, being careful to take up the back stitch and widen each time by working three stitches in center stitch. For the back, work back and forth on the first ten stitches till the piece is long enough to go round the heel, then crochet to the other side, or the opposite ten stitches may be crocheted out and the joining be done at the back. Crochet scallops around the top. Sew on a sole of thick goods or felt.—MRS. J. R. WAIT, Thayer, Ind.

Correspondence.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—No. 17.—CHURCH GOING.—Children rarely are satisfied with seeing and hearing. Your child is always ready to go abroad. A child will run, however weary, if a visit is proposed; and they should be indulged in visiting to a reasonable extent. There is usually little necessity, if any, for keeping children always in one place, and they should be welcomed anywhere if properly conducted. A gentleman said to me once, "I am very particular to permit my children to see. Children have a strong desire to see. When I was a little boy I walked six or seven miles to see the elephant and I walked barefoot too." He was only too glad to get permission to attend the animal show at that distance, and however far away, he would have made the effort to get there. He was at the time he was speaking to me a man who had seen much of the world and was a resident of one of our first cities, and as I looked at him I thought that he would consider the feat performed by the little boy of six or eight years well nigh impossible to the man. Let them see and hear what is proper for them to see and hear and as they usually are pleased with the idea of church going, they should be taken to church. People make an excuse for leaving them at home by saying they cannot understand the sermon and in that they are often to a great extent mistaken. Often the children do understand more than they are given credit for, much that older persons consider beyond their years. From the attendance of church in some localities, children are excluded, and such a decision is cruel, and sinful. People go to church for the purpose of worshipping God; if not, they should remain away and cease to mock Him by drawing near to Him in forms and ceremonies, while their hearts are far from Him; and when it is convenient they should take their children with them and ask Jesus of Nazareth to bless them. They of whom he said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," should be presented to Him. And yet I know that there are church-going people, whatever they may mean by their attendance, perhaps to appear holy in the eyes of men, they present themselves regularly in the house of God who never take their children with them and never give them any instruction in regard to matters of a religious nature.

Some years since a prominent minister called upon a felon in his cell, one who was sentenced to death by hanging for his crimes, and told him of the mercy of a Savior and urged him to repentance, and the criminal told him that he had never before heard the gospel preached, nor the way of life and salvation explained. He said, "My father and mother went to church, but they never told me what they went for." A child may possibly go contrary to instruction in the broad way that leads to destruction, but if untaught he is well nigh sure to enter there, for it is more alluring to the eye of the young and inexperienced than the straight and narrow way. Take your children to church and allow them to hear the sermons and exhortations and singing, and always make church going a pleasant thing, as far as lies in your power, for if it should be rendered burdensome in early life, it may continue to be so in after years.

I attended church a few times about four years since in a town of some importance, and I was much pleased with the manner in which the services were conducted. The children were always remembered. Each Sabbath a sermon was preached especially for them, which was not beyond their comprehension. The darkeyed young man in the pulpit with all his talent and culture had not forgotten that he was once a child. His addresses were appropriate and very fine. I think that I shall not forget him nor his beautiful wife for a long time, for I did so much admire their methods of teaching, not only the children but their elders. The time will look short when you look back after it has fled, that your children were with you, and it is really but a short time that they will kneel at the same hearth stone. They must soon go forth into the world to act their part in life's great drama, and let them go forth prepared to act well the parts assigned them.—MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Ky.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Egg Stains.—To remove from spoons, rub with common salt.

Cuts.—A drop or two of creosote on a cut will stop its bleeding.

Bites and Stings of Insects.—Wash with solution of ammonia and water, equal parts.

Gilt Frames.—To restore gilt frames, rub with a sponge moistened in turpentine.

Starch.—To prevent starch from souring when boiled, add a little sulphate of copper.

Bites of Mad Dogs.—Apply caustic potash at once to the wound, and give enough whisky to cause sleep.

Hair.—To clean hair wash well with a mixture of soft water, 1 pt.; salsoda, 1 oz.; cream tartar, ¼ oz.

Boots.—To make leather boots waterproof, saturate them with castor oil; to stop squeaking, drive a peg into the middle of the sole.

Burns.—Make a paste of common baking soda and water, and apply it promptly to the burn. It will quickly check the pain and inflammation.

Clinkers.—To remove clinkers from stoves or fire brick, put in about half a peck of oyster shells on top of a bright fire. This may need repeating.

Screw.—To remove an obdurate screw, apply a red-hot iron to the head for a short time, the screw-driver being applied immediately while the screw is hot.

Ink Stains.—To remove stains of ink, wash carefully with pure water and apply oxalic acid. If the latter changes the dye to a red tinge, restore the color with ammonia.

Furniture, to Clean.—First rub with cotton waste, dipped in boiled linseed oil; then rub clean and dry with a soft flannel cloth. Care should be taken that the oil is all removed.

Silverware.—To prevent articles of silverware from tarnishing, first warm them, and then paint them over with a thin solution of collodian in alcohol, using a wide, soft brush for the purpose.

Fruit Stains.—To remove the stains of acid fruit from the hands, wash your hands in clear water, dry slightly, and while yet moist strike a match and hold your hands around the flame. The stains will immediately disappear.

Paint.—Chloroform will remove paint. When the color of a fabric has been destoyed by an acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same; after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color.

Ants (red)—Sprigs of winter green or ground ivy will drive away red ants. Branches of worm wood will serve the same purpose for black ants. The insects many be kept out of sugar barrels by drawing a wide chalk mark around the top, near the edge.

Grease Spots.—To remove grease spots, thoroughly saturate with turpentine, place a soft blotting paper beneath and another on top of the spot, and press it hard. The fat is dissolved, then absorbed by the paper, and entirely removed from the cloth.

Iron Rust.—To remove from muslin or white goods, thoroughly saturate the spots with lemon juice and salt, and expose to the sun. Usually more than one application is required. A good way to prevent its appearance on clothes is, when washing to always have them inclosed in a muslin bag while being boiled.

Sisters of the HOUSEHOLD will please cut this out and paste it in their scrap book for future use.—CANNA BELL, Box 615, Lansing, Mich.

ABOUT OREGON.—With the editor's permission, I would like to answer some questions regarding Oregon.

I do not like the inland valleys of Oregon; that is, the portion that would fall to the lot of a man with moderate means. There are some choice locations near the principal rivers, but such places command a high price.

Tillamook county is bounded on the east by the coast range, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. From the nature of its isolated position, it is yet a new country, offering superior inducements to the emigrants. The soil is a deep black and vegetable mould, with clay subsoil. Small grain, vegetables and fruit grow to perfection, producing enormous crops, and unfailing. Water, soft, pure and abundant. The larger portion of the county is heavily timbered, consisting of spruce, cedar, elder and vine maple. Country rolling and broken. Large tracts of government land, covered with the finest of timber, but hard to clear. Principal industries, dairying, salmon fishing and lumbering. Health of the country very good. Have had two months of rain this winter. No cold weather until January; then excepting level lands traversed, the roads are simply horrible, both in engineering and construction. Wilson, Tillamook and Nehalem rivers empty into Tillamook Bay. Tillamook City is located at the head of navigation, and the adjacent country comprises some of the finest farming lands of the state. Netart Bay is a lovely sheet of water, subject to navigation, and prolific in fish, clams, crabs, oysters. On the sandspit, between the ocean and bay, huckleberries of a choice variety can be gathered by the bushel from August until December. A portion of the surrounding country is unsurveyed.

Tillamook county has a voting population of ——. There is a G. A. R. post numbering 40 members. No church, courthouse or jail in the county, and but one saloon. The people are plain in their manner of living; law-abiding, sensible and intelligent as elsewhere, for you will find them from almost every state in the Union. No Chinamen, cyclones or violent storms, but considerable wind from the coast during winter. Summers cool, sunny and pleasant.

This section can be reached by stage via North Yamhill, or by steamer by the way of Portland. As for this country being good for a poor man, if there is a remedy, it may be found here, at least one can earn a living here, grow up with the country and in time possess a comfortable home. But I would not advise any one to look at the roses and forget the thorns, or try to settle in a strange land penniless.—BARBARA ALLEN, Netart, Ore.

IDEAL HUSBAND AND WIFE.—For some time I have stood, a silent looker-on, in the HOUSEHOLD. I have seen my fellowman stripped of the glory with which God endowed him, and held up to public gaze as an inhuman wretch, who closes his purse as well as his heart, against the kind entreaties of a troubled wife. Some say the husband should carry the purse, make purchases, pay debts, etc. Others say he should pay the wife a certain per cent. of the income, making her, I suppose, a kind of hired servant.

Now, I say, if a family is so fortunate as to own a purse with anything in it, under a Democratic administration, they should be so thankful that they would not stop to debate who should carry it.

Here is my ideal husband and wife. John and Mary have, by industry and economy earned and saved some money. It all goes into one purse and becomes the common property of John and Mary. Between these two there exists a pure and heavenly love and a mutual trust and confidence. When they stood up before God and man, in the matrimonial covenant, they made a solemn vow. Was that vow that they would growl and grumble, and quarrel over the keeping of a few paltry dollars which God might commit to their care? No. But if it was, Oh! how many to-day would be fulfilling, instead of breaking that solemn vow. They vowed to love, comfort and keep each other as long as they live. Now, with John and Mary, it is only a question of convenience, which carries the money.

If either is solicited for a donation to church or charity while the other has the money, the result is a subscription. The solicitor can afford to wait a day or two with the certainty of pay. It seems to me that all this growling and grumbling between husband and wife is useless. If a woman can trust a man with her life in marriage, why can't she trust him to keep a little worldly goods, and *vice versa*?

Now to insure domestic bliss and make home what God intended it to be—a heaven below—let husband and wife love and trust each other implicitly, and "commit their ways unto the Lord."—FRANK.

Inquiries.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me what to do with glass fruit jars? I don't have any success in canning in them after the first time, although scalding them in soap and water, and rinsing them in clean water, putting the fruit in hot and screw them just as tight as they can be screwed. I think it is a germ in the tops that spoils the fruit.—ZINNIA.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE please give instructions on the care of violets?

Perhaps some of the readers would like to know how I keep the HOUSEHOLD, also the QUESTION BUREAU. I got a large ledger of papa's (one he would use no longer) and everything I wish to save I paste in here.—SCHOOL GIRL.

If any one knows a cure for styes, I would like to have it as I am troubled with them a great deal.—MAMIE D.

Will some kind reader send a good recipe for sweet crackers?—A SUBSCRIBER.

I have a large package of hair combings, reddish brown or auburn color. Is there a department where they make use of these, or can I dispose of them to any advantage?

I would be pleased to learn the address of some poor families destitute of good reading matter, and if publications old as well as new would be acceptable.

Can any one send me a pattern to cut by for stuffing a dog, rabbit, bird or an owl? Directions for stuffing will be acceptable—MISS E. C. TORRANCE, Crab Tree P. O., Westmoreland Co., Pa.

What ingredient mixed with the common glue would make it of such consistency as to cut easily with a knife?—MRS. FRANK CRANKER, Hastings, Mich.

Will some one send a recipe for making potato balls that are used for making bread, the yeast being incorporated in mashed potatoes?—V. G.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please send directions how to make a farmers' wreath?—MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD give a recipe for making impression paper, the kind used for transferring patterns?—A SUBSCRIBER.

I would like to correspond with some member of the HOUSEHOLD living in Northern Kentucky, as we are talking of going to a warmer part of the country and would like to know something of Kentucky, its climate and resources. Address—MRS. IDA I. LEACH, Capac, St. Clair County, Mich.

Will some one send directions for knitting or crocheting ladies' shoulder cape, and also directions for ladies' leggings?—SCHOOL GIRL.

Answers to Inquiries.

No one need send any orders or ask any questions in regard to the furnishing of fancy work material by the editor of the HOUSEHOLD, as she has nothing whatever to do with selling supplies of any kind.

"Anxious Inquirer," we cannot recommend any house giving out work to women to do at home because we know nothing of them. Many of them are traps to catch the unwary and get their money. It would be much better for you to get sewing or something which you can do from places nearer home, to which you can go and look after the matter yourself. Even though you were obliged to ride a number of miles once in two or three weeks, you would be more likely to be successful.—ED.

Some time ago there were directions in the HOUSEHOLD department for removing moles from the face. Will you please tell me (yourself) whether there is any danger from using nitric acid as directed?—VIOLA GRAY.

There is no danger in using it upon moles, if you are careful not to let it get upon the flesh around them. If you did you would make it sore. We do not now recall the directions, but it is only necessory to put it on with a small camel's hair brush, which can be very easily done.—ED.

1. How can wrinkles be pressed from delicate silk without spotting, injuring or soiling it? 2. How can seal plush wraps be kept during the summer? 3. What color in gloves should be worn with white costumes?—A SUBSCRIBER.

1. Lay a cloth slightly dampened over the silk and press it with a hot iron. It is well to try a small piece first. 2. Fold carefully, wrap in a sheet or piece of muslin, or a newspaper, and lay where it will not be crushed by anything else placed upon it. 3. Any light color to correspond with ribbons or hat trimmings, or black.—ED.

We have received a number of letters regarding the offer of geological specimens free, an offer which on the face of it, seemed a generous way of giving pleasure. Our correspondents statements would seem to show that it was simply a contemptible way of getting a free advertisement, and as we are taken advantage of in that way unless we use ceaseless vigilance, no more offers of the kind need be sent for publication.—ED.

As I have received so many inquiries with regard to the nature of the dish-rag, I will say for the benefit of those living in a northern climate, that they would do well to start the plant in hot-houses or indoors, then plant out as they will not mature before winter comes if not treated in this way. I had one vine that furnished dish-rags enough for myself and all my friends. Some ask "if it is a vine." You would think it a specie of pumpkin, judging from leaves and flowers, and requires a substantial frame for them to run on, as the dish-rag grows very large and gets very heavy.—JOSIE CARR, Baldwin, La.

Recipes.

Steamed Pudding.—1 cupful of sour milk, 2 eggs, ½ cupful of sugar filled up with molasses, ¾ cupful of chopped suet, 1 cupful of raisins, 3 cupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful of soda. A little salt. Spice to suit. Steam two hours.

Tapioca Pudding.—No. 1.—¾ cupful of tapioca, 1 qt milk, 2 eggs, separate the whites from the yolks, a pinch of salt, put into basin over boiling water until all jellies. After it cools put in flavoring, the whites of eggs well beaten and 1 teacupful of sugar.

No. 2.—¾ cupful of tapioca, 1 qt of water, a little salt; put into basin over boiling water until it jellies; put in tart apples chopped quite coarse, 1 cupful of sugar. Cook until apples are done. Nice with cream or butter and sugar.

Tapioca Cream.—½ cupful of tapioca, 1 pint of milk in basin; over boiling water, until it jellies, yolks of three eggs, ½ cupful of sugar with flavoring, and another pint of milk, put into a sauce pan and stir while boiling for 5 or 10 minutes; beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, then stir in ½ cupful of sugar with flavoring for frosting.

In No. 3, I often use cocoanut instead of tapioca, as it is much quicker put together.

Orange Pie.—Rind of 1 orange grated, juice of 2, 6 tablespoonfuls of sugar, yolks of 4 eggs, 1 cupful of milk, 1 tablespoonful of flour, a little salt; while baking beat the whites of eggs with 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, put on the pie and brown. Use this same recipe for lemon pie, using water with lemon in the place of milk.—MARGE.

Gooseberry Catsup.—Put 9 lbs. of berries in a porcelain kettle, with a little water to keep from burning, scald, and mash well, then put them through a sieve, return to the kettle, add 5 lbs. of sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, 1½ each of cloves and allspice, boil 15 or 20 minutes, or until as thick as desired or a little thicker, then add 1 qrt. of vinegar, and bottle immediately.—MRS. K. D.

To Remove Grease Spots from Silk, Wool, Etc.—I will tell you a never-failing way: Place several thicknesses of muslin on a table and put the soiled places over it. Now take a cloth that will not hurt and dip in gasoline, rub the spot well, hold up to dry and if any remains repeat the operation.—C. J. W.

Itch Ointment.—Take 4 ozs. of yellow dock roots and 2 ozs. prickly ash berries, bruise the whole together, and simmer in an iron pan with ½ lb. of fresh butter, or home-made lard; simmer very gently for 6 hours. Then strain through a cloth, and mix in the whole, when warm, 1 oz. of flowers of sulphur and 60 drops of oil of lavender. Put on every night till cured. Take some simple purgative, such as senna, and this will effect a cure.—WANA B.

"I Would that I Were Dead!"

cries many a wretched housewife to-day, as, weary and disheartened, she forces herself to perform her daily task. "It don't seem as if I could get through the day. This dreadful back-ache, those frightful dragging-down sensations will kill me! Is there no relief?" Yes, madam, there is. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is an unfailing remedy for the complaints to which your sex is liable. It will restore you to health again. Try it. All druggists.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

DUBUQUE, IA.	NO PLACE GIVEN.	OLDFIELD, IA.
Addie Brulot	Dora Ward	Jas F Chalmers
Stella Freeman	Artie Ward	John H Chalmers
Nellie Burch	Katie Stearns	Chas U Chalmers
Richard Gilliam	Matie Orr	ArthurECh'lm'rs
LizzieGiesemann	Pearl Orr	Alva Gifford
Geo Smith	Earl Orr	Tressie M Gifford
Rob Nicol	Rolla Orr	Minnie Gifford
John Beattie	Ed Paul	Della Gifford
May Knowlton	Ross Paul	Geo Kopf
J. sie Brulot	Earl Paul	Charlie Kopf
Homer Deckert	Jennie Paul	Minnie Zilm
Guy White	Nettie Pad n	David D Zilm
Luella Stevenson	Edna Edson	Jessie Turner
Tillie Schmid	Ada Brown	Harry Turner
Delia Morse	Emma Brown	Libbie Fletcher
Addie Nitterauer	Lizzie Brown	Mary Fletcher
Lizzie Jones	Chloe Fuller	May Graham
WILSONVILLE, IA.	Louis Fuller	Ernest Graham
Minnie M Bailey	Maud Hurd	Mary L Foster
Nettie Davidson	Mabel Wright	Thos McCurnan
Anna M Jacobs	Cora Wells	Rosa R Hill
LottieMDavidson	Mintie Wells	MACKSBURG, IA.
Cora B Bales	Alma Kenny	Dora Heater
Alta Watson	Fannie Good	Willie Heater
LorenzoLWatson	Martin Good	Rebecca Heater
L H Bailey	Henry Kenny	Jennie Heater
Herm'nDavidson	Arthur Good	NACHUSA, ILL.
SylvanusWatson	Fred Good	Jesse Weyant
Arthur Stover	WAHJAMEGA,	Rufus C Johnson
Albert Davidson	MICH.	Charlie Bates
Walter CHoward	Horace Y Wilber	GILEON, NEB.
John S Bales	Bert Wilber	Gertie Warren
S M McClellan	Charley Bateham	WELLSVILLE, KAN.
TOWNVILLE, PA.	Alb'rtSouthworth	Alice Watkins
MaudHawthorne	HelenHutchins'n	Clara Harrison
Sadie Lamb	H Southworth	HASTINGS, NEB.
Carrie Gillett	Glenn C Wilber	Florence Marean
Pearl Boss	Mary E Mette	Geo E Marean
Nellie Childs	Clyde L Wilber	Harry E Marean
Laura Walton	Ella A Southw'th	DURANGO, COL.
Grace Wood	NEW SHARON, IA.	Herbert Hills
Mamie Finney	Marion Haile	Leon Hills
Erva Smith	Frank Haile	Ralph Weston
EmmaWoodw'rd	Hattie Haile	FOREST GROVE,
Mintie Durfee	Mort Haile	MICH.
John Tross	Lizzie Haile	Ida L Joppa
Dalton Blair	WOODHULL, ILL.	Josie G Joppa
Treelie Hunter	O H Paden	Johnnie C Joppa
ArchieHawthorn	Leslie B Paden	

Names this week, 132. Total, 19,176.

The above embraces all names received up to March 24.

TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels out in the sun,
One had nuts, the other had none.
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate;
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from the pitiless clouds
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed;
One always perfect, the other disgraced.
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling: Their locks have turned gray,
One as a governor is sitting to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown,
The business hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I long to impart in your thought.
Answer me this, and my story is done,
Which of the two would you be, little one?
—*The Methodist.*

A BOY'S LAWSUIT.

PENN SHIRLEY.

Donald Burns was strapping his trunk in Deacon Perley's porch when Dr. Wrenn came dashing up, tossed the reins to his driver, and alighted.

"Walk in, doctor," said Donald, ushering him into the fire-lighted kitchen.

"Glad to see you. Have a seat," cried the deacon rising from his arm-chair.

"Can't stop, thank you, deacon. Am 'round squaring my accounts before I sail. Have we come down heavily on butter and eggs this season?"

"Only middlin'; only middlin'."

Scuffing in his slippers to the old desk between the front windows, the deacon drew a paper from a gle in the right-hand pigeon-hole and presented it to Dr. Wrenn.

"You'll find it correct, I reckon, doctor. Donald footed it up. He's good at figgers."

"Oh, yes. I know Donald. I've been on the school committee long enough to spot the mathematicians. Let's see. One hundred and fifty dollars and five cents. Is that the sum total?"

"Never mind the five cents," said the deacon magnanimously. "I won't be near with my neighbors."

Dr. Wrenn repressed a smile, for Deacon Perley had the name of being very "near" indeed.

"Lucky for you, deacon, that I have been collecting funds for my voyage," he said, taking out his pocket-book. "Here's your one hundred, and here's your fifty."

Because of their considerable value the deacon examined the notes critically, and remarked that the one hundred dollar bill had been mended with tissue paper, and the other had lost a corner.

"They've had hard usage, but they're genuine," was his comment as he locked them into his cashdrawer and replaced the key behind the papers in the right-hand pigeon-hole.

"Shall see you both in the morning," said the doctor, hurrying out with the receipted account. "Don't get left, Donald."

The boy laughed at the absurdity of the warning. Why, nothing would have induced him to be left! And yet the next morning, when it came to taking a farewell of kind Mrs. Perley, and of the house which had sheltered him since his mother's death, he found it hard to go. Owing to a perverse wagon wheel it was harder yet to reach the station in time, and the engine bell was ringing as he leaped upon the platform.

"Good luck to you, Don," said the deacon hurriedly. "You've been a faithful boy, and I shall always keep the latch-string out for you."

"Thank you, sir," answered Donald in a choked voice.

How kind Deacon Perley was! In the anguish of parting the lad forgot that he had ever thought him harsh and exacting.

"Here's room, Donald," cried Dr. Wrenn from the rear of the car where he was seated beside his invalid wife, a pale, pretty woman whose failing health had prompted the sea-voyage.

Donald returned their greetings with embarrassment, conscious of the redness of his eyes, but hoping they might think this due to cinders. Though now a bleary cardinal his eyes were naturally dark gray, and notable for their candid, straightforward expression. Owing in part to this trustful look, in part to his light blonde hair, the boy appeared younger than his years. Few would have believed him to be sixteen—a fact that mortified him prodigiously. His pink and white complexion mortified him too; he did hate to be always blushing like a girl!

"It's not every boy I'd have recommended to Mr. Tarleton, Donald," said Dr. Wrenn pleasantly as the train whizzed on. "My friend could never abide a drone. I hope you'll be happy with him."

"Oh, I shall like in Boston when I get settled," answered Donald brightly. "I'm going right into the architect's office to-morrow. I sha'n't have a chance to be homesick."

"Tickets!" called the conductor, entering the car.

Having reached the depot too late to purchase a ticket Donald was obliged to pay his fare.

"Look out for your purse in the city, my boy," said the doctor in a low tone as the conductor passed on. "And if I were you I wouldn't carry so much money in it."

Donald thrust the portemonnaie into the depths of his pocket blushing painfully.

"I'm afraid you've wounded him," whispered gentle Mrs. Wrenn. "Boys are so sensitive."

"I wonder how he has managed to save so much," murmered her husband. "I have always supposed the deacon was stingy with him."

At noon Dr. Wreen ordered hot tea, and the party lunched together, spreading out their repast upon Japanese napkins. There was cold turkey, sandwiches, fruit and various tempting dainties, but nothing suited the capricious invalid like the brown bread and tansy cheese provided by Mrs. Perley. The feeling that he was able to add to Mrs. Wrenn's comfort gave Donald a pure delight, increasing the charm of his first journey. Ah, little did he dream that in a few short weeks he should return over the road in far different company.

"What a frank, ingenuous boy he is," exclaimed Mrs. Wrenn as she and her husband were rattling down Tremont street after leaving Donald at his boarding house. "I am really sorry to part with him."

"I expect to hear good things of him when we come home in the spring," replied the doctor. Oh, if some one could have hinted the tidings he was to hear!

The deacon meanwhile had jogged back to the old homestead.

"Don got off all right, I suppose," said his wife, coming out to open the gate, seems 'sif half the house was gone."

"I'm sorry he couldn't content himself on the farm" said the deacon soberly dismounting, "but he would leap the fence. That makes me think, Susan! Before I untackle s'poing we drive over to the squire's to see that Jersey? If you like the little creetur well as I do I've a good notion to buy her. Guess I'll take along the money at a ventur'."

"One hundred dollars seems a good deal to put into a cow," mused Mrs. Perley following her husband into the house.

"That's so. Still 'tisn't as if I hadn't that sum by me." So saying Deacon Perley strode with a satisfied air toward the desk, and proceeded to unlock the cash-drawer. It was as empty as a soap-bubble.

"Why, wife, wife, how's this?" he cried in consternation; "the money gone!"

"Gone?" Mrs. Perley looked ready to faint.

"The notes are gone, both of 'em. Who upon earth! Somebody's robbed us, wife. The money couldn't have been taken without hands!"

"But we haven't left the house alone since the doctor settled that account," cried Mrs. Perley peering behind the drawer and spying a cobweb for her pains.

"I don't know what to think," ejaculated the deacon, sinking into a chair with head bowed and a hand on each knee.

"The idea of anybody's ransacking this desk here in our kitchen. It must have been a bold thief! Besides you're in the habit of keeping your money in the bank. Who knew you had this in the house?"

"Donald knew."

"Of course, but he wouldn't have told!"

"He was at liberty to go to the desk as often as he chose;" went on the deacon slowly; "he had his pens and paper in it. I never once thought—"

"Husband, you don't suspect,—you don't mean to say you suspect—Donald?" interrupted Mrs. Perley. "Oh, he would'nt steal. It isn't possible."

"No, it doesn't seem possible," said the deacon, getting up and dissecting the desk anew.

"It didn't make much impression on me at the time," said he reflectively after a thorough and fruitless search, "but now I look back upon it Donald certainly acted queer this morning. When I told him he'd been a faithful boy he hung his head and never met my eye. I never saw him afraid to look me in the face before."

"I can't believe he took the money," said Mrs. Perley.

"It's a mystery," said the deacon. "There's one thing plain enough; this knocks the Jersey in the head," and he went out to put up the horse.

"Human natur' is week. I feel condemned for leaving temptation in the boy's way," said he that evening, when hours of anxious meditation had strengthened his belief in Donald's guilt. "I have decided, Susan, to write him as considerate a letter as I'm capable of, and tell him if he'll send the money right back, and agree to be honest from this time on I won't expose him."

"Maybe you'd better," sighed Mrs. Perley, worried into a sick headache. And because the missive when finished sounded to her a little stern she dragged herself up from the lounge to add a motherly postscript.

"Mr. Tarleton may be a smart man but he's no great of a penman, that's sartin," remarked her husband, that moment engaged in copying Donald's address sent by the architect. Deacon Perley prided himself on his plain up-and-down strokes and the envelope he directed to Donald C. Burns, 132 Peach street, Boston, might have been read across the room.

The letter was dispatched Friday morning. The very earliest date at which an answer could be received would be Saturday night. The Saturday evening mail arrived, and with it a missive to Deacon Perley bearing the Boston postmark! It contained a blank sheet of paper enclosing a one hundred dollar bill!

"The identical note! I know it by the patch in the back," said the deacon, throwing it into his wife's lap. "But where's the other fifty. Does the young rascal fancy he can cheat me out of it? I guess he'll find himself mistaken!"

"And not a word of penitence or thanks to us for screening his offence," continued the deacon with increasing wrath. "I'll give the boy one more chance, and if he doesn't return every cent I'll have the law on him."

Fierce and inexorable though it was, the second letter provoked no reply. Deacon Perley pocketed the affront for a fortnight, and early on the morning of the fifteenth day put the case in the hands of Squire Bowdoin. At the very moment of this legal transaction Donald Burns was crossing Boston Common whistling so merrily one would never have suspected him of bearing a burden conscience.

A few days later as he was busily drafting in the office the high-sheriff of Ogden walked in.

"How are you, Mr. Blair? And how's everybody?" cried Donald starting up quickly. "You're the first neighbor I've seen."

"I've come for you," said Mr. Blair, [illegible] ing him keenly in the eye till the [illegible] en to the pale beneath the scrutiny.

"Come for me! What for [illegible] happened to the Perleys?"

"How innocent you are! [illegible] boy, something has happened to [illegible] some- you'll have to account for," said the sheriff laying a rough hand on Donald's arm "You're over-acting your part, young man. I've come to arrest you for theft."

"Theft! Arrest me for theft! Oh, you can't scare me, Mr. Blair. I know your jokes."

"You'll find it a serious joke to be lodged in jail," said the sheriff, marching the resisting boy past Mr. Tarleton who was just entering.

"It's some mistake, Mr. Tarleton," cried Donald, "I shall come back to-morrow."

Vain prophecy. Moons waxed and waned before the lad re-visited the metropolis. He was taken directly to the Ogden jail there to await the assizes. After weary weeks the case was brought to trial. By the advise of his counsel Donald pleaded innocent. The counsel for the plaintiff labored to prove that the prisoner had stolen from Deacon Perley one hundred and fifty dollars, and that afterwards in compliance with the deacon's demand, and through fear of public disgrace he had returned one hundred dollars. The defendant on the other hand declared upon oath that he had received no letters from Deacon Perley, and that he had never set eyes on either of the bills since he saw Deacon Perley lock them into the drawer.

As evidence against the prisoner the envelope that had contained the money received by Deacon Perley was produced in court. The Boston post-mark was legible; the superscription equally so. This superscription was carefully compared with Donald's penmanship, and pronounced strikingly similar to them. Was it identical? Was the envelope, beyond all reasonable doubt, directed by the defendant? Donald's conviction or acquittal hung upon the answer to this query. If he had addressed the envelope that fact would in itself be conclusive testimony of guilt. In giving his charge to the jury the judge emphasized this point.

As the jury went out eager excitement prevailed through the court-room. Most of Donald's schoolmates were present, and Deacon Perley of course, not to mention the minister and a large part of his congregation. From door to further wall every inch of standing-room was occupied and the attention of all was fixed upon the young prisoner, who sat looking down with dry, restless eyes.

Since the beginning of the trial he had never shed a tear. "Because of his innocence," said a friendly few; "Because of his brazenness," said the hostile majority.

The jury was out a long time. At its reappearance a deep hush fell upon the crowd. All listened breathlessly for the words of the foreman. The jurors had failed to agree. Eleven were for conviction, but the twelfth wavered; he doubted whether the envelope in question had been superscribed be the defendant. Thus, no verdict having been rendered, the case must be carried up to the higher court. Meanwhile the prisoner was remanded to jail.

Overcome by the announcement Donald buried his face in his hands. Had he been less wretched he must have observed the stir near the door at that moment, and have seen Dr. Wrenn enter, and without a word of greeting to right or left walk straight to the judge's bench. The spectators felt instinctively that his unexpected arrival had some mysterious bearing upon the trial, and closely watched his ensuing colloquy with the judge.

"Our friend, Dr. Wrenn, wishes to make a statement which may throw light upon this suit," said the latter presently, addressing the assembly.

The doctor immediately stepped upon the witness-stand and began as follows:

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury: Having heard in another hemisphere of the impending trial, and believing the prisoner unjustly accused, I have crossed the ocean earlier than had been my intention. I beg leave to testify in his behalf. On the third day of November last, as some of you may remember, I set out for Boston there to take a European steamer. A half-hour before the train was to leave, having occasion to open my pocket-book I missed a one-hundred-dollar bill. There were circumstances leading me to suspect a certain individual and I flatly charged him with having stolen the money. He was startled into confession; expressed the deepest remorse; and offered immediate restitution of the sum. But to my dismay the note he tendered me was not the one I had lost. I recognized it instantly as a worn and mended one given by myself a few days previous to Deacon Perley. Fairly cornered the wretch was forced to admit that he had appropriated this note also, but in the same breath he swore so solemnly that these were the only funds ever embezzled by him that he wheedled me into crediting it. Besides I had no time for further investigation. I was obliged to act on the spur of the moment. I made him enclose Deacon Perley's note in an envelope, and as the fellow cannot write I myself addressed this to Deacon Perley, disguising my hand. To insure its safe delivery I took charge of the letter, but I regret to say forgot to post it till the following day in Boston. By this strange fatality I forged a link in the chain of evidence against my friend Donald. I cannot sufficiently deplore my unwise clemency toward the real culprit, but in concealing his guilt I was actuated by the hope of reforming him, a young man in my employment for whom I had a lingering regard."

At this point all eyes turned upon an individual slinking hurriedly toward the door. While speaking Dr. Wrenn had not for an instant lost sight of him.

"Seize the fellow. Don't let him escape!" he now cried in a voice of thunder. "Citizens, there goes the culprit. Officer, you can now proceed with your duty, and arrest James Nolly in the name of the law!"

No alternative remaining to him, James made a virtue of necessity and acknowleged himself to have been the sole perpetrator of the robbery. As he held Dr. Wrenn's horse in front of Deacon Perley's kitchen window on the evening referred to, he had seen the bills deposited in the desk, and marked the hiding-place of the key. He had returned at midnight, entered the house through a back window, and abstracted the money from the drawer, carefully replacing the key where he had found it. In vain the craven knave appealed to the mercy of the court. He was handcuffed and led to jail to await his merited punishment.

As for Donald his name was promptly erased from the docket. Friends and neighbors hastened to congratulate him, and Deacon Perley, as penitent now as he had been pugnacious, wrung his hand, crying in a broken voice, "You're true blue, my boy! May the Lord forgive me for doubting it."

"But one point still puzzles me, Donald," said Mr. Tarleton the day after the lad's return to him. "Why didn't you receive those letters from the deacon?"

"He mistook the address," answered Donald blushing roguishly. "For *Pearl* he read *Peach* street."

"Indeed! So it was my blind writing that complicated the case! I beg your pardon, Donald. Among us all I'm amazed that we didn't convict you."—*Wide Awake.*

The Sunday School.

Joseph Exalted.

LESSON 2, SUNDAY, APRIL 10, 1887.

Golden Text.—Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Psa. 37: 5.

LESSON TEXT.

Gen. 41: 38-48.

38. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?

39. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art:

40. Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou.

41. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.

42. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck;

43. And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, Bow the knee, and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

44. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in the land of Egypt.

45. And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah; and he gave him to wife Asenath the daughter of Potipherah priest of On. And Joseph went over all the land of Egypt.

46. And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh, king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt.

47. And in the seven plentiful years the earth brought out by handfuls.

48. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities; the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Can we find such a man as this, a man in whom the Spirit of God is? (v. 38.) Sooner or later a good man is sure to be in demand. It may seem for a while as if God's universe was so arranged that the well-doer is at a disadvantage here among men; but the time comes when character is at a premium, even among who care only for their personal interests. And when the time does come, such men are found to be a rarity. In ancient Egypt, in ancient Greece, in modern England and America, a man needs a lantern at noonday in order to find as many good men and true as the world needs for the world's best work. If a young man nowadays wants to fit himself for the one most honorable sphere in the world, where both the demands and the rewards are greatest, let him set himself to gain a good character, to be a man in whom the Spirit of God is. Before he is more than ready for that place, there will be a royal commission started out to hunt for him; and he will have a better position in life than any other sort of advantage could bring him. Here is the opening of openings for the young man of the noblest ambition; yet it is likely to be entered by some young man who has had no thought in advance of winning the world's honors.

Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou (v. 39.) There is no teaching like God's teaching. He learns most who always counts himself as God's scholar. This is as true in one sphere as in another. Even a child at school, or a young person at college, or a professional man in his line of practice, needs God's help continually, and ought to ask for it day by day and step by step. No man should open his Bible to read a passage—far less to study or to teach; no man should take up his pen to write a line; no man should essay to do any work, or to enter upon any conversation—without at least a mental prayer for God's guidance in this new undertaking. And in the long run he will be found discreetest and wisest to whom God has shown the truth; as God is always ready to show it to any child of his who turns to him in teachableness and faith.

Over all the land of Egypt (v. 41.) Light began to break through the Lord's plan's for Joseph. The envy and hatred of his brethren, his being sold into slavery, his being lied about, his being cast into prison—all these things had worked together to push Joseph forward toward the palace of the foremost king of the earth; all had helped to make him ruler "over all the land of Egypt." Would Joseph have been tempted to complain at any step of the way, if he had seen the end from the beginning? Ought we to complain at the Lord's leadings in our case, in view of such a disclosure as this of his goodness towards Joseph? The Lord is as loving now as then, and he is just as wise. His plans for us are as well formed as were those for Joseph; and he is careful in carrying them out from first to last. No step in the Lord's way for us could safely be omitted. And the end is a throne—a better throne than that which was over all the land of Egypt. There is nothing between us and that throne that we ought to complain of; and we shouldn't complain, if we saw as it is; "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us-ward."

They cried before him, Bow the knee (v. 43.) There is nothing like success to give popularity. If a man gets the nomination for a high office, he grows in the public estimate. But if he is elected, all who are in office, and all who would like to be, as well as all who have friends in or after office, willjcry "Bow the knee." A more sure basis of prosperity is that which was recorded of Joseph in the prison, that "the Lord was with him." After that basis we would all do well to strive earnestly. But this record, that all the people cried "Bow the knee" before one who had been a prisoner only shows that God is the source of all power and all favor." He putteth down one and lifteth up another". After the favor of the people like "the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the water-courses; he turneth it whithersoever he will."

I am Pharaoh (v. 44.) Our confidence in any promise must be measured by our confidence in him who gives the promise. There are "mercantile agencies" to tell men in business how many dollars every business man's word is worth. And there are tests which are never put on record which show us how far we can can safely trust those who pledge us their unswerving friendship. When God gives a promise he says, "I am the Lord." Our confidence in that promise depends on our confidence in God's fidelity. While God is true, every promise that he has ever made holds good. What reason have you for doubting a promise of God?

Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah (v. 45.) "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and it is a great deal harder to get, too. A man must be good himself either to get or to hold a good name. And if he is good, his name will be good in the long run. Even if a new name has to be given to him, he will have the name which fits him before he dies. It is of no use for you to complain about the name which you have in the community. The trouble is not with those who give the name, but with the one whom it sticks to. Calling you "Israel" would not make you a prince of God while you lived by supplanting your fellows. And even if you have been in prison, or were once a slave, you may win such a name as Zaphnathpaaneah (whatever that means) if you have the Lord with you, and in his name do good service to your fellows.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

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A Horse Gave Him Dead Away.

"A horse has played an important part in Frank Bowman's domestic drama," said a man from St. Louis at the Grand Pacific to the Chicago *Herald* reporter. "Mr. Bowman once owned a horse which his first wife was very fond of driving. One day Mrs. Bowman rattled down a quiet street in her coupe. The old horse trotted along at a good gait until he came in sight of a little brown cottage setting well back from the street, when he suddenly swerved out of the roadway, without any guidance from the reins, and came to a dead stop before the gate. Mrs Bowman thought this rather strange, and, whipping up the old horse, started home.

"Three or four days later she was driving along the same quiet street when the horse again swerved out of the roadway and stopped before the little cottage. Her curiosity being thoroughly aroused, Mrs. Bowman alighted from her coupe, walked up the pathway to the house and rapped at the door. A very pretty woman responded to the knocking.

"'Will you be so kind as to tell me who lives here?' asked Mrs. Bowman, surveying the pretty cottager from head to foot.

"'Oh, certainly,' replied the woman, 'Mrs. Bowman lives here.'

"'Oh, is that so?' said the first Mrs. Bowman, turning to leave. 'Pardon my intrusion.'

"A few months later the Mrs. Bowman who rode in the coupe got a divorce from her husband, and now the Mrs. Bowman who lived in the cottage has been making things torrid for the St. Louis lawyer."

—Many persons habitually suffer from headache, more or less periodic, strange nervous sensations, indifference to food, and an indescribable depression of spirits which they can assign no reason for. Malaria in the system is often the real cause, and *one dose* of Shallenberger's Pills will work wonders. A few more doses will remove all the trouble.

New Li[illegible] About Old Lace.

Rash assertions, like white lies, should be carefully distributed. There was a young woman at a private ball at Delmonico's the lace on whose gown was greatly admired for its rarity and exquisite texture. "Yes," she said with that sweet smile monopolized by the beauties of Matriarches, "yes; isn't it lovely? It was on gradmamma's wedding dress, know you." Soon after, a superbly preserved woman had told at least a dozen people at the ball that she knew for a positive fact that the grandmamma referred to was married in a green silk "without an inch of lace on it." It is often in this way that our fondest hopes decay, and here "Vanity assumes her pet grimace," to quote the man who has something to say about loud laughter and vacant minds.—*New York Mail and Express.*

"I have been afflicted with an Affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diptheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to Brown's Bronchial Troches."—*Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

Origin of Muslin.

Muslin, as it is now throughout the world so from the earliest antiquity, has been everywhere in Asia in favorite use as an article of dress and of furniture. Its cloud-like thinness and its lightness were not the only charms belonging to this stuff. It was esteemed equally as much for the taste with which stripes of gold had been woven in its warp. As we learn from the travels of Marco Polo, the further of all wayfarers in Asia [illegible] among Eastern nations the higher[illegible] found the point of excellence which has been reached in weaving. Like many cities [illegible] earned for itself a reputation of old for the beauty of its textile. Cotton grew all around it in plenty, and the inhabitants, especially the women, were gifted with such quick feeling of finger that they could spin thread from cotton of more than hair-like fineness.

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

The Bible and Temperance.

The *Christian at Work* vigorously says: "Only the judgment-day will reveal the egregious blunders and tergiversation and downright lying resorted to make the Bible by turns a sin to drink a glass of wine book and a boiled-grape-juice book." To which the Boston *Christian Register* adds: "In the temperance reform, as in theology, the Bible has been twisted and tortured to make it support preconceived theories. The Bible is a temperance book, though not a total abstinence book. The total abstinence movement, in which we strongly believe, must be supported on more modern grounds." Obstinate obstructors of the Bible's work are the cranks who go to it for texts to support their every notion of reform.

—"Can't eat a thing." Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, regulating digestion, and giving rest.

A Lively Death.

An oysterman whose "saloon" used to be on Maine street, was the slowest man in the state. One day he died, and soon after a citizen said to Erastus, the oysterman's son: "Erastus, your father died rather sudden, didn't he?" "Well, yes," said Erastus, "sudden for him."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION is free from Opium in any form, and therefore perfectly safe.

If you have a cough without disease of the lungs, so much the better. A few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

It cannot be asserted that every case of Consumption may be cured by this medicine, but it is true that thousands of lives will be saved if they do not delay too long.

By druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

EATEN BY RABBITS.—I have between 300 and 400 young peach trees. The rabbits have eaten the bark off the trunks of them this winter. Some are girdled clear around. Can you give me a recipe for a wash that will help them? Please inform me through the columns of the BLADE FARM.—WALTER MARTIN, Beaver county, Pa. [For the trees that have been entirely girdled, take young cions or slips from the tree. Then cut a slit in the bark below where the rabbits have nibbled and insert the cion. Next cut a slit above where the bark has been taken off and insert the other end of the cion. For a small tree two inches in diameter two cions will answer, but for a large tree three may be necessary. When you have completed placing the cions, make a mixture of stiff clay and cow manure. This should be thoroughly beaten to make a stiff plaster. Take this plaster and cover the wound on the trees with it, all around. Then wrap this with bagging or any coarse cloth. When the plaster is put on it should be well moistened. The trees that have not been girdled should be wrapped with the mixture, the same as those that have.—ED.]

PRESERVING EGGS.—Will the BLADE farm inform me of some good process for preserving eggs through the summer?—L. M. HILL, Bradford county, Pa. [There are several processes which are claimed to be good. One is: Put into a tub or vessel one bushel of quick lime, two pounds of salt and a half pound of cream tartar. Mix the above with as much water as will make a liquid that will float an egg so that it will swim with the top just above the liquid. Then place fresh eggs in, being careful not to crack any of them. Eggs packed in fine salt will keep for a length of time. In the keg or jar used, put a layer of salt an inch deep on the bottom, then set a layer of eggs on their large ends on the salt, near together, pressing them down into the salt half an inch. Then put in other layers of salt and eggs alternately till the keg or jar, or a barrel for that matter, is full, with two inches of salt on the top layer of eggs. Keep in a cool, airy place. Eggs kept in this way need no salt when cooked.—ED.]

THOSE HENS.—Will some of the readers of the BLADE tell me what to do for my hens? They become blind, usually in both eyes, but sometimes only in one, and it comes on very suddenly. They will seem to be all right one day and blind the next. The eyelids are swollen and inflamed, and all parts of the head which are usually red, become of a yellowish white color, and the eye sometimes looks as if there was a film over it. If they get very bad they lose their appetite. Some die and others get well. I greased their eyes, and then sometimes they would scratch them open. I sometimes find under their wings a bunch of feathers matted together and dry. If anyone can tell the cause and remedy I will be very thankful.—A. M. WALSH, Colorado. [Your fowls are troubled with roup, a very common disease, usually caused by cold, dampness or crowding too many in a coop. When a fowl is seen to have the roup it should be removed from the others, and kept in a dry, warm place, or if several are attacked the entire flock should be kept in a dry, warm place, in which there will not be a direct draught of air upon them. To cure, take an old tin pan, cut up some splints and place in it, then pour a full tablespoonful each of pine tree tar and turpentine upon the splints, on this scatter a pinch of sulphur, and set the splints afire. The can should be set in the center of the coop, and should have a vent on the side near the bottom, so that the splints will burn readily. Shut the coop up tight and let the fowls inhale the fumes. This should be done when the fowls are put into the coop for the night. Do not put to much sulpher in the mixture. Clean heads of the fowls well with warm water, dry them, and then anoint their heads with crude petroleum. The cause of the matted feathers is that when the fowls go to roost, they put their heads under their wings, and as the watery substance escapes, it glues the feathers together.—ED.]

TO PUT UP FISH FOR SUMMER.—Please inform through the BLADE FARM how to put up fish for summer use. Will the common salt do? I put up about four barrels last Spring and made a failure.—E. W. SANDERLING, McMillan, Mich. To put up fish for Summer use, cut them open and clean out well. Have your salt near the kegs or barrels in which you wish to pack the fish. Scatter say an inch of salt on the bottom of the keg or barrel. Then take each fish separately, dip it sidewise in the salt, the open part of the fish toward, so that the salt will reach inside well. When this is done put the fish in the bottom of the barrel, open side down. After you have laid a full course of fish on the bottom scatter some salt over them. Then continue. Spread a little salt on each layer until the receptacle is full, putting about an inch of salt on the top layer. After the packing has been completed, head up the keg or barrel. The fish will make considerable brine. After they have been in the barrel for about a month, open the barrel, pour off all the brine, take out the fish, shaking the salt from each one. Then remove all the old salt in the barrel, and repack as in the first place with new, clean salt. Then head up your keg or barrel, and the fish will come out all right. Common salt will answer to pack with.

W. H. B., Nebraska: You are in error in supposing that your horse 10 or 11 years old is afflicted with wolf teeth. Wolf teeth in horses appear between the 1st and 5th years. As a general rule they do not remain in the jaw after being cut. Horses of the age of yours sometimes are afflicted with uneven teeth, the upper molar teeth being well protected with enamel on the outer surface, wear less rapidly than the lower ones, which are protected upon the inner side. On account of this, the upper teeth often look long, and become very sharp upon the outside. The best thing that can be done will be to rasp off the sharp edges of the teeth. Veterinaries have an instrument made concave, with a long handle. The rasp is on the hollow side. With this the teeth are easily rasped off. Rub the gum with borax or alum, powdered, one ounce; water, one pint, and feed soft or easily digested food.—ED.]

J. A. MITCHELL, Nebraska.—Your colt that is ruptured and is growing better, should be allowed to run another year before being castrated. You should have a veterinary examine him.—ED.

G. C., Phoenix.—Your horse has rheumatism. Give him 20 drops of tincture of aconite root every four hours until five or six doses have been taken. After this, take of bicarbonate of soda, 4 ozs.; sulphur, 8 ozs.; powdered saltpetre, 8 ozs. Mix and divide into powders, and give one twice a day. The horse must be kept in a comfortable stall, well blanketed, and rub the affected parts with oil of turpentine, 1 oz; laudanum, 1 oz.; soap liniment, 1 oz.; tincture of capsicum, 1 dr. Regarding the dose of jimson weed you speak about, a tablespoonful is a dose.—ED.

S. E. PRESTON, Iowa: We think your horse has what is known as water farcy. Give him arsenic, five drachms; extract of nux vomica, one drachm. Give this in a pint of water twice a day for four or five days. Touch the swelling with a stick of lunar caustic. The horse should not be allowed near others. Where there are running sores, wash them with a ten per cent. solution of carbolic acid. Do not use the same currycomb on other horses that you use on him. When a horse has acute farcy, there is but very little hope of a cure.—ED.]

JAMES CHALMERS, Polk county, Ia.: [It would require a personal examination to determine what should be done with your colt that was worked through the ribs, and which has been for some time a running sore. You should call a veterinary surgeon if you have one in your vicinity.—ED.]

J. A. STEELE, Iowa.: [For the lump on your mare, caused by being cut on a wire fence, blister it, and afterward dress with vaseline. A good blister is olive oil, 8 ounces; powdered flies, 1 ounce. Digest in a water bath three hours and then filter.—ED.]

G. W. CARMACK, Illinois.—Your cow, we think, is afflicted with rheumatism. Give this in gruel to her every other day until three doses are taken: Oil of turpentine, ¾ oz.; bicarbonate of soda, 1 oz. For the leg that gets stiff rub well with salt and water, and after this is dry apply woolen cloths dipped in hot water. Repeat the rubbing and application of cloths every day for three days. Keep the cow in a dry, comfortable place, and do not let her out on a damp or rainy day.—ED.]

E. W. NILES, Kansas—The reason your five year old gelding does not chew his corn, is very likely because there is something wrong with his teeth. The horse's stomach has become debilitated. Give him this twice a day every other day for a week: Bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce; gentian, half an ounce; powdered nux vomica, 20 grains. Before administering the above the horse should be given a mild cathartic of aloes or of oil with ginger. A good carthartic, cooling is: Barbadoes aloes, two drachms; resin, three drachms; nitre, three drachms; ginger, two drachms; castile soap, two drachms. Beat up in a mass for one bolus. As to the disease, lampas, you speak about, it is an active inflammation of the fleshy vars in the root of the mouth, generally occurring in young horses. You may easily tell when a horse is afflicted with them by the unnatural look of the vars. Sometimes the vars swell so much that they project below the nippers, and are so tender that all dry and hard food is not masticated, or is refused entirely.—ED.]

S. A. BILLINGS, Iowa.—Your mare is affected with thrush. Give her at once a cathartic. (See answer to "E. W. Niles.") After this has operated, poultice her foot for 24 hours. Then have your blacksmith thoroughly clean the cleft of the frog and all surroundings, and apply this: Sulphate of copper, two ounces; sulphate of zinc, one ounce. Mix well with two pounds of lard and one of tar, and every night and morning cover it with a piece of tow and introduce it into the cleft of the frog. The animal must be kept in a clean stall, with a dry floor, well littered. The foot must be protected from sand, dirt, etc.—ED.]

SUBSCRIBER.—For the bunch resulting from cut on the postern blister it with mercury (bin-iodide) one drachm; lard or vaseline seven drachms, mix well together. After it has been sufficiently blistered wash with soap and warm water, and afterward wash with borax water, a tablespoonful of borax to half a pint of water. Pulverized borax may be had of any druggist.—ED.]

J. W. ENEARL, Nebraska.—For the swollen and inflamed udder of your mare, apply flaxseed poultices at once, when the abscesses will be brought to a head, which will be known by the smooth, polished appearance. It should then be lanced, and the udder bathed twice a day with melted lard, as hot as the animal can bear it. Give an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water every day for a week. Give the animal water only in moderate quantities and feed only dry food, such as does not produce milk.—ED.

WILLIAM NICKERSON, Nebraska:—[Your horse may be afflicted with nasal gleet, but from the description you give, we fear it is glanders. Be careful to keep him from other animals. If it be glanders no treatment should be attempted. The animal should be killed at once. Feel under his jaw, and see if there is a tumor. Is his eye watery, and is the lining membrane of the nose studded with small ulcers? If so, you have a case of glanders. If it be a case of nasal gleet, give the horse syrups of the iodide of iron twice a day for a week, in half ounce doses. At all events, you should have the advice of a vetrinary.—ED.]

Horses of the World.

Russia produces well toward half of all the horses of the world. The United States one sixth of all the horses of the world, and, with those produced in Canada, nearly one-fourth of those of the world. A French journal publishes a census of the horses of the world, which is given below in round numbers, but to the first ten countries named in the table and ending with Spain, must be added, as beasts of burden, 7,300,000 mules and donkeys. The table is as follows:

Countries.	Numbers
Russia	21,570,000
United States	9,500,000
Argentine Republic	4,000,000
Austro-Hungary	3,500,000
German Empire	3,500,000
France	2,880,000
Great Britain	2,790,000
Canada	2,624,000
Uruguay	1,600,000
Spain	680,000
Sweeden and Norway	655,000
Belgium	383,000
Denmark	316,000
Australia	304,000
Holland	125,000
Switzerland	105,000
Greece	100,000
Portugal	88,000
Total	54,720,000

Chemistry of Milk.

On the "Chemistry of Milk," Prof. J. T. Edwards remarked that a globule of butter is very complex in its make-up. The albumen of an egg is exactly the same in its composition as the venom of a rattlesnake, but they are differently combined. A chemical force pervades nature which converts its substances into something entirely separate from the original substances brought together and combined. One molecule of sugar of milk will break up into four molecules of lactic acid. In 100 pounds of milk you would have about six-tenths of a pound of salts. It is popularly supposed that skimmed milk is good for nothing, yet chemistry shows that it is almost as valuable as the whole milk. If add to a pint of skim milk one-fourth ounce of suet, you will have just as valuable a product for the raising of children as the whole milk.

OHIO FARMERS.

Their Financial Condition—Their Indebtedness—Consumption of Corn and Wheat Throughout the State.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Relative to the distribution and consumption of wheat, the department of Agriculture furnishes the following as extracts from the report of its agent in Ohio: The year 1886 was productive of a fair average corn crop and a full average crop of wheat; the distribution was remarkably even over the entire state, so that wherever these crops were grown there was a sufficiency for seed and the full average to apply to home consumption, without extraordinary demand on adjoining counties or sections, as was the case in 1886, especially with wheat, when that crop was in certain sections of the state almost a total failure the previous year, therefore the per cent. of wheat and corn represented in this report as being sold to go outside of the state, and that consumed in the state, being based on crops evenly distributed, has some significance in tending to show with some degree of correctness the distribution of the crops. In the stock-growing regions but little, if any, corn is shipped. It is generally very closely fed and marketed in the shape of beef and pork. The price of beef and pork regulates, of course, the consumption of corn.

On the subject of the debts of farmers the bureau officials give out the following in reference to Ohio: "In this state a decrease of indebtedness during the past ten years is reported. It is estimated that one-fourth of the farms are encumbered by mortgages to secure debts to neighboring farmers and bankers, and to insurance companies and Eastern capitalists. The smaller debts are generally due on local loans. The rate of interest is averaged at 7 per cent. There are a few farmers who have capital employed in other business. Ohio farmers are generally in good condition, though feeling severely the disappointment of low prices of certain staple products."

The following statement is an extract from the report of the state agent: "While the indebtedness of Ohio farmers is no doubt very general, it is very evident from the county records that the amount of farm indebtedness is less than it was ten years ago, and would be still less if taxation were more nearly equalized in the state. Everything possessed by the farmer is in sight for enumeration, and there is less evasion of taxation by farmers than by any other class of citizens. The farmer, therefore, pays his full proportion of taxation and also a great portion that should be paid by speculators in stocks and mortgages and other personal and valuable effects, much of which is never returned for taxation.

"More equal taxation would enable the farmer to apply his excess now paid to a reduction of his indebtedness, and a few years at most would see him free and independent of debt. The extent of farmers' property interests outside of farms is very limited. A few Ohio farmers have investments in Western lands and some in city property, but the surplus money of wealthy farmers rests, in many instances, in government and other good securities. There are, however, but few such farmers; most of them have only surplus sufficient to keep farm matters moving along."

CROP OUTLOOK.

Weekly Reports from Ohio, Michigan and Illinois—Generally Favorable.

CHICAGO, March 28.—The *Farmer's Review's* crop review of this week says that dry weather continues to prevail in Kansas and in portions of Missouri, which has caused some injury to winter wheat, though very few serious reports of damage are made, except in the former state. The tenor of the reports from Missouri, however, is still favorable for the crop. Illinois reports continue to be favorable, and the outlook is still regarded as very favorable for a full average crop. Some of the northwestern and southern counties of Michigan report damages, and the average for the state is below that of the preceding two years for this month. Reports from Wisconsin are nearly all of a favorable tenor. The reports from Indiana are equally divided as indicating fair to good prospects. In Noble, Seneca and Trumbull counties, in Ohio, prospects for wheat are poor, but throughout the state the outlook is good.

SUNDAY'S STORM.

CHICAGO, March 28.—Dispatches from various points in Illinois, Iowa and Michigan indicate that the snow and wind storm of Saturday night and Sunday was general and heavy throughout the Northwest. At Des Moines, Ia., the streets were blockaded all day Sunday and trains delayed. Fears are felt there for the spring wheat which has been sown.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper

REV. DR. TALMAGE AT KANSAS CITY.

"Cheer for the Disheartened," and How God Cares for Everyone's Soul—Salvation is Guaranteed to All Who Raise the Signal of Distress.

KANSAS CITY, MO., March 20.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Second Presbyteraith church of this place this morning. He arrived here yesterday from St. Louis, and is stopping over Sunday on his way to Topeka, Kan. After expounding an appropriate chapter, he gave out the hymn beginning:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

His subject was "Cheer for the Disheartened," and his text Psalm cxlii, v. 4: "No man cared for my soul." Dr. Talmage said:

David, the rubicund lad, had become the battle-worn warrior. Three thousand armed men in pursuit of him, he had hidden in the cave of Engedi, near the coast of the Dead Sea. Utterly fagged out with the pursuit, as you have often been worn out with the trials of life, he sat down and cried out: "No man cared for my soul."

If you should fall through a hatchway, or slip from a scaffolding, or drop through a skylight, there would be hundreds of people who would come around and pick up your body, and carry it to the home or to the hospital. I saw a great crowd of people in the street, and I asked, "What is the matter?" and I found out that a poor laboring man had fallen under sunstroke, and all our eyes were filled with tears at the thought of his distracted wife and his desolated home. We are all sympathetic with physical disaster, but how little sympathy for spiritual woes! There are men in this house who have come to mid-life who have never yet been once personally accosted about their eternal welfare. A great sermon dropped into an audience of hundreds of thousands will do its work; but if this world is ever to be brought to God it will be through little sermons preached to private Christians, to an audience of one. The sister's letter postmarked at the village—the word uttered in your hearing, half of smiles and half of tears—the religious postscript to a business letter—the card left at the door when you had some kind of trouble—the anxious look of some one across a church aisle while an earnest sermon was being preached, swung you into the kingdom of God. But there are hundreds of people in this house who will take the word that David used in the past tense, and employ it in the present tense, and cry out: "No man cares for my soul." You feel as you go out day by day in the tug and jostle of life that it is every man for himself. You can endure the pressure of commercial affairs, and would consider it almost impertinent for any one to ask you whether you are making or losing money. But there have been times when you would have drawn your check for thousands of dollars if some one would only help your soul out of its perplexities. There are questions about your higher destiny that ache, and distract, and agonize you at times. Let no one suppose that because you are busy all day with hardware, or dry goods, or groceries, or grain, that your thoughts are no longer than your yardstick, and stop at the brass-headed nails of the store counter. When you speak once about religious things you think five thousand times.

They call you a worldling. You are not a worldling. Of course you are industrious and keep busy, but you have had your eyes opened to the realities of the next world. You are not a fool. You know better than any one can tell you that a few years at most will wind up your earthly engagements, and that you will take residence in a distant sphere where all your business adroitness would be a superfluity. You sometimes think till your head aches about great religious subjects. You go down the street with your eyes fixed on the pavement, oblivious of the passing multitudes, your thoughts gone on eternal expedition. You wonder, if the Bible is true, how much of it is literal and how much is figurative, if Christ be God, if there is anything like retribution, if you are immortal, if a resurrection will ever take place, what the occupation of your departed kindred is, what will be ten thousand years from now. With a cultured placidity of countenance you are on fire with agitations of soul. Oh, this solitary anxiety of your whole life time! You have sold goods to or bought them from Christian people for ten [illegible]rs, and they have never whispered one [illegible]f spiritual counsel. You have [illegible]nd down the aisles of churches [illegible] knew that you had no hope [illegible] talked about the weather, [illegible]r physical health, and about [illegible] that concerning which you most want[illegible] to hear them speak, namely, your everlasting spirit. Times without number you have felt in your heart, if you have not uttered it with your lips: "No man cares for my soul."

There have been times when you were especially pliable on the great subject of religion. It was so, for instance, after you had lost your property. You had a great many letters blowing you up for being unfortunate. You showed that there had been a concatenation of circumstances, and that your insolvency was no fault of yours. Your creditors talked to you as though they would have a hundred cents on the dollar or your life. Protest after protest tumbled in on your desk. Men who used to take your hand with both of theirs and shake it violently, now pass you on the street with an almost imperceptible nod. After six or eight hours of scalding business anxiety you go home, and you shut the door and you throw yourself on the sofa, and you feel in a state of despair. You wish that some one would come in and break up the gloom. Everything seems to be against you. The bank against you. Your creditors against you. Your friends suddenly become critical against you. All the future against you. You make reproachful outcry: "No man cares for my soul."

There was another occasion when all the doors of your heart swung open for sacred influences. A bright light went out in your household. Within three or four days there were compressed sickness, death, obsequies. You were so lonely that a hundred people coming into the house did not break up the solitariness. You were almost killed with the domestic calamity. A few formal, perfunctory words of consolation were uttered on the stairs before you went to the grave; but you wanted some one to come and talk over the whole matter, and recite the alleviations, and decipher the lessons of the dark bereavement. No one came. Many a time you could not sleep until two or three o'clock in the morning, and then your sleep was a troubled dream, in which was re-enacted all the sickness, and parting, and dissolution. Oh, what days and nights they were! No man seemed to care for your soul.

There was another occasion when your heart was very susceptible. There was a great awakening. There were hundreds of people who pressed into the kingdom of God; some of them acquaintances, some business associates; yes, perhaps, some members of your own family were baptized by sprinkling or immersion. Christian people thought of you and called at your store, but you were out on business. They stopped at your house; you had gone around to spend the evening. They sent a kindly message to you; somehow by accident you did not get it. The lifeboat of the gospel swept through the surf, and everybody seemed to get in but you. Everything seemed to escape you. One touch of personal sympathy would have pushed you into the kingdom of God. When on communion day your sons and daughters went into the church, you buried your face in your handkerchief and sobbed: "Why am I left out? Everybody seems to get saved but me. No man cares for my soul."

Hearken to a revelation I have to make. It is a startling statement. It will so surprise you that I must prove it as I go on. Instead of this total indifference all about you, in regard to your soul, I have to tell you that heaven, earth and hell are after your immortal spirit. Earth to cheat it. Hell to destroy it. Heaven to redeem it. Although you may be a stranger to Christians in this house, their faces would glow and their hearts would bound if they saw you make one step heavenward. So intricate and far-reaching is this web of sympathy that I could by one word rouse a great many prayers in your behalf. No one cares for your soul! Why, one signal of distress on your part would thrill this audience with holy excitement. If a boat in any harbor should get in distress, from the men-of-war, and from the sloops, and from the steamers, the flying paddles would pull to the rescue. And if now, you would lift one signal of distress, all these voyagers of eternity would bear down toward you and bring you relief. But no. You are like a ship on fire at sea. They keep the hatches down, and the captain is frenzied and he gives orders that no one hail the passing ships. He says: "I shall either land this vessel in Hamburg or at the bottom of the ocean, and I don't care which." Yonder is a ship of the White Star Line passing. Yonder one of the National Line. Yonder one of the Cunard Line. Yonder one of the Inman Line. But they know not there is any calamity happening on that one vessel. Oh! if the captain would only put his trumpet to his lip and cry out: "Lower your boats! Bear down this way! We are burning up! Fire! Fire!" No. No. No signal is given. If that vessel perishes, having hailed no one, whose fault will it be? Will it be the fault of the ship that hid its calamity, or will it be the fault of the vessels that, passing on the high seas, would have been glad to furnish relief if it had been only asked? In other words, my brother, if you miss heaven it will be your own fault.

No one cares for your soul! Why in all the ages there have been men whose entire business was soul-saving. In this work Munson went down under the knives of the cannibals whom he had come to save, and Robert McCheyne preached himself to death by 30 years of age, and John Bunyan was thrown into a dungeon in Bedfordshire, and Jehudi Ashman endured all the malarias of the African jungle; and there are hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women now who are praying, toiling, preaching, living, dying to save souls.

No one care for your soul! Have you heard how Christ feels about it? I know it was only five or six miles from Bethlehem to Calvary—the birth-place and the death-place of Christ—but who can tell how many miles it was from the throne to the manger? How many miles down, how many miles back again? The place of his departure was the focus of all splendor and pomp. All the thrones facing his throne. His name the chorus in every song and the inscription on every banner. His landing-place a cattle-pen, malodorous with unwashed brutes, and dogs growling in and out of the stable. Born of a weary mother, who had journeyed eighty miles in severe unhealth that she might and the right place for the Lord's nativity—born, not as other princes, under the flash of a chandelier, but under a lantern swung by a rope to the roof of the barn. In that place Christ started to save you. Your name, your face, your time, your eternity, in Christ's mind. Sometimes traveling on a mule's back to escape old Herod's massacre, sometimes attempting nervous sleep on the chilly hillside, sometimes earning his breakfast by the carpentry of a plow. In Quarantania the stones of the field, by their shape and color, looking like the loaves of bread, tantalizing his hunger. Yet all the time keeping on after you. With drenched coat treading the surf of Genessaret. Howled after by a bloodthirsty mob. Denounced as a drunkard. Mourning over a doomed city, while others shouted at the sight of the shimmering towers. All the time coming on and coming on to save you. Indicted as being a traitor against government, perjured witnesses swearing their souls away to insure his butchery. Flogged, spit on, slapped in the face, and then hoisted on rough lumber, in the sight of earth, and heaven, and hell, to purchase your enternal emancipation. From the first infant sleep to the last step of manhood on the sharp spike of Calvary, a journey for you. Oh, how he cared for your soul! By dolorous arithmetic add up the stable, the wintry tempest, the midnight dampness, the abstinence of 40 days from food, the brutal Sanhedrim, the heights of Golgotha, across which all the hatreds of earth, and all the furies of hell charged with their bayonets, and then dare to say again that no one cares for your soul.

A young man might as well go off from home and give his father and mother no intimation as to where he has gone, and, crossing the seas, sitting down in some foreign country, cold, sick, hungry, and lonely, saying: "My father and mother don't care anything about me." Do not care anything about him! Why, that father's hair has turned gray since his son went off. He has written to all the consuls in the foreign ports asking about that son. Does not the mother care anything about him? He has broken her heart. She has never smiled since he went away. All day long, and almost all night, she keeps asking, "Where is he? Where can he be?" He is the first thought in her prayer and the last thought in her prayer—the first thought in the morning and the last at night. She says: "Oh God, bring back my boy! I must see him again before I die. Where is he? I must see him again before I die." Oh, do not his father and mother care for him? You go away from your Heavenly Father, and you think he does not care for you because you will not read the letters by which he invites you to come back, while all heaven is waiting, and waiting, and waiting for you to return. A young man said to his father: "I am going off: I will write to you at the end of seven years and tell you where I am." Many years have passed along since that son went away, and for years the father has been going to the depot in the village, on the arrival of every train, and when he hears the whistle in the distance he is thrilled with excitement, and he waits until all the passengers have come out, and then he waits until the train has gone clear out of sight again. And then he goes home, hastening back to the next train; and he will be at every train until that son comes back, unless the son waits until the father is dead. But oh, the greater patience of God! He has been waiting for you, not seven years, not nine years, but for some of you twenty years, thirty years, forty years, fifty years—waiting, calling—waiting, calling, until nothing but omnipotent patience could have endured it. Oh, my brother! do not take the sentiment of my text as your sentiment. We do care for your soul. One Sabbath night years ago in my church in Brooklyn, a young man appeared at the end of the platform, and he said to me: "I have just come off the sea." I said: "When did you arrive?" Said he: "I came into port this afternoon. I was in a great 'blow' off Cape Hatteras this last week, and I thought that I might as well go to heaven as to hell. I thought the ship would sink; but, sir, I never very seriously thought about my soul until to-night." I said to him: "Do you feel that Christ is able and willing to save you?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I do." "Well," I said, "now are you willing to come and be saved by Him?" "I am", he said. "Well, will you now, in the prayer we are about to offer, give yourself to God for time and eternity?" "I will," he said. Then we knelt in prayer, and after we had got through praying he told me that the great transformation had taken place. I could not doubt it. He is on the sea now. I do not know what other port he may gain or lose, but I think he will gain the harbor of heaven.

"Star of peace, beam o'er the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea."

It was sudden conversion with him that night. Oh that it might be sudden conversion with you to-day! God can save you in one moment as well as he can in a century. There are sudden deaths, sudden calamities, sudden losses. Why not sudden deliverances? God's Spirit is infinite in speed. He comes here with omnipotent power, and He is ready here and now, instantaneously, and forever, to save your soul. I belive that a multitude of you will to day come to God. I feel you are coming, and you will bring along your families and your friends with you. They have heard in Heaven already of the step you are about to take. The news has been cried along the golden streets, and has rung out from the towers: "A soul saved! A soul saved!"

But there is some one here to-day who will reject this Gospel. He will stay out of the kingdom of God himself. He will keep his family and his friends out. It is a dreadful thing for a man just to plant himself in the way of life, then keep back his children, keep back his companion in life, keep back his business partners—refuse to go into heaven himself, and refuse to let others go in.

A young man, at the close of a religious service, was asked to decide the matter of his soul's salvation. He said: "I will not do it to-night." Well, the Christian man kept talking with him, and he said: "I insist that to-night you either take God or reject Him." "Well," said the young man, "if you put it in that way, I will reject Him. There, now, the matter's settled." On his way home on horseback he knew not that a tree had fallen aslant the road, and he was going at full speed, and he struck the obstacle and dropped lifeless. That night his Christian mother heard the riderless horse plunging about the barn, and mistrusting something terrible was the matter, she went out and came to the place where her son lay, and she cried out: "Oh, Henry! dead and not a Christian. Oh, Henry, Henry! dead and not a Christian." God keep us from such a catastrophe.

NORTHWESTERN FLOUR.

Prices to be Marked Up to Prepare for the Inter-State Law.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 24.—The *Northwestern Miller* says that quite an improvement in water power was developed last week, making a decided gain in the output. The product was 114,380 barrels, averaging 19,063 barrels daily, against 97,000 barrels the previous week, and 90,000 barrels corresponding time in 1886.

The opinion among millers is that the business is liable to come to a standstill for a time after April 5, and the only way millers can prepare for the inter-state commerce law is to mark up prices of flour. This will doubtless have the effect of stopping purchases. The flour market is quiet and lower.

The Mississippi Tax on Drummers.

JACKSON, Miss., March 23.—In view of the decision of the Supreme court, W. W. Stone, auditor of public accounts, has notified all tax collectors in the state to cease collecting the privilege tax of $25 on ordinary "drummers" and the $250 tax on whisky "drummers," imposed by the last legislature, so far as it applies to traveling men representing houses outside of this state. The amount derived by the state from this tax was about $40,000 annually.

News of the Week.

SHERMAN IN THE SOUTH.

He Makes a Masterly Speech at Nashville, in Which He Discusses the Necessity of the South Becoming Republican—The Educational Question—A Powerful Argument.

NASHVILLE, March 24.—Senator Sherman and his party were driven about the city in carriages, calling at the capitol and at the house of Mrs. James K. Polk, at the Vanderbilt and Fisk universities, and at several of the manufacturing institutions. At night in the state capitol he spoke to an immense audience. His speech was as follows:

Fellow Citizens—I accepted the invitation of the Republican members of the legislature of Tennessee to address them on this occasion, not so much with a hope that I could encourage them by an expression of the healthy sympathy of the Republicans of the United States in their gallant struggle for Republican principles, as from the belief I entertain that a fair presentation made to the people of Tennessee, without distinction of party, of the aims and principles of our party, both in the past and for the future, might induce them to join with us in a public policy that will contribute to the interests of the people of Tennessee and of the whole country, more and greater benefits and advantages than can possibly be conferred upon them by the Democratic party.

I have felt that the differences that grew out of the war now hold a large body of honest and patriotic citizens of the South from co-operating with the Republican party who, in my judgment, are now in sympathy with us, and that, perhaps, I might be able to dissipate these prejudices by a frank statement of the views which have actuated the Republican party in the past, and thus bring us into co-operation in measures tending to advance the common interests and prosperity of our country.

At all events, I feel confident that the people of Tennessee, who from the very earliest settlement have been distinguished for their courage and independence, will give a stranger among them a fair hearing for honest opinions.

After speaking at length on the war and the results that followed, Sen. Sherman said he would turn to those questions of national politics which alike affect all parts of our country, and which alone ought to be the subject of political discussion.

What are these?

I answer: Taxation, currency, public credit, foreign and domestic commerce, education, internal improvements.

Topics not sectional, but of vital importance to all alike. Above all the mode of national taxation is the most important. It is interwoven with and dominates all other questions. Which ever party is in power will find it necessary to secure, by some form of taxation, about $300,000,000 of revenue. The constitution gives to Congress an almost unlimited power of taxation. It may levy imports, or duty on imported goods; excises, or taxation on domestic production or employments; and also direct taxes on property. From the nature of this power it is only limited by the public good and general welfare.

National Taxation.

Congress has very rarely levied direct taxes on property, for this is almost the sole mode of taxation for the support of state and local governments. And so with taxes on domestic productions, with rare exceptions, caused by the war or the result of the war, taxes have not been levied by Congress on any article of American production. At this time the only articles made in this country subject to a national taxation are whisky, tobacco and beer.

They have been continued so long only to pay the expenses growing out of the war, such as pensions and interest on the public debt and because from their very nature the tax cannot be levied by the state authority. If Tennessee should tax the production of whisky, tobacco, or beer it would only drive the manufacture into neighboring states, which levied no such tax. Another reason why these articles are taxed by Congress is that the tax is easily and cheaply collected, and is more freely paid than any other, perhaps because the consumer is so happy in using them that he does not think of the tax.

In this way over $100,000,000 of our national revenue is raised. But these taxes, though not felt as a serious burden, can be dispensed with, reduced or modified whenever it is deemed best.

There still remains the duties levied on imported goods, and in the mode of doing this lies the main issue between the Republican and Democratic parties. Both parties concede that these taxes or duties, on goods imported from foreign countries must be, as they have in the past, the main source of national revenue.

The Democratic party claim, however, that they shall be levied for revenue only, while the Republican party claims that while levied for revenue, they should be so adjusted as to protect, foster and encourage American industry.

The Protective Tariff.

The domestic production of manufactured articles in the United States for the year 1886 is roundly put at $5,500,000, of which amount about one-half, or $2,500,000, are domestic articles which compete with foreign productions. The amount of importations from abroad in 1886 was of the value of $625,000,000. The revenue received from the duties on these articles amounted to $188,000,000, making an avarage rate of duty of about 30 per cent.

The general idea of the Democratic party is to level these duties by such a rate approaching an ad valorem average rate as probably would produce the requisite revenue. The Republican idea is practically embodied in the tariff laws as they now exist, and perhaps the best way in which I can illustrate the difference between the two parties is by stating these rates and explaining the reason for them.

Of the $625,000,000 of goods imported $211,000,000, or more than one third are admitted duty free. The remaining $414,000,000 are subject to duties varying from 10 per cent. to over 100 per cent. It is the general policy of the law to admit, free of duty, all articles of foreign production that cannot be produced in this country, for which we have not the natural soil and climate, and yet which are in common use in every family here, such as tea, coffee, and similar articles.

The second rule is to admit free of duty all raw articles which cannot be produced in this country and are the necessary basis for domestic manufactures.

Such articles as chemicals, indigo, sulphur, india rubber, raw silk and the like are admitted free of duty. Under this provision perhaps 500 articles, described in 16 pages of the document I now hold in my hand, being the annual report of imported merchandise entered for consumption in the United States for the year 1886, are admitted free of duty.

On the remaining articles of import, embracing probably more than 1,000 in number, the whole customs duties are collected, amounting to $188,000,000.

These are classified into:

First.—Luxuries, consisting of wines, liquors and cigars, articles consumed mainly by the rich, which pay duty at a rate approaching or above 100 per cent. These are articles which cannot be readily smuggled, can be certainly received, and yield a large revenue. Jewelry, diamonds, and the like are articles of luxury upon which the highest duty is levied that can be collected, but as they are easily concealed on the person, and therefore, easily smuggled, rates of duty are imposed upon them as high as experience shows can be collected. There are also classed as luxuries a large amount of expensive dress goods, such as silks, fine cloths, satin or furbelos and the like, mainly for gentlemen and ladies wear, which also pay a high rate of duty and are purely articles of luxury, or ornaments consumed by the rich.

Second—The next class of articles are those which enter into competition with domestic manufactures, such as cotton goods, linen goods, woolen goods and innumerable articles made out of metals, and also raw articles, like iron, coal and similar natural products. Upon these articles are such a duty levied as will, without destroying competition, give to the domestic manufactures of similar articles what may be called a protective duty, ranging from 25 to 75 per cent—sufficient to encourage their manufacture in this country, and thus increase and diversify our productions.

Third—There is a third class of duties on a great variety of articles which come into competition with the productions of the farmer and planter. Among these are wool, live animals, wheat and various forms of grain, rice, sugar, and other productions of the South. On these such a duty is levied as will encourage our farmers in producing every article of agriculture suited to our climate and soil.

Under these general groupings I have classed all the numerous articles embraced in the tariff, with the duties on each carefully adjusted for the protection of home industry. This protective policy has been recommended by every President of the United States prior to Martin Van Buren and by statesmen of all sections, but was never put into effective force until the ascendancy of the Republican party in 1861.

The first really protective tariff was passed in the closing hours of Mr. Buchanan's administration and is purely a Republican measure, though signed by him. We have had now an experience of 25 years under this system and we can judge of its effects by actual results.

What Protection Has Done.

In 1860 the total manufactures of the United States were estimated at $180,000,000, including every variety of mechanical employment. As I have already stated these have increased to over $5,000,000,000 in value and nearly five-fold in quantity, and they include almost every article essential for human life. In the production of all these articles there is now free trade and close competition in the United States, and the price has been greatly reduced on all of them. They embrace almost every article used on the farm, in the workshop and in nine tenths of the families in the country. Our industry is now so diversified that there is barely an object of desire, outside of the luxuries of the rich, that is not produced in the United States, and our home industries are rapidly displacing the foreign article of similar nature and quality.

Formerly manufacturers were confined to a small region of the country, mainly New England and the East, and now these manufactures are diffused all over the United States, especially in the North, and rapidly extending to the South, especially to Tennessee and Alabama. In this way we bring together the consumer and the producer of nearly all the articles necessary to human life and happiness. We give to the farmer a home market for home products, so that now of all the products of the farm over 90 per cent. is consumed in this country and less than 10 per cent. exported abroad, though the aggregate of exportations of farm products amount to nearly $500,000,000.

In this way, also, we secure to the laboring man far better wages than are paid in any country of Europe, enable him to be self-reliant and self-respecting, to educate his children and to enjoy the substantial comforts of life. It is a system by which our industries have been increased and diversified, which makes this country, compared to others, the strongest, richest and the happiest among the nations of the world.

Benefits to the South.

You, in Tennessee, are now beginning to enjoy the benefits of this system. You have, perhaps, in your state a greater variety of natural resources than any other. The great divisions of your state furnish all the essential raw elements of human manufacture. You have stored in East and Middle Tennessee boundless fields of coal, iron, timber and marble, with beautiful valleys and running streams. You have in Middle Tennessee broader and richer valleys, unsurpassed for all the cereals and fruits of the earth, while in Western Tennessee you have the deep alluvial valley of the Mississippi and the Tennessee, capable of producing cotton and the chief products of a semi-tropical climate.

You are as deeply interested in the tariff question as Pennsylvania, for there is nothing in the way of natural resources in Pennsylvania that you do not possess in Tennessee. There is no reason why you should not convert your cotton into cotton thread and cloths and clothes and utilize your now wasted water power and your fields of coal and mountains of iron in the manufacture of cotton goods, pottery, glass, iron and steel in every form, and open up your quarries of marble for the markets of the world.

All that is needed to make your state rich and prosperous beyond all former experience is to accept the Republican policy of protection. Indeed, all that is needed in Tennessee is that it should become a Republican state. The Democratic party, if it has any fixed creed or policy, it is in opposition to protection. Mr. Carlisle, in his recent speech in Boston, says that the Democratic party is unalterably opposed to any tax, except for revenue only. But I sometimes doubt whether it has any creed or policy. I do not doubt the integrity and honesty of our Democratic neighbors but I do doubt their capacity, as a party, to deal with these great business questions. The platform is a Delphic oracle — a well balanced see-saw or saddlebag—the meaning of which "no fellow can find out," with Carlisle at one end and Sam Randall at the other. Their divisions last winter with a majority of 60 members in the House of Representatives were ludicrous in the extreme. With an overflowing revenue they could not agree upon a single proposition of reduction, but a majority favored the Morrison bill which proposed to leave the taxes on tobacco, sugar and clothing, but take them off of coal and iron, and those articles made of iron for which we have the greatest supply of raw material, and off of lumber and other materials which can be and ought to be furnished from our forests.

Without chart or compass to guide them, they would pick at and derange, agitate and disturb the magnificent industries built up by the Republican party, and you, good people of Tennessee, with unlimited natural resources and abundant raw material are expected to leave them all undeveloped to favor Democratic success rather than support a Republican policy manifestly in your interest, all because, forsooth, the Republican party did not agree with some of you about slavery and the war 25 years ago.

You are expected to pull the chestnut out of the fire in gratitude to a party in the North for its sympathy for you in the war, into which they encouraged you to enter and deserted you in your extremity. And now a Democratic administration, elected by chance, relying upon a Solid South, count your electoral vote as a certain quantity and absolutely indifferent to your interests, scheme and plan by the concentration of patronage and the free trade ideas of the great commercial city of New York, to carry the state of New York for the Democratic ticket.

In this way they would confine your industries to the growth of cotton and keep you out of the profitable development of your resources, and prevent that natural affinity of ideas and interests which formerly bound the great central and western states together. It is this unholy alliance that we should break up by a union of the manhood and patriotism of the country, North and South, in the support of what Henry Clay called the American policy of developed industries and internal improvements.

Take another question in which you are as deeply interested as any portion of the people in the United States, and that is

The Currency Question.

The Republican party has, for the first time in its history, furnished to the people of the United States an admirable currency of uniform value, composed of greenbacks, national bank notes, coin certificates, gold and silver coin, all equal to gold and equal to each other. These measures were adopted from time to time, and were finally perfected by the resumption of specie payments in 1879. Every measure proposed and adopted in regard to currency has been the work of the Republican party, opposed tenaciously by the Democratic party, and yet every man of ordinary sense can appreciate the enormous advantages which this system has brought to us.

Compare it with the currency of the good old Democratic times, when silver and gold were scarcely known to your people; when your currency was in ragged "red dog bank notes" and "shinplasters" easily counterfeited, of local circulation and uncertain value, when exchange was against you and your money at a perpetual discount? Within a few days I have been in Cuba and had an experience with this kind of money. A gold dollar was worth 100 cents; a paper dollar was worth 40 cents, and intrinsically worth nothing. Why is it the Democratic party in the olden times, when it had almost continuous power, could not deal with the currency question?

It was simply because, from their narrow notions of the powers of the national government, they would not allow, or denied the power of Congress to provide a national currency. The untold loss by their system of finance to the people of all the West, can only be measured by hundreds of millions of dollars. Our Democratic friends were no doubt honest in their view of the situation, but the result was the common misfortune of us all, and even now, enjoying all the blessings of a sound currency, they are constantly talking about first money—cheap money—as if this kind of money was not, as it always proved to be, a mode by which the poor are deprived of the fruits of their labor and the rich fattened upon the profits of the exchange.

How do our Democratic friends now deal with another money question? Republican administrations thought one hundred and forty millions enough maximum reserve in the treasury for current expenditures and to maintain specie payment.

In the campaign of 1886 our Democratic friends promised to dissipate this reserve, even promised to scatter enough money to buy each Democratic family two barrels of flour. They promised to cut loose from the Shylocks of Wall street. What has been the result of a Democratic victory?

The reserve has been constantly increased instead of diminished, and at times the surplus, above all demand, was over $200,000,000. The silver which our Democratic friends favored as the cheaper form of currency, which the government bought at $1 an ounce and coined as money at $1.25 per ounce, was stored away in the vaults, instead of being represented and used in the form of certificates for the purchase of gold coin and bullion, as previous administrations had done.

That Enormous Surplus.

Now, when an accumulation of money threatens to absorb the life blood of business, when the money cannot be applied to the payment of the public debt, as heretofore, this administration makes no proposition, suggests no expedient to reduce the surplus. The President will not allow it to be expended to improve our rivers and harbors; Carlisle will not even allow a vote on the reduction of the tobacco tax, or the payment of a bounty for the production of domestic sugar. They cripple the national banks by refusing them facilities to supply the void, and the result is we will have an extra session of Congress to relieve the stringency of the money market.

State Education.

The Republican party is in favor of aiding the states in the education of illiterate children by liberal appropriation of public money. This is considered an object of the highest public policy, for without intelligence no people can safely be trusted with political power. This is especially true as to the South, where a large population has been converted by the results of war into citizens with political power. As to these, at any rate, there could be no question that it is the duty of Congress to provide for at least the elements of education.

It so happens that on account of the sparsity of population of the South and the abolition of slavery, the proportion of illiterates here is much greater than in the North, where no such conditions have existed and where the great mass of children have received the elements of education at the expense of states, and yet Northern Republicans have been willing, out of the common treasury, to pay the Southern states a portion of this money two or three times greater than to the same number of people in the North. In the last Congress the Senate of the United States passed a bill making a large and liberal provision to aid the states in the education of their children. The Democratic party has thus far been able to defeat the proposition. During the last session a Democratic speaker refuse to recognize even Democratic members to test the sense of the House as to the bill. Thus, by the mandate of the Democratic party, not even an opportunity has been presented to take the sense of the House on the subject.

If this action is based upon a doubt as to the power of Congress to appropriate money for educational purposes, I can respect the doubt, but I do not believe there is any foundation for it. It is based upon the idea that ignorance is the strength of the Democratic party and intelligence is its bane. Then I think every liberal minded Democrat should be ashamed of the position of his party. I notice from the message of your Governor that he is in harmony with the Republican party in this question. He says: "My sense of duty to the children of the state compels me to say that if there is a surplus of money in the National Treasury, not applicable to the payment of the national debt, the appropriation of the same for this purpose, stripped of the conditions of federal supervision, would be an inestimable blessing to them."

The true strength of the Republic, its highest treasure and its greatest hope, is in the general diffusion of intelligence and information among the masses of the people and it will be the greatest triumph to Republican institution if the day shall came when every citizen of the Republic shall have opened to him the outer portals of intelligence, so that he may read, write and comprehend the constitution and laws of his country.

Internal Improvement.

Take also the very important question of the internal improvements, upon which there is an honest difference of opinion as to the extent and limit they should be made by the the national government. I am not in favor of mere local improvements which do not add to the general commerce of the country. All such can be left to the states or the interested enterprise of the citizens of the neighborhood. But as to the improvement of the great arteries of commerce, traversing or bounding states; as to the improvement of the rivers and harbors of the country, I believe, in common with the Republican party, that it is the duty of Congress from such money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated from time to time, to make proper appropriations for national improvements.

You have in Tennessee, it is said, the greatest length of navigable rivers of any state, the improvement of the Mississippi, Tennessee and Cumberland rivers are of the greatest importance to your internal and external commerce, yet your state cannot make these improvements. Such attempts have been made by many of the states, and have been abandoned.

One of the great objects of the formation of the government was to secure such improvements for commerce. The great cities of the country think that all rivers and harbors are unimportant except their own, and yet the commerce of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers is much greater in quantity and value than the commerce of the United States with foreign nations. No portion of the public expenditure is more prolific, or is more carefully disbursed than that expended by the engineer corps in the improvement of our rivers and harbors.

Cleveland's Narrow Mindedness.

If Pres. Cleveland had ever been west of Buffalo he would never have pocketed the river and harbor bill. I believe also that it is wise public policy to erect suitable public buildings to carry on the business of the country, wherever the amount of business will justify such an expenditure. The United States has the exclusive power over the great and main sources of revenue. The states have a great multitude of duties in the administration of justice, in the care of the poor; the education of the children, and in the improvement of their cities and towns, and have no resource except direct taxation. Wherever there are wise objects of national expenditure fairly falling within the limits of the constution in which the government of the United States may help the states, that aid should be given. I trust the time has long gone when the people will fear the subordination of the states to the national government. As Congress is composed of representatives of the people of all the states, it may be safely trusted to deal with the public money alike—the property of all, and whenever the expenditure is a national one, general in its nature, I can see no reason why the general government may not make the expenditure.

I appeal to you as sensible men, as patriotic men, whether you have derived any advantage from the success of the present administration which you would not have gained in a greater degree by the success of the Republican party?

Where are the Reforms.

You were told that a change was desirable to bring about reforms. What reforms have been proposed or adopted? They were to "turn the rascals out," but they have found none in to turn out, and have been compelled to give, in nearly every case, the outgoing officer a certificate of good character. They will hardly do the same with some they have put in. We tried in the Senate in vain to find out the causes of removals. They wanted to examine the books. They have had two years to do it but when or where have they found a rascal or defaulter, or a thief.

Fellow-citizens, I am one of those confiding individuals who believe the mass of men are honest and appreciate the value of a good character.

I will hold the same opinion of our Democratic friends until the contrary appears.

But I do, in the presence of you all, claim for the Republican party (and defy contradiction) that in the grandeur of its achievements, on the benefits it has conferred upon the people, in the patriotic motives that have animated and the principles that have dominated it, and the principles that have guided it in the fidelity, honesty, and the success of its administrations of great public trusts, it will compare favorably with the record of any administration of any government in ancient or modern times.

We ask you to aid us; to help us.

We make this appeal in the same words to the Confederate grey as to the Union blue, to whoever in our great country is willing in the future to lend a helping hand or vote to advance the honor, grandeur and prosperity of this great aepublic.

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.

Unfounded Rumors Regarding It—He Takes Plenty of Exercise and is in Good Condition.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Col. Lamont, in conversation to-day in regard to the President's health, showed that the fears recently expressed by Dr. Sowers are not shared by the President's family and his intimate friends. The President, Col. Lamont said, was, to all appearances, in perfect health. He did not think Dr. Sowers was in a position to judge of the matter, as he did not know the President, and what he said was, in the colonel's opinion, based merely on the assumption that the President was gaining flesh and took no exercise.

This was not the case. As a matter of fact, he continued, the President weighs less than when he first came to Washington and really takes as much exercise as most men. It is true, he does not walk about the city but he frequently walks in country and there are other ways in which he gets exercise. The colonel added that altogether the President is in good condition and there is no reason for apprehension in regard to his health.

—Slocum's Stenographic School, Buffalo, N. Y., is the largest and best in the United States. Situations obtained without charge. Circulars free.

Ladies' Home Journal
and
Practical Housekeeper

A monthly three years old, and so acceptable that it has four-hundred-thousand subscribers already—more than any other perhaps in the world.

You shall have it three months, beginning now, for ten cents. We want to put it in every family a quarter-year. After that you will know, yourself.

THESE ARE ITS FEATURES

Engravings as helps to understand the several parts—twenty a month, or thereabout.

Tales, tender, serious, humorous; and easy gossip on social and family subjects apt to get overlooked.

Mother's Corner: How to Kill the Baby, Baby's Feet, Government, When the Baby is Ready to Think for Himself, for examples.

Practical Housekeeper: How to do a great many things that have to be done and get done wrong sometimes.

Dress and Materials: Quick reports of new things in the stores and dressmaking haunts of New York, Philadelphia, Boston. Practical fashions, tendencies, stuffs—particulars hard to get and hard to tell of, but easy for you because print and pictures make them easy.

Artistic Needle-Work: Difficult things made plain, and easy things made easier.

Brush Studies: Not all painting by any means; all sorts of home decoration; things of use and beauty for home and home work and for afternoons out.

Flowers and House-Plants: Descriptions, instructions, questions answered, talks—by a man, because women never get such experience, and real knowledge never comes without it.

Hints on Etiquette and Manners: How to do and not do things and when—all sorts of things that make folks wonder where you were born if you do them (or don't do them) wrong.

Conversation Class: How we make ourselves ridiculous, how we miss that nice balance of ready thinking before folks that gives one ease—that hardest achievement, ease! Why, there's a world of things to be dug out of that. We should like to quote from the Journal itself; but wait till you get it.

Hints on Money-making for Women: All women can make a little money if they want to, no matter where, no matter what their stations (if there are any stations, which we doubt)—not much perhaps—a little—and very pleasant money too sometimes.

Advertisements: Too many—we are going to double the rate on the first of May and sift them out. The best are useful; not so pleasant reading, but useful. We couldn't do without them, nor would you. We share the money they bring with you.

A woman editor over every part and a woman editor over the whole. Written for women almost entirely by women. Such names as these:

Louisa Knapp is the editor
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
Marion Harland
"Josiah Allen's Wife"
"Jenny June"
Christine Terhune Herrick
Rose Terry Cooke
Harriet Prescott Spofford
Ella Rodman Church
Mary Abbott Rand
Clarissa Potter
Will Carleton

and a great many more, too many to tell of but not too many to please, amuse, instruct and help half-a-million families—we shall send to that number before the year is out.

TO SUM IT ALL UP

we are going to send you all this three months for ten cents—and after that there's a way to get it for nothing if you want to.

The best of it is—it is practical all the way through; by which we mean it is suited to millions of families. Why not put it in millions of families? We are doing our part. Will you do yours?

Address: Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

And postage-stamps will do.

Temperance Work in the South.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., March 23.—A well attended state conference of temperance workers was held here yesterday, prominent men being present from all parts of the state. A non partisan league was formed to secure the ratification of a constitutional amendment submitted to the people by the legislature four weeks ago. A committee was appointed to organize the state by counties and raise money to start an non partisan newspaper. At night a large mass meeting was addressed by Hon. J. Atkinson and other leading citizens.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Coronet won the ocean yacht race.

Northwestern flour is to be marked up.

Missouri will enforce a rigid Sunday law.

Cambridge won the University boat race.

Sunday storm injured spring wheat in Iowa.

Queen Victoria is visiting in Cannes, France.

Sen. Sherman made a ringing speech at Nashville.

The Knights of Labor call for Garlands removal.

New York and Brooklyn are to have a high license.

Big placer mines have been discovered in Arkansas.

Chicago is threatened with more labor troubles.

The Haddock murder trial is in progress at Sioux City.

A new extradition treaty has been concluded with Russia.

Haddock murder trial stirring up prohibitionists in Iowa.

The Knights of Labor are trying to become a power in politics.

Thirty Chicago county officials have been indicted for boodling.

West Virginia is to be organized in the interest of temperance.

Illinois legislature passed resolutions of sympathy for Ireland.

Canadians object to American vessels trading in Hudson's Bay.

Inter-state commerce will organize in Washington early next week.

Gladstone thanks Americans for their sympathy with his Irish policy.

The lake carrying trade this season will be heavier than ever before.

Blaine has started on a trip through the West. He will make no speeches.

Deposed King of Bulgaria is sued for money loaned to effect his escape.

The dressed beef trade in Chicago was greater last year than ever before.

Special session of court has been called to try the Missouri Bald-knobbers.

A commission is to be appointed to settle the Virginia state debt dispute.

Part of the plate stolen from the Hicks-Lord mansion has been recovered.

New York papers think Sherman's trip South was for Presidential purposes.

Contrary to the advice of his friends Rev. Fr. McGlynn will lecture in New York.

Unknown party attempted to assassinate a member of the Illinois legislature.

Peace has settled over Detroit by the resignation of the obnoxious Polish priest.

Latest proposition is to send convicts to Alaska instead of the penitentiary.

Ex-Sec. of the Senate Gorham is to write a biography of the late Edwin M. Stanton.

It is semi-officially denied that Russia has made overtures for an alliance with France.

A Nova Scotia bank cashier is probably fatally shot while grappling with an armed robber.

The great cotton handlers strike still continues at New Orleans and the business is paralyzed.

Canadian and American capitalists have organized a company to utilize the power of Niagara.

Sen. Sherman's Nashville speech has aroused the greptest enthusiasm in Tennessee and the South.

The steamer Arizona, from New York, has arrived at Queenstown. Sec. Manning is a passenger.

All the G. A. R. Posts in the United States are to contribute to a Grant Memorial at Washington,

Wisconsin legislature passed a bill compelling railways to grant passes to elective officers in the state.

It is feared that the inter-state commerce law will result in the larger railways crowding out the smaller.

The winter has been unusually hard on the cattle on the western ranges, and great losses are reported.

Col. Lamont says the President is in excellent health in spite of the assertions of physicians to the contrary.

Mississippi has repealed the tax on commercial travelers, and will thus loose about $40,000 annually.

The steamer Scotia, with 1,000 steerage passengers, went ashore on Fire Island. No loss of life yet reported.

Carter Harrison has permanently withdrawn from the head of the Democratic Municipal ticket of Chicago.

Unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up the building at Quebec where Salvation Army was holding forth.

After nineteen years the Illinois Supreme court annuls a secret divorce and illegalizes a subsequent marriage.

Railway accident near Pittsburg resulted in the death of the engineer and fatal injury of a number of passengers.

The experiments made by the French government with the "self-steering torpedo," at Toulon, have resulted in failure.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has presented Rosa Bonheurs great picture, "The Horse Fair," to the New York Metropolitan Museum.

Miss Palms, the Detroit beauty, of whom Sen. Jones, of Florida, is enamoured, is in court with a will contest involving several millions.

A Georgia colored girl says an angel told her the world would be destroyed in December. Revivals are in progress in Georgia, in consequence.

BLAINE IN THE WEST.

He Goes on a Business and Pleasure Trip and will Make no Speeches.

NEW YORK, March 28.—The western trip of James G. Blaine, on which he will start to-day, has been undertaken for recreation and business combined.

Mr. Blaine's daughter (Mrs. Lieut. Col. Coppinger) who is with her husband at Ft. Wichita, Indian territory, has been expecting a visit from her father for some time.

Mr. Blaine is interested in two mines in Colorado and desired to go to Denver on business. He will stop at St. Louis for a day on his way west, merely to rest and then go on to Denver.

On his return from Ft. Wichita he will come back by the way of Chicago and rest there for a day. The trip will occupy 20 days.

Mr. Blaine had a host of callers yesterday. He resolutely refused to talk politics with any one and positively repelled every effort to engage him in conversation about 1888.

He will make no speeches while he is gone nor accept any receptions.

Chairman B. F. Jones, of the Republican National committee, came up from Fortress Monroe to see Mr. Blaine. The fact that Sen. Hiscock should happen to be here at the same time created quite a mare's nest of political intrigue in some imaginative minds. The senator had been in Washington and was on his way home, and the fact that Mr. Blaine was here made no difference to him.

THE END OF THE WORLD

Coming in December—A Colored Girl Talks With Angels Who Foretell the End.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 23.—There is great excitement among the colored people and ignorant whites along the base of the Kenesaw mountain, in Cobb and Gordon counties. For some time a colored girl named Lillie Marles, near Calhoun, has claimed to hold converse with the angels, who told her many wonderful events of the future.

She was commanded to ascend the neighboring hill, where she would have a revelation made to her. She returned in deep ecstacy. She claimed that when she reached the summit an angel lifted her high up in the air, whence she could overlook the world.

"All shall be destroyed," said the angel. "On the first Saturday in December next an earthquake will swallow up Calhoun. This will be accompanied by a whirlwind, then a great fire will burn all that is left, and woe unto him who is not ready for the great day."

Many other things were said, all of which is listened to with the greatest interest by the colored people.

The excitement thus created has been fanned into a fierce flame by the appearance of a Greek cross suspended over Mount Kenesaw. It looked as if it were of rainbow origin. After hanging for half an hour before the astonished citizens it slowly dissolved. Several times since the apparition has been witnessed, and thus the terror which at first was confined to the negroes, has now extended to the whites, and the result is prayer meetings of great interest. The first Saturday in December is looked forward to as a day of terror.

NIAGARA FALLS PARK

To be Established in Commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

TORONTO, Ont., March 24.—The bill introduced in the Ontario legislature by Hon. Oliver Mowat, the leader of the government, to carry into effect the scheme of establishing a public park at Niagara Falls, is intended to mark Ontario's fealty to her imperial majesty in this her jubilee year. The Canadian reservation is known in the bill as "The Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park." The legislative enactment continues in office the present commissioners and adds two others, to be appointed hereafter.

Bonds to the amount of $525,000 are to be issued by the commissioners and guaranteed by the province, and such balance on hand after the commissioners have paid for the appropriated property is to be used in carrying on the work of necessary improvement. The commissioners have power to charge for the use of vessels or works to afford visitors facilities for reaching points of interest and for services rendered for the convenience or accommodation of visitors.

THE INTER-STATE COMMISSION.

Cooley, Morrison, Schoonmaker, Walker and Bragg Appointed by the President—Sketches of the Members.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—The President last night completed his list of Inter-state Commerce Commissioners, and gave the same to to the press. They are Thomas M. Cooley, of Michigan, chairman, appointed for six years; William R. Morrison, of Illinois, five years; Augustus Schoonmaker, of New York, four years; Aldace F. Walker, of Vermont, three years; and Walter L. Bragg, of Alabama, for two years. It is not thought the composition of the new organization will please the anti-monopolists. Cooley has been a prominent railroad attorney, and is now a railroad receiver.

Schoonmaker is understood to have behind him Smith M. Weed and the New York Central influence. Bragg was recommended by Sen. Morgan and the railroad interests of Alabama, while Walker was put forward by Sen. Edmunds, who called at the White House this morning and had a long interview with the President. Morrison was chosen mainly because of his prominence in revenue reform matters before Congress. Of the five commissioners Messrs. Morrison, Schoonmaker and Bragg are Democrats, and Messrs. Cooley and Walker, Republicans.

Until yesterday the names of Messrs. Schoonmaker and Walker were not decided upon, and it is not yet known whether they will accept, but it is believed they will. Considerable criticism is indulged that a Republican should be named by the President as first on the commission, but the law creating the commission gives the majority power to select a chairman from their number. It is stated that the President gave Judge Cooley the longest term as a recompense for his surrendering the receivership of the Wabash railroad system, which is more lucrative than his present appointment.

Thomas M. Cooley was born at Attica, N. Y., in 1824, studied law, and removed to Michigan in 1843, where he has since resided. He was elected a justice of the Supreme court of Michigan in 1864, 1869 and 1877. He is the author of standard legal works and is now receiver of the Wabash railroad.

William R. Morrison was born in Illinois, is a lawyer, and was in Congress from 1873 to 1879.

Walter L. Bragg was born in Alabama in 1838, but resided in Arkansas from 1843 to 1861. He was educated at Harvard and Cambridge law schools. He has been the law partner of Sen. Morgan. He has been president of the Alabama state railroad commission.

Aldace F. Walker is a Vermont Republican lawyer, 44 years old, who studied law with Sen. Edmunds. He has studied the railroad question extensively as a member of the Vermont state senate.

Augustus Schoonmaker was born in Ulster county, New York, in 1828, and is a lawyer in active practice; was a state senator and a close friend of Gov. Tilden, and in 1878 attorney general of New York, succeeding Fairchild. He was a delegate to the nominating conventions of 1876, 1880 and 1884.

The Inter-State Commerce Law And Its Effects Upon Business—What It Will Do to Railroads and Express Companies—Judge Cooley Will Accept—Gossip on the Commission.

NEW YORK, March 24.—In regard to the inter-state commerce bill, the *Herald* this morning publishes the following:

The main questions on the street are: "Will the operation of the bill affect business?"

"Will the products of any sections of the country be barred out of any other sections?"

"Will the bill result in great railway consolidations?"

Several interviews on these queries follow:

"What will the inter-state commerce bill do?" said Railway Commissioner Fink.

"Among other things it will ruin a great many railways, many branches of industry and many manufacturers who have thrived on competing rates."

"The bill is not beneficial then?"

"It would be if properly constructed. Some sections of it are admirable, but the greater portion of the bill is such as you might expect from men ignorant of what they are doing. They are impracticable, impossible, deplorable sections."

"What do you think of the claim now made that the bill was originated and engineered by the railroads which gave it just enough oppositoin to prevent its defeat?"

"Railway men wanted such a bill, but not in its present form."

"What is your opinion of its effect on business?"

"That it will either drive the producers of the far West to the wall or to the slow export via the lakes. I think the through lines will thrive on it, as they can make rates to the detriment of their local traffic without material injury to themselves, if not to the ruination of shorter competitors."

"Will it benefit the express companies?"

"Certainly, if it is true that they are not affected by it."

The opinion on the street is that several great systems of railways will consolidate and make such tariffs as will crush all lesser lines. It is said that the Pennsylvania and St. Paul systems, practically in the alliance now, will consolidate, and these will consolidate with the Northern Pacific, giving them a continental line.

It is rumored that the Vanderbilt system will also be put under one management. It is now known that the Baltimore & Ohio deal is the first outcome of the inter-state bill, and that the near future will see vast systems consolidated.

The general opinion which the various express companies have arrived at is, that they are not subject to the inter state commerce bill because they are not common carriers, but forwarders.

Ex-Sen. Platt, president of the United States Express company says: "We are evidently not affected by the bill, and expect to do the future carrying of the live stock and grain at rates lower than the freight lines can do it."

Mr. John Hoey, of the Adams Express company, says: "We are agnostics on the subject. That is, we don't know. We have decided that the express companies are exempt and can go on doing business at the old stand. We don't know what the bill is about; we don't know any one who knows; we never expect to know, and we don't believe any one ever will know. We are waiting the spectacle of the future meeting of the commission of men who know nothing about railway business and will look forward to their resolving on the subject with a pleasant smile."

United States Senator Vest, of Missouri, was seen at the Fifth Avenue hotel.

"What is your opinion of the inter-state commerce bill?" he was asked.

"I decline to be interviewed on that thing," he said in disgust. "Congress felt that it must do something on the subject, and the bill was rushed through without a knowledge of what it all meant."

It is understood that the various exchanges and shippers of New York are preparing for a general wor against the execution of the bill, and loud protests are being made.

TRADE IN HUDSON'S BAY.

Canadians Don't Like to Have American Vessels Up There.

OTTAWA, Ont., March 23.—Commander Gordon, who for the past three years has had charge of the Hudson's Bay expeditions, in his report to the government, draws attention to the large number of United States whalers and other American vessels which frequent the waters of the bay for fishing and walrus hunting, which he says also carry on extensive trading among the natives to the injury of the Hudson's Bay company.

Every United States whaler, he says is an unlicensed trader and competes with the Hudson's Bay company, which has to pay duty on all the articles they dispose of in the way of trade. The Dominion government have the matter under consideration of endeavoring to devise some means by which the encroachment of the fishery grounds may be prevented.

They hold that the same restrictive regulations which exclude American fishing vessels from other waters of the Dominion apply equally to the Hudson's Bay. The great difficulty in the way of extending the protective service to these northern waters is the enormous expense it would entail to keep a sufficient number of cruisers there to enforce the law.

BIG PLACER MINES

Causing Great Excitement in Arkansas—Heavy Finds Reported.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 28.—Private news from Golden City says much interest is manifested in the development of the gold mines at that place. These mines have turned out much fine ore during the last week, and preparations are being made to work them on an extensive scale. Black sand has been found, containing free gold, metalli ccopper, and platinum at the depth of 58 feet in what geologists claim to be the bed of an ancient stream. Drillings made at different points show these mines cover a distance of about three miles showing these to be among the most extensive placer mines ever discovered.

Snow in Connecticut.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 23.—The snow is from sixteen inches to two feet deep in the western part of the state, the Connecticut Western railroad will not get trains through to-day.

There is a drift from Boston Corners to Mt. Riga, over a mile long and from 15 to 25 feet deep.

A POWER IN POLITICS.

The Knights of Labor Have a Committee of Safety that is Scheming to Bring the Whole Order Into Politics.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 25.—It is announced here this morning as a fact not generally known that the Knights of Labor have a branch organization known as the Progressive committee, composed of delegates from the Knights of Labor, but in a measure maintaining a separate existence inasmuch as it has a general supervision of the whole body, and is sometimes called the committee of Safety.

One peculiar feature of this committee's work is the handling of the political situation, as it affects the Knights of Labor. It meets in this city on Sunday morning of each week and reviews the political and general situation. Whatever this body decides upon is the law for the succeeding week, and all elections in the political field is under its immediate control and general direction.

How many of the labor unions outside of the Knights are represented in this committee of safety is unknown outside of the order. For sometime past the idea of bringing the trades and labor unions into this political committee has been in the minds of the leaders of the order.

It was thought that if the trades and labor unions could be induced to send delegates it would greatly add to the power of the progressive committee.

Last night was understood to be the time when an effort would be made to bring the matter to a crisis—if the delegates could be brought to the point of sending in their representatives from the consolidated organizations of the unions of the city, of course it would carry the members of all the unions in a body to act politically according to the direction of the Safety Committee, and a power would be placed in the hands of this body that could be used for the furtherance of its ideas that would be almost irresistible.

A meeting was held last night and it is said that all the unions in the city were represented, but no definite information has yet transpired. It is admitted, however, that important business was transacted, and while it is not known that any political action was taken, it seems evident that the matter was discussed and that some preliminary move in the direction indicated was made.

THE GREAT COTTON STRIKE

Still Continues and Any Settlement Seems to be as Far Off as Ever.

NEW ORLEANS, March 28.—It was generally believed, and universally hoped, that a solution of the difficulty between the old and new cotton men's councils would be reached yesterday, and that work in the presses, which was suspended on Thursday, would be resumed to-day, but the opposing elements failed to agree

No cotton can be moved, as the New Council, which is on a strike, embraces in its organization a class of skilled laborers which can't be dispensed with in handling the staple and which cannot be replaced.

At a late hour Saturday the various weighers and re-weighers, and classers received written notice from their employers, the factors and buyers, that they should report for work as usual this morning, otherwise their services would be dispensed with.

This action was in accordance with the resolution passed at the meeting of the association yesterday afternoon. The notice, however, had no effect, as the weighers, reweighers and claszers feel certain that their places cannot be filled. The old Cotton Men's council stands firm in its refusal to disband and join the new council, and the situation is serious. While the trouble continues no cotton can be shipped or sold and the trade is paralyzed.

DISLIKE THE SALVATION ARMY.

Dastardly Attempt to Wreck a Building in Which They Were Holding Services.

QUEBEC, March 23.—The city is all excitement over a dastardly outrage committed last night. While the French portion of the Salvation army were at worship in the Jeffrey-Hale school hall, an explosion occurred in front of the building and immediately underneath a window from which a pane of glass was missing. The explosion completely wrecked the front of the building, filled it with smoke, and extinguished the gas, leaving the place in utter darkness.

The inmates were nearly frightened to death, the women fainting and screaming and the men rushing to and fro in the greatest excitement, unable to realize what had really occurred. When an investigation could be made it was discovered that no persons had been killed, but that two or three had been seriously injured. It seems almost a miracle that the building was not entirely blown to pieces and all the inmates killed. It is conjectured that the intention was to have the bomb explode inside the building and that it was dropped by the villain while he was attempting to get it through the broken pane. The conspirators are believed to be young men belonging to the higher classes.

COMPROMISE PROBABLE

In the Settlement of the Virginian Debt—A Communication from the Foreign Bondholders.

RICHMOND, Va., March 25.—Gov. Lee yesterday received a cablegram from Chairman Bouviere, of the council of the foreign boldholders of London, which he at once communicated to the legislature. Mr. Bouriere says: "The council will appoint commissioners to come to Virginia to confer with the representatives of the state for a settlement of the debt on receiving an assurance that the basis of any agreement which may be arrived at shall be the available revenue as mutually agreed upon after competent investigation, if the legislature will empower the governor to consent to the basis of compromise.

In the Senate Mr. McCormack introduced a joint resolution looking to the creation of a commission to meet the one referred to in Mr. Bouviere's communication.

TO UTILIZE NIAGARA.

Strong Company Organized to Supply Power from the Falls.

TORONTO, March 26.—A bill has been introduced into the Ontario legislature for an act to incorporate a joint stock company to be called "the Niagara Tunnel and Water Power company of Ontario."

The capital is placed ot $500,000, with power to increase the capital stock. The petitioners are the corporation of the town of Niagara Falls. Ont., besides many citizens of that place and elsewhere, considerable American and English capital also being represented.

The project is to utilize the natural water power afforded by the falls and the waters of the Niagara and Chippewa rivers, by constructing and operating an hydraulic tunnel from some point on the west bank of the Niagara river above the falls, or from the Chippewa river to some other point on the west bank of the Niagara river. The bill empowers the company to erect all the necessary buildings and to supply manufacturers and others along the route of the tunnel with hydraulic, electric or other power, for any purpose, by cables, machinery, or other appliances. The scheme has long been mooted, and the promoters are very sanguine of its success.

DEPLORABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Cattle, Horses and Sheep Dying by Tne of Thousands on the Ranges.

CHICAGO, March 28.—A correspondent writing from Bozeman, Mont., says that winter has, to all appearances, passed, we can approximase very close to the actual mortality among the range stock during the past winter. The death rate among cattle, especially, is wonderful. There is no doubt at all but that fully one-half of the cattle on the ranges throughout the territory have died during the severe winter.

There is not a single range but that the death rate is fully that great, and a great many of them will equal three-fourths or 75 per cent. With sheep and horses the loss is not near so heavy as among the cattle, but still the loss is great. Among horses and sheep on some ranges it is reported that one-half of the horses have died, and that sheep are still dying by thousands.

GOLD AND SILVER

Said to Have been Found in Large Quantities in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 23.—Eastern capitalists have recently organized a company known as the Sylph Mining company, and will sink a shaft on the Golden Era Lode, near Golden City. Recent returns from St. Louis show that this bed will yield gold worth $400 to the ton, besides other minerals of sufficient quantity and value to pay for working. The vein is over two feet in thickness at the depth of ten feet. Shaft No. 2, sunk on this lode by the Emily Mining company, struck a rich vein at the depth of eight feet. The recent discovery of gold in that part of the state has caused much excitement and the country is being flooded with prospectors and miners.

A rich silver lode has been discovered in White Rock Mountain, fifteen miles north of Ozark. A number of claims have been laid out are being worked. One company has been organized and is operating on what is known as White Rock lead, with every prospect of success.

A PLUCKY CASHIER

Prevents a Daring Bank Robbery—Although Covered by Two Revolvers, He Grapples with the Would-be Murderer, and Holds Him Until Assistance Arrives—A Brave Deed, which May Result in Death.

NEW YORK, March 28.—An Antigonish, Nova Scotia special, dated yesterday, says that the attempted bank robbery and murder there yesterday was one of the most daring acts in the criminal annals of Canada.

The offender is said to have been a principal in a bank robbery at Lewiston, Me., whence he escaped to Nova Scotia. He is Stanley Steele, of Guysboro, N. S. His wife and family are in Boston.

He is an accomplished penman, refined in appearance and of excellent address. He came to Antigonish Friday afternoon, registered at the Central House, directly opposite the Merchants' Bank agency, and went at once to his room.

Saturday forenoon he went to the station and made particular inquiries about the departure of trains and then called at the bank and made some inquiries about cashing a draft.

Manager Harris went to dinner at noon, leaving Teller Currier and a boy in the bank. At 12:30 Steele entered the bank and said he would like to see the teller in the private office. They retired to the room, Steele closing the door behind him. In a moment, the robber drew his two revolvers from his pocket, one in each hand, and pointing one at Currier's head and the other at his heart, called on him to throw up his hands.

Currier is 26 years old, six feet tall and a strong, wiry fellow. He threw up his hands and in doing so sprang on his assailant. At the same time Steele fired and a bullet struck Currier in the forehead.

A life and death struggle ensued, Currier grappling with the murderer with the desperation of despair.

In the struggle Steele aimed a shot at Currier's heart and sent a bullet into his left side which travelled along the rib four inches, then came out of his body and lodged in the wall.

All this was done in half a minute.

McGillivray, the boy, rushed into the private office, and Steele covered him with his revolver, and the boy ran out into the banking room, jumped the counter and ran into an adjoining building for assistance.

A score of men rushed to the rescue and Steele was secured. He was told that Currier was dead, and received the news with the utmost composure.

He said that the first shot which entered Currier's head was fired by accident, but when it came to be a matter of life and death with him, he determined to kill Currier.

His original object was to frighten Currier into silence by the revolvers, and he was greatly surprised at his resistance. He thought to kill Currier, choke the boy, take the money, rush to the station and get away on the train which would leave in a few minutes.

The bullet has been extracted from Currier's head, and the doctors hope for his recovery. Had Steele succeeded in his desperate attempt, he would have secured $30,000.

THE CORONET WINS.

Great Ocean Yacht Race Ended—Heavy Storms Encountered All the Way Across—Two Splendid Yachts—Arrival of the Dauntless—Banquets Now in Order.

LONDON, March 27.—The Coronet arrived off Queenstown at 11:30 o'clock this morning. Nothing had been seen of the Dauntless.

The Coronet passed the winning point at 12:41 o'clock under a full press of canvass, the wind at that hour being west northwest and fresh. In passing the given line, Boche's Point, the victorious yacht fired five guns, and the time was at once taken by the secretary and members of the Royal Cork Yacht club, who had been on the look out for her arrival. The club then hoisted a signal announcing the Coronet's arrival, the various stations answering the pennant. The wind was blowing hard and the Coronet entered Cork harbor in spanking style, with sail set and hugging the western shore.

The apparent time occupied in the passage is 14 days, 23 hours, 34 minutes, 46 seconds, and the actual time, computed on the Greenwich basis, 14 days, 19 hours, 3 minutes, 14 seconds. The whole number of nautical miles sailed is 2,949. The longest day's run is 291.5 miles, made on Saturday, March 26, and the shortest 38.8 miles made on Tuesday, March 22.

The Dauntless Arrives.

LONDON, March 28.—Noon.—The Dauntless passed Galley Head at 11 a. m. She is all right.

It is reported that the Dauntless lost her bowsprit on the 15th inst., when only three days out from New York.

Later Particulars.

QUEENSTOWN, March 28.—The Dauntless passed Old Head, off Kinsale, at 3:15 o'clock this afternoon. The wind was blowing from the northwest and was light. It will probably take her two hours to reach the finishing line at Roche's Point.

The tug Flying Irishman has left Queenstown with press correspondents to meet the Dauntless and accompany her to Roche's Point.

The officers of the Coronet and other yachtsmen are greatly pleased with the result of the race, and say it has served to show admirable qualities in both yachts. Considering the difference in the tonnage and length of the two yachts and the extraordinary heavy weather which prevailed during the voyage, the Dauntless is thought to have done as well as her competitor. The officers and friends of both yachts will be entertained by the members of the Royal Cork Yacht club.

The Dauntless Crossing the Line.

ROCHES POINT, March 28—4:30 P. M.—The Dauntless is now in sight five miles to the southwest. She is coming along under a full spread of canvas, before a light southwest wind. A number of steam yachts and crafts await her here.

HIGH LICENSE IN NEW YORK.

The Bill Passes the Assembly Fixing a License of From $100 to $1,000.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 24.—In the assembly yesterday the bill known as the Crosby high license bill came up for final action.

There was a sharp debate and much parliamentary point making both for and against it.

It had been a party question with the Republicans for and the Democrats against.

After numerous amendments had been acted on a vote was taken and the bill was passed, 70 to 56, a party vote, except that four Republicans voted in the negative.

As passed it applies only to New York and Brooklyn, an amendment passed to-day having excepted Buffalo.

It provides for four grades of licenses ranging in price from $100 to $1,000.

SHERMAN WILL HELP THE SOUTH.

His Nashville Speech Made a Great Impression on All Classes.

NEW YORK, March 26.—A Nashville special to the *Tribune* says that Sen. Sherman's speech has so aroused the people of Nashville and Tennessee that the Democratic leaders are alarmed. As Sherman's address was in response to an invitation from the Republican members of the legislature the Democratic members of the assembly agreed yesterday to have some eminent apostle of their party answer the Ohio senator.

Speaker Carlisle was telegraphed to but declined. So did Sen. Beck, and it is probable that Sen. Harris, of this state, will be chosen to speak on next Monday night.

Outside of the political significance in Sherman's trip, business men say it has increased the public interest in the South and given an impetus to the business boom.

A GRANT MEMORIAL.

All the G. A. R. Posts in the United States to Contribute.

MILWAUKEE, March 26.—Commander-in-Chief Fairchild, of the G. A. R., has issued a general order in relation to the memorial at Washington in honor of the late Gen. Grant.

Pursuant to resolutions adopted at the last National Encampment, the commander appoints a committee to be known as the Grant Memorial committee, consisting of one member from each department, of which cammittee the commander-in-chief will be chairman.

He also suggests that on the 27th day of April next, (which will be the 65th anniversary of the birth of Gen. Grant) every post of G. A. R. shall at some convenient hour assemble, and inviting their fellow citizens to meet with them, hold a feast of patriotism, and thereupon solicit and receive contributions for the memorial.

The 148th Bond Call.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—The Acting Secretary of the Treasury yesterday issued the 148th call for the redemption of bonds. The call is for $10,000,000 of the 3 per cent loan of 1882, and notice is given that the principal and accrued interest of the bonds designated will be paid at the treasury of the United States in Washington on May 1, 1887, and that the interest on said bonds will cease on that day.

FIRST PROHIBITION MARTYR.

Beginning of the Haddock Murder Trial at Sioux City—Story of the Crime and Arrests.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, March 29.—At the Haddock murder trial yesterday afternoon, Leavitt's testimony was very circumstantial and profuse. He stated that the first proposition was to have some one give Haddock a beating. He saw Arensdorf and Haddock meet; saw Arensdorf pass Haddock, then turn suddenly and fire, and Haddock fell.

Tue sharp and earnest cross-examination by Argo did not materially shake the force of the direct evidence. Leavitt admitted that his testimony before the coroner's jury was false, but said that his confession covered the truth.

STORY OF THE CRIME AND ARRESTS.

The murder of Rev. George C. Haddock, pastor of the Methodist church, of Sioux City, made him a martyr, and the temperance crusade was considered from that moment a righteous cause. The crime was to prohibition what the assassination of Lovejoy was to abolition in 1856. The Sioux City pastor's contention was for tne vindication of the law, he being at the time actively engaged in getting evidence against the saloon-keepers. Sioux City, with its 30,000 inhabitants, was considered the most lawless of any in Iowa, and men had flocked there with no other intention than of being there better intrenched in their business of liquor-selling than they would be anywhere else. The first commercial industry of the city was whisky-selling.

Probably no state in the Union has such a rigorous enforcing clause as that in the prohibitory statute of Iowa. Any one, even a stranger, can file information against a saloon, and the court is imperatively required to issue an injunction against that saloon. The Prohibitionists had been working at a disadvantage because few men would engage in the business of informing, and the organization was obliged to depend upon women.

When the Rev. George C. Haddock heard of this he immediately wrote to the League that he would enter the field as informer. Haddock was fifty-eight years old, and rough knocks had made him an athlete, and he was as fearless as a lion. He had taken active part in the prohibition fight in Wisconsin, and was once assaulted there by a mob and left in the street terribly wounded. He afterwards spoke again in the same place and defied his assailants, but was unmolested. He was deposed from his pulpit at Fort Dodge, Ia., for supporting Mr. Cleveland for President, and he then went to Sioux City. When he entered upon the work of informing against the saloons he alarmed the dealers by his vigorous work, and the number of informatsons filed was soon double what it had been. He was threatened, but he went ahead without flinching.

Dr. Haddock was killed on the night of August 3 last, on a street corner in Sioux City, about two blocks from Jung's saloon, where it is alleged the ten met and formed the conspiracy to take his life. It was near where the doctor kept his horse. He had been riding that evening and having put up his horse he started for his home. On the corner, in the shadow of a high fence that surrounded a vacant lot, were the men who were to compass his assassination. They were Fred Murchratte, Louis Plath, Harry Sherman, Paul Leader, Henry Peters, George Treiber, H. L. Leavitt, Albert Koshnitzki, Sylvester Grande and John Arensdorf. Dr. Haddock turned the corner into the murderous ambush. Arensdorf put his hand in his pocket and walked out to meet the doctor. He stepped to the left side of the minister, but Haddock was on the alert and turned suddenly. At that instant there was the sharp crack of a pistol shot and with a groan the doctor fell to the pavement. The ball had entered back of and just below the right ear. Haddock died almost instantly.

On two or three occasions Leavitt was on the point of confessing what he knew, but was warned to remain quiet. He finally told what he knew, and first Arensdorf, and one by one the others accused were arrested. Leader and three others also confessed.

SENDING CONVICTS TO ALASKA

Where There will be no Labor Competition—How the Scheme is Regarded.

NEW YORK, March 29.—The *Herald* to-day says that the articles in the *Herald* on the question of convict labor are being widely read by workingmen, and the plan suggested of sending law-breakers to Alaska, where they would not compete with the free labor of the various states, but still at the same time benefit the government and themselves, has met with many warm indorsements. A reporter conversed with a number of prominent workingmen yesterday, in regard to the matter, and here are given some of their opinions.

Jas. Downing, of the executive board of District Assembly 75, said: "If the scheme of sending convicts to Alaska is adopted I am in favor of having the convicts build railroads in the new country and letting the government operate them. The scheme proposed is the best thing I have ever heard of in regard to convict labor. It will be a good thing for the various trades which have suffered in consequence of state prison competition and will be a good thing for the convicts themselves. I am in favor of giving convicts a speedy trial and sending them immediately to Alaska."

Jas. H. Magee, master workman of district assembly 75, remarked that he had read the article and considered the plan a most brilliant one.

"It will better serve to settle the question of convict labor," he said, "than anything I have heard of yet. It will also be a great preventive of crime. At present convicts look upon going to Sing Sing more as a picnic than a punishment, but when convicts know that they are to be sent to Alaska for a crime, it will make them think twice before they violate the law.

"The scheme of colonization has proved to be a good thing by the history of Australia. The convicts have become better men and have been a profit to the state."

FRAUDULENT DIVORCE

Stands Nineteen Years and is Then Declared Off—Effect of the Second Marriage.

MONTICELLO, Ill., March 24.—The Illinois Supreme court yesterday affirmed the decision of the lower courts in the sensational divorce case of Casewell vs. Casewell. The affirmation sets aside a confessedly fraudulent divorce which Daniel H. Casewell, now a wealthy merchant in Nashville, Tenn., secretly obtained nineteen years ago from his wife, Ann Mary, of New York.

The six children of Casewell by the second marriage with Miss Mary Broadwell, of Dayton, are rendered illegitimate and he is made liable for bigamy and perjury in Ohio and Illinois.

Casewell, after deserting his wife and wronging her by the fraudulent divorce, concealed his whereabouts for 17 years. His defense in court was that it would be contrary to public policy to disturb a decree that had stood unchallenged so long.

The defendant and his two wives are highly connected, having relatives scattered throughout the Union holding distinguished positions.

A GENEROUS VANDERBILT.

He Pays $53,000 for Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair and Gives it to the Metropolitan Museum.

NEW YORK, March 28.—When, at the sale of the A. T. Stewart collection of paintings, Saturday, Rose Bonheur's famous work, "The Horse Fair," was bought in the name of S. P. Avery, dealer, for the round sum of $53,000, much speculation was indulged in as to who was the real purchaser back of him.

Surmises were numerous—one of them being that Gov. Stanford, of California, was the purchaser, and another that the French government had secured the great picture.

The actual purchaser is now revealed in the person of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who presented it, with his compliments, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it will be always accessible to the public.

THE STOCK YARD STRIKE

Had a Serious Effect On the Pork Packing in Chicago—The Beef Trade Shows an Increase.

CHICAGO, March 24.—The daily *Trade Bulletin* publishes a statistical review of the packing industry to-day. The aggregate of hogs slaughtered here during the twelve months ending March 1, was 4,426,000, or a decrease of 501,000 as compared to one year ago.

The decrease is attributed to the stock yard strike of last November.

The number of cattle slaughtered during the same period was 1,680,000 head, of which 1,400,000 head were required for the dressed beef trade. This shows an increase of 200,000 head over any previous year.

Serious Accident to Sen. Reagan.

PALESTINE, Tex., March 29.—Sen. John H. Reagan met with a severe accident at his residence, two miles west of here, yesterday. The senator is in the habit of taking horseback exercise every morning before breakfast. Yesterday, in mounting his horse for his customary ride, the saddle, being insecurely fastened, turned with his weight, throwing him violently to the ground, inflicting a severe injury to his spine. While his injuries are serious, no fatal results are anticipated.

BLAINE AND SHERMAN AS RIVALS.

Sherman's Southern Trip to be Offset by Blaine's Tour in the West—The New York Press Greatly Excited Over the Possibilities.

NEW YORK, March 29.—The *Herald* says that Sen. Sherman's speech in Cincinnati was a forcible exposition of the public policy from a Republican standpoint. He seems to have gone into the campaign for the next Presidency with energy of a cyclone which tears up everything by the roots as it goes along.

"Of course, we do not agree with all the statements of the Senator. The main point, however, is that Mr. Sherman is the first man in the field; he has taken time by the forelock, and succeeded so well in Nashville and Cincinnati that Mr. Blaine must needs gnash his teeth. The solemn truth has dawned on the Augusta statesman that he has not a moment to lose, that he is a little late already, and that he must be up and doing or all will be lost.

"So he starts in haste for the Far West to get a glimpse of the vast population over which a president presides, and to negotiate for the possibilities of the future."

THE TIMES WANTS TO KNOW, YOU KNOW.

The *Times* says: "It would be interesting to know on what issue the Republicans expect to enter the next national campaign. None at the present moment seems to be very clear in the minds of the leaders who are speaking from time to time or in those of the party newspaper editors who do not enjoy the precious privilege of saying nothing when there is nothing to say.

"Of the men who may or think that they may be chosen to lead the Republican host, Mr. Sherman has just come back from the South and Mr. Blaine has started for the West. The former has spoken, the latter has been spoken about. What is said by one and what is said of the other, throws some light on what the issue is not to be, but very little on what it is to be.

"It is plain, for instance, that there is going to be a good deal of trouble in making the issue the 'vindication of Mr. Blaine.' On that point the distinguished ex-candidate need not go West to find out what some of his former advocates and present admirers think. The press of Iowa and Wisconsin—two states that have been included in the published itinerary of Mr. Blaine—has recently contained a number of statements to the effect that he is an 'impossible' candidate for 1888. These questions do not settle the question, but they are significant.

"He who runs may read the signs they afford, and they will not be lost in Mr. Blaine.

"Mr. Sherman, in the various remarks he has made since his return to Ohio, has made another thing clear—even clearer than Mr. Blaine's prospects—and that is that there will be no campaign made on the Southern question next year. The stakes that Mr. Blaine drove in his notorious Portland speech on the morrow of the election, are rudely and even contemptuously pulled up by Mr. Sherman and thrown into the ditch. The negroes in the South are not being oppressed and worked at plantation wages, as Mr. Blaine said they were and would be.

"The workingmen of the North are in no danger of competition from labor cheaper and more helpless than slave labor, as Mr. B. said there would be.

"Mr. Sherman reports that there is good feeling between the races; that the negroes are not only safe, but industrious, busy and prosperous. The stories of southern progress, he says, are not exaggerated. That region is developing rapidly under the influence of peace, industry and enterprise.

"It has become, mark the word, 'patriotic.' It will no longer do to hold it up as a bugaboo to frighten either political babes or dotards. In the North, its interests are ours, its methods, principles, purposes, are ours, its representatives are in every market of the North, and ours are all over the South. The common bond of constant intercourse on the basis of mutual confidence and respect, is becoming every day stronger. Obviously, there can be no use for the bloody shirt in the next canvass."

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Sen. Sherman returned to his home in Mansfield Monday.

The civil service commission has placed the postoffice at Denver, Col., under the civil service rules.

Grand Master Workman Powderly has issued an order prohibiting political assessments in K. of L. assemblies.

The Treasury department has received a draft for $4,995 from St. Joseph, Mo., to be applied to the conscience fund.

The coal managers have decided to restrict the production of anthracite for the month of April to 2,250,009 tons.

The Raleigh, N. C., cotton seed and oil fertilizer factory burned Monday. Loss, $60,000; insurance, $30,000.

On the list of the Buffalo hotel fire dead should be added the name of Edward Whelan, of Newburgh, making a total of fifteen.

Mrs. Mary Manning died in Wakefield, Mass., Monday, at the age of 105 years. She was born in Dublin Ireland, in 1782.

Ebenezer Stanyard shot Miss A. Hancock dead at Youngstown, O., Thursday night, because she refused a proposal of marriage.

In New York the jury was discharged and Cleary renewed his bail of $40,000, pending further action by the district attorney in the case.

Louisville is having a real estate boom that came so unexpectedly and without apparent cause as to cause great astonishment and excitement.

Residence of Mrs. Carrie Corcoran, a widow, 80 years old, burned at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, yesterday, and she was so badly burned that she died.

The carpenters working on the Cotton Exchange building at Augusta, Ga., have struck for nine hours. It is rumored that the strike will become general.

The New York police are looking for J. S. Martin, messenger of Mt. Morris bank, for having made off with $2,000 entrusted to him to get changed into small coin.

There are 287,137 applications before the pension office for adjudication. Claims are being filed at the rate of 6,000 a week, and the final adjudications number about 2,500.

Sen. Teller, a member of the elections subcommittee to investigate the outrages in Texas, says that he does not think the committee will be called together during the recess of Congress.

Recent decision of the District of Columbia commissioners to strictly enforce the statute revoking liquor licenses upon a second conviction of the violation of the Sunday liquor law, caused every saloon to be closed yesterday.

It is learned on good authority that Sec. Manning's successor will not be appointed before April 1, the date upon which Mr. Manning's resignation takes effect. The belief still prevails that Asst. Sec. Fairchild will receive the appointment.

A heavy snow fell Saturday night and Sunday in all parts of Wisconsin. In Milwaukee it averages a foot on the level, and is correspondingly heavy in northern counties. Trains are generally delayed owing to drifts, but there are no blockades.

The following is the Produce Exchange statement of visible supply of grain at New York March 26: Wheat, 52,411,694 bushels; decrease, 761,731. Corn, 17,368,518; increase, 1,005,459. Oats, 3,987,075; decrease, 111,696. Rye, 382,825; decrease, 8,080. Barley, 1,431,216; decrease, 152,544.

The Sanderson steel works in Geddes, suburb of Syracuse, N. Y., were destroyed by fire yesterday. In an hour the buildings, which covered two acres of ground, were in ruins. Loss is upwards of $220,000. The property belonged to the Sandersons, of Sheffield, Eng. who started in this city twelve years ago.

The soda, pop and mineral water bottling firms of Chicago have effected a consolidation, with a capital stock of $600,000, and have placed all their manufactories, delivery wagons and other appliances into the pool. Only three firms remain outside of the combination. The usual plea is offered that competition cut off all profits of the business.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powder. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street New York.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.

The French Minister of War Indulges in Some Speculations of an Interesting Nature.

PARIS, March 28.—A sensation has been caused by the publication of a reported conversation between M. Flourens, French minister of foreign affairs, and the correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya*, of St. Petersburg. The story is officially declared to be incorrect, but little value is attached to the denial.

According to published report, Mr. Flourens said: "I entered office with the full conviction that the key to the European policy was in St. Petersburg. While Russia is with us, war with Germany is impossible. Germany, by the chance of her states disuniting, would suffer more than any other power by defeat; therefore she has no course but to live on good terms with Russia and with us. Russia came forward for us in a moment of danger, and we will not remain with folded arms should she be endangered."

M. Flourens professed he had little fear of the new alliance of Italy, Austria and Germany. Italy being mainly a naval power, Germany and Austria could give her nothing and she would have no interest in taking part in a war against France. He believed that the Bulgarians themselves, or the Turkish government, would expel the regento and Russia would have no need to interfere in Bulgaria. The situation there, he thought, was unwarlike. Touching France's relations with England, he said no complications were likely to arise. England would sooner or later quit Egypt, and she could not dream of continental conquests.

Yacht Races this Summer.

LONDON, March 28.—The *Daily Telegraph* hopes there will be no lack of match races between American and English yachts in home waters during the coming summer. It says that competitions of this kind cannot fail to promote the kindly feelings existing between the two nations.

Foreign Flashes.

Five hundred troops have left Toulon for Madagascar.

Mr. Daniel Sullivan, father of the Right Honorable Timothy D. Sullivan, lord mayor of Dublin, died to-day.

Germany has refused to participate either in the industrial or art sections of the Paris International Exhibition of 1889.

M. E. Yeralles, a trusted clerk of the war office, at Paris, has been dismissed for imparting official secrets to agents of Germany.

W. Herold, an official in the French war office has been dismissed on suspicion that he has been supplying secrets of the department to foreigners.

At Sydney, N. S. W., Lou Myers, of New York, and W. G. George, of England, ran a 1,000-yards race on Saturday. Myers won by 6 yards in 2 minutes 19 seconds.

The police of St. Petersburg have discovered stores of dynamite and apparatus for the manufacture of bombs in several villas at Parzslevos, a summer resort in the suburbs of the Russian capitol.

Father Ryan, of the Herberttown branch of the National League, was arrested at a hospital yesterday for declining to give evidence regarding his connection with the plan of campaign. He was conveyed to Dublin.

Eighty-seven torpedo vessels belonging to the Baltic fleet of the Russian navy, have been ordered placed in a state of constant readiness for service. Crews have been ordered forthwith for 45 of these vessels.

A cable dispatch has just been received from Rome announcing that the "Holy Father, desiring to show special honor to the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, has named him prelate assistant to the pontifical throne."

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Mar. 30, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New ork banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—Decrease	$1,148,500
Loans—Decrease	3,408,500
Specie—Decrease	3,249,900
Legal tenders—Increase	240,800
Deposits—Decrease	7,442,400
Circulation—Decrease	11,100

The banks now hold $6,186,850 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Noon.—The stock market showed a marked decrease in the amount of business done after 11 o'clock, and the downward tendency in prices became more pronounced. Union Pacific, Northwestern, Lackawanna and Erie were most conspicuous in the trading, and the declines, though measured by fractions only, were most marked in those stocks. At 12 o'clock the market is moderately active and heavy.

3 P. M.—The stock market became dull after 12 o'clock, the only feature being New England, which advanced ⅞ per cent. After 2:15 an active movement set in, especially for New England and the Wabash.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 91½; L. S., 95¾; Pac. Mail, 55¾; N. Y. C., 112⅝; D., L. & W. 136⅛; J.C., 72⅞; Erie, 34⅛; Erie 2d ex. c, 99¾; W. St. L. & P. 19½; Erie pref. —; N. P., 28¼; N. P. p'f'd, 60; D. & R. G. —; Louis. & Nash., 66¼; Texas Pacific, 29¾; Union Pacific, 60⅜; Missouri Pacific, 108⅞; C. S., 62½; Western Union, 78; Kansas & Texas, 31⅛; C., B. & Q., —; Rock Island, —; Mil. L. & W., —, L. S. W. pfd, —; Cen. Pac., 40; Oregon Trans., 32⅝; Omaha, 50⅞; Omaha pfd., 111⅞; Manitoba, —; Michigan Central, 92⅞; Phila. & Read., 39¼; Del. & Hud., 101⅜; N. W., 120½; St. P. & M., —; Hocking Valley, 32; New York & New England, 65¾; P., D. & E., —; Consolidated Gas, 85¼; Wabash, —; St. P. & D., —; R. L. 41⅜; Richmond T., —; C. C. C. I., —; Oil closed at 63⅜c bid.

NOON—Money is easy at 5@6 per cent.; bar silver, 97.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	March 29.	March 22.
4½'s coupons	109⅝	108⅞
4's coupons	128⅝	128⅝
3's registered	100⅜	100¼
Pacific 6's of '95	126½	126½

TRADE.

During the week just closed the general trade of the country was not of marked proportions, yet there is a feeling of confidence in the near future. Business is being done on a careful basis.

THE MARKETS.

Dull Markets for Wheat—Prices a Littl Lower.

At various points of supply, to-day, the markets for wheat were dull and fractionally lower, closing steady. Exports only fair. Cables steady for near futures; long futures a little firmer. There is nothing in the condition of affairs to warrant active trading. The quantity of wheat in the country is large and Europe seems to be indifferent as to supplies, as there is a certainty that there will be plenty of the cereal to supply all needs until harvest. However, a critical period for the growing crop is yet to be passed. If the wheat is not injured, it is certain that present prices cannot hold.

Toledo Grain Market.

TEN O'CLOCK A. M. CALL.—Wheat—May, 82¾c bid, 82⅞c asked; June, 82¾c bid, 83⅛c asked; August, 82⅞c, sales. Corn—May, 40⅜c, sales. Clover Seed—March, $4 05.

The market for wheat was dull at the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day. Cash sold light at a fractional decline. No 2 soft red Lake Shore, 82¼c, ¼c lower.

For future delivery there was but little done, comparatively speaking. Prices were lower, closing steady.

	April	May	June	July.
Sales to-day	......	40000	10000	......
" yesterday	......	77000	45000	......

Seller May, 82¼c, rose to 82⅜c, and closed at 82⅛c, ⅛c off; seller June, 82⅞c, ⅛c down; seller August, 82⅜c and finally 82c, ¼c decline.

Cash corn—But little done; prices steady; No. 2, 39c; No. 3, 38½c; No. 2 May, 40⅞c. Oats—None sold. Clover seed—Sales, 283 bags; prices steady; prime, $4 00; No. 2, $3 85; prime mammoth, $4 05; prime April, $3 87½@3 90, latter to close.

AFTERNOON CLOSE — Wheat — May, 82⅛c sales; June, 82⅞c bid, 82⅞@83 asked; August 82½c sales. Corn—May, 40⅜c bid, 40⅞c asked. Clover seed—March, $3 90 bid, $4 00 asked; April, $3 95 asked.

Toledo Produce Market.

There was a fair amount of activity on the market this morning. The quantity on sale was about equal to that of last Tuesday. The cold weather interferes somewhat with people from the country bringing products to the city. Market gardeners, however, bought about their usual supplies. Prices are steady. Butter—Best quality, 22@24c; next grades, 18@20c. Eggs 12c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 65c. Poultry—Chickens, 10c; turkeys, 10c. Vegetables—Cabbages, 30@40c per doz; lettuce, 20c per pound; spinach, per bushel, 60c; onions, $1.00 per bushel; potatoes, per bushel, 35c; sweet potatoes, $3.25@3.50 per bbl; pie plant, per doz, 60c. Fresh meats—Beef, 5@6½c per lb for sides; mutton, 6c; lambs, 6½c; calves, per lb, 7½@8c. Dressed hogs, $6.25. Salt meats—Mess pork, $18.50; short mess, $19.00; long clear, $19.25; short clear, $19.50; rumps, $16.00; butts, $16.00; clear neck and bean, $15.00. Hams, 18 lbs. and over, 12c; 15 lbs. average, 12c; 12½ lbs. average, 13c; shoulders, 8c. Breakfast bacon, 9½@10c; clear sides and backs, 9@9½c. Lard—Kettle, tierces, barrels, half barrels and cans, 8c, 8¼c and 8½c; fine lard, 7½@8c in cases and cans. Fruits—Apples, per barrel, $4.00; cranberries, per box, $3.50@4.50; oranges, $3 00@4.00 per box, according to quality; lemons, $3 50@4 00 per box. Hides dull; green hides, 6c; heavy steers, 6½c; cured hides, 7½c. Wool, 30c.

General Produce.

MILWAUKEE, March 29.—Wheat, steady No. 2, 77¼c; May 79⅜c. Corn, steady; No. 3, 37c. Oats dull; No. 2, white, 30½c. Rye higher; No. 1, 56c. Barley quiet; No. 2, 52c.

KANSAS CITY, March 29.—Wheat dull; No. 2 Red cash, 68½c bid, 70c asked; April, 69c bid; May, 72⅝c bid, 73c asked. Corn dull; No. 2 cash, 31½c bid, 31⅝c asked; April, 32c

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asked; May, 32¾c bid, 32⅞c asked. Oats nominal at 27c bid cash.

DETROIT, March 29.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 82c; cash Michigan red, 82¼c; No. 2 red, cash, 82¾c; March, 82¾c; April, 82¾c; May, 83¼c; June, 83¾c; August, 83c. Corn—39¼c. Oats—No. 2, 29c; No. 2 white, 31¾c. Clover Seed—Cash, $3 90 asked; April, $3 85.

CINCINNATI, March 29.—Flour dull; family, $3 35@3 55; fancy, $3 70@3 90. Wheat dull and drooping at $1@82c. Corn active at 39½c. Oats quiet at 29½c. Rye strong at 62c. Pork dull at $17 25. Lard firm at $7 37½. Bulk meats firm; short ribs, $7 87½; bacon firm; short ribs, $8 75; short clear, $9 00. Whisky active and firm sales, 1,211 bbls. finished goods on abasis of $1 13.

BALTIMORE, March 29.—Wheat—Western easy and quiet; No. 2 winter red, spot and March, 89¾@90c; May, 90¾@90⅞c; June, 90⅞@91¼c. Corn—Western, easier and dull; mixed spot, 45½@45¾c; March, 45½@45¾c; April, 46c asked; May, 46¾@47¼c; steamer, 45c bid. Oats—Quiet and steady; western white, 36@38c; do mixed, 34@35c.

CHICAGO, March 29.—1 p. m.—Wheat steady and about the same as yesterday close; cash, 76½c; May, 81⅝c; June, 80¾c. Corn about steady; cash, 32½c; May, 39½c; June, 40⅜c. Oats easy; cash, 23⅝c; May, 28⅝c; June, 29c. Rye, 51½c. Barley, 50½c. Flax seed $1 08. Prime timothy seed, $1 75. Whisky, $1 18. Pork steady; cash, $20 60; May and June, $21 00. Lard easy; cash, $7 35; May, $7 42½; June, $7 50.

ST. LOUIS, March 29.—Cattle—Receipts, 700 head; market steady; choice heavy native steers, $4 80@5 25; butchers', $3 60@4 35; Texans, $2 00@3 80. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000 head; market active and a shade higher; choice butchers, $5 80@5 95; packers, $5 60@5 75; Yorkers, $5 35@5 50; pigs, $4 75@5 20. Sheep—Receipts, 600 head; market steady and unchanged. Wheat—lower, the gain of yesterday being lost; No. 2 red cash, 79@79⅜c; May and June, 79⅜c; July, —c; August, 78¾@78⅞c. Corn—Market about steady; No. 2 mixed cash, 35½c; May, 35⅝c; June, 36⅝c asked. Oats—Dull; No. 2 mixed cash, 27¾@28c; May, 28¼c bid. Rye—No. 2, —c. Pork—$17 for irregular. Lard quiet at $7 25 asked. Whisky steady at $1 13.

NEW YORK, March 29—Wheat—Market ¼@⅜c lower and moderately active; sales, 1,320,000 bu No 2 red May, 91⅞@92c; 896,000 bu do June, 91½@91¾c; 424,000 bu do July, 90⅝@90⅞c; 96,000 bu do August, 90½@90⅝c; 672,000 bu do December, 94@94⅜c; receipts, 79,534 bu. Corn—Market a shade lower and dull; mixed western spot, 49½c; futures, 48⅝@50¼c; receipts, 77,750 bu; sales, — bu. Oats ¼@⅜c lower; receipts, 131,000 bu; western, 35@42c. Beef dull; new extra mess, $8 50@9 00. Pork firm; new mess, $16 50; old do, $15 25@15 75. Lard lower; steam rendered, $7 60. Butter quiet and steady; western, 12@30c; state dairy, 23@28. Sugar firm; crushed, 6¼@6 5-16c; powdered, 5 15-16@6⅛c; granulated, 5 13-16c. Molasses dull; 50 deg. test, 19½c. Coffee—Market steady; fair Rio, 15½c; good do, 15¼c; prime do, 15⅜c; Spirits of Turpentine steady at 38c. Eggs—Western, 13c.

Live Stock Markets.

CHICAGO, March 29.—Hogs—Receipts, 12,000 head; market fairly active and firm; early, best grades selling at five cents advance; pigs $4 50@5 05; light, $5 10@5 70; rough packing, $5 25@5 50; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $5 60@6 00. Catttle—Receipts, 7,000 head; market active and stronger; beeves, $4 00@5 40; —— cows, $2 25@3 75; stockers and feeders, $3 00@4 30; Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; market stronger; common to choice, at $3 00@4 90; lambs, 4 50@5 75.

KANSAS CITY, March 29.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1,200 head; shipments, —— head. The market firm for all good fat stuff; stockers and feeders, quiet. Sales of good to choice shipping at $4 50@4 70; common to medium, $3 7J@4 40; stockers, $2 60@3 35; feeding steers, $3 40@4 90. Hogs—Receipts, 3,218 head; shipments, 526. Choice about 5c highe-. Sales of good to choice, $5 55@5 70; common to medium, $5 00@5 45; skips and pigs, $3 50@4 80. Sheep—Receipts, 2,386 head; shipments, 1,972 head; the market was steady. Sales of good to choice, $3 90@4 20; common to medium, $2 50@3 60.

EAST LIBERTY, March 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 798 head; shipments, 247 head; market fair at last week's prices; prime, $5 00@5 25; fair to good, $4 54@5 75; common, $4 00@4 25. Ten cars cattle shipped to New York to-day. Hogs—Receipts, 5,400 head; shipments, 4,400 head; market slow; Philadelphias, $6 00@6 10; Yorkers, $5 50@5 75; common and light, $5 25@5 40; pigs, $4 75@5 00. Sheep—Receipts, 3,200 head; shipments, 3,400 head; market slow at last week's prices; prime, $5 25 5@5 40; fair to good, $4 75@5 00; common, $3 50@4 00; lambs, $5 75@6 00.

Boston Wool Market.

Buyers are cautious and the market runs in their favor. Holders of desirable wools are not forcing sales; to do so would render large concessions necessary. Ohio and Pennsylvania, Michigan and Wisconsin, etc., 31@32c; Territory, 24@26c; combing and delaine, 30@32c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 26½c; pulled wool and noils, 32@42c; scoured and tub washed, 35@60c; California spring and Oregon, 18½c.

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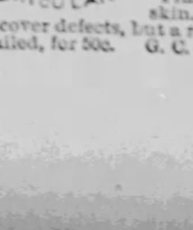

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